THE

LITERARY MAGNET

OF THE

Belles Lettres, Science, and the fine Arts:

CONSISTING OF

I. ORIGINAL SATIRICAL ESSAYS OF PERMANENT INTEREST;

II. SKETCHES OF SOCIETY, HUMOUROUS AND SENTIMENTAL;

III. ORIGINAL POETRY; --- IV. MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS:

FORMING A BODY OF

Original and Elegant Literature.

What though no marble breathes,—no canvas glows,—From every point a ray of genius flows!

Be our's to bless the more mechanic skill,

That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will:

And cheaply circulates through distant climes

The fairest relic of the purest times.

ROGERS.

NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, COPPER, AND WOOD.

EDITED BY TOBIAS MERTON, GENT.

Assisted by various Wits of the Day.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

WILLIAM CHARLTON WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW; EWBANK, BRUSSELS;

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND POSTMASTERS.

1824.

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PREFACE.

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A PREFACE to the Second Volume of THE LITERARY MAGNET! What a delightful sentence! How it must charm the eyes of our publisher! How it must warm the hearts of our readers! How it refreshes our own soul! We had once felt the frost of age slightly obstructing the genial current in our veins; but the sentence which we have just put to paper is like the first sun of a new summer we are all over in a thaw. We shall positively get younger every day we continue to live. A Preface to the Second Volume of THE LITERARY MAGNET! 'Tis a renewal of the lease of our existence; and you, dear Public, are the lessor. Oh! most amiable, most generous, most discriminating Public, how much, and how sincerely, do we thank you.

We look back upon our career with the most pleasurable feelings. A twelvementh ago, our publication was not even in existence; now we have beheld the completion of its Second Volume. At first it was a delicate unpresuming weekly magazine: now it is a sturdy pugnacious monthly. We positively fear it will run into corpulency, and ultimately become a bulky quarterly.

Now to business—a word of which we have as great a dread as Falstaff had of the word security. We beg to assure our readers that our exertions will be unabated. Success shall not make us relax in our duty. We may have done much; we know we have much more

volume, are such as will, we trust, give satisfaction to those who are so much deserving of it. In the typographical and more mechanical parts of our magazine, there will be many considerable alterations: in the literary department we shall be assisted by some of the most celebrated writers in the country. All that we have further to say on this subject, will it not be written in our January number?

For the kindness we have already experienced, our friends have our sincerest acknowledgements; and of the encouragement we may continue to receive, we shall prove ourselves fully sensible by the increased energies which will be brought to bear upon our Third Volume.

65, Paternoster Row, 1824, Dec. 1.

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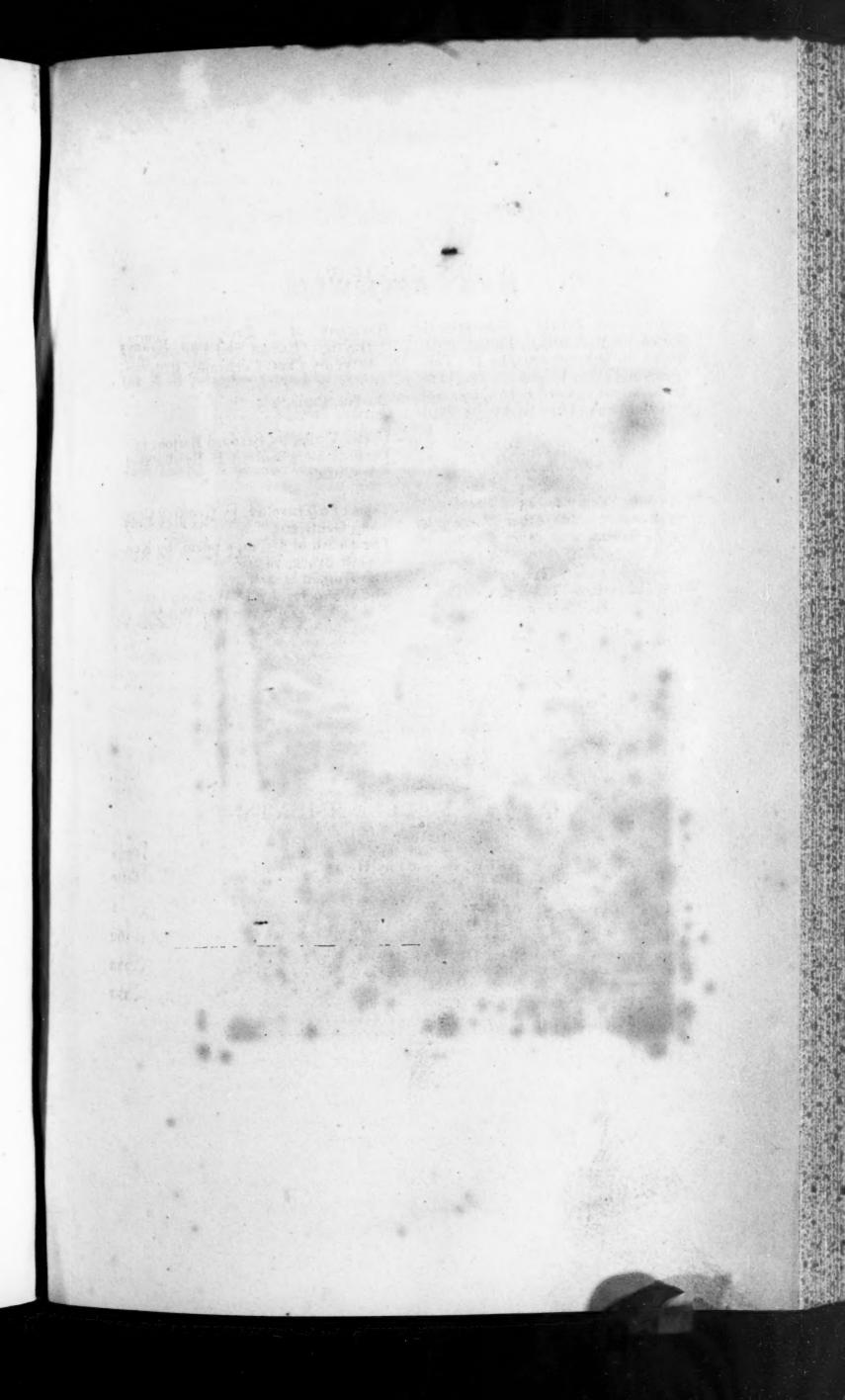
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BEPPO.

London Published by William Charlton Wright 63 Paternoster Row.

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From every point a ray of genius flows!
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That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates through distant climes
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ROGERS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER AND STYLE OF BEPPO.

This poem has been regarded with a more favourable eye than, perhaps, its intrinsic merit is deserving of, from the circumstance of its being the first attempt of the author in that playful and satirical style he afterwards shone so pre-eminently in. Although the story is, most likely, familiar to the minds of many of our readers, yet, for the sake of the accompanying embellishment, we will refresh their memories with its chief incident. Giuseppe, or, for the sake of brevity, Beppo, a Venetian mariner, has a very handsome wife, whom he leaves to herself upon going a voyage, which his calling imposes upon him. He remains, however, so long abroad, that the lady, fearful, as we suppose, of forgetting her matrimonial duties, consoles herself with a substitute for her spouse, or, in the poet's term, "a vicehusband." While the happy couple are enjoying the carnival at Venice, the real "Simon Pure," Beppo, who, since his departure, had been in slavery, makes his appearance, and claims the lady as his lawful property. The parties, however, "are too good friends to separate," and agree upon a compromise, the lady enjoying both husbands, and the husbands her charms individually.

Slight as the materials are of which it is composed, the noble author has managed to produce a very pleasant and entertaining trifle. It displays a lively imagination, and, in many passages, a considerable portion of his acknowledged satirical powers. The flexibility of the versification, and the happy knack of finding the most remote rhymes, will always render Beppo a favourite.

It will be difficult to meet with a passage that is written with more apparent gaiety and playfulness of fancy than the following stanzas,

VOL. II.—29. Fourth Edition. B

with which the poem opens. They possess, indeed, some violation of prosody, and bear evident proof of the carelessness of the author's mind; but these faults are rendered excusable by the happy turn of the periods, and its general fluency of language.

"'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

"The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies, (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

"And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy;
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

"You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and small-clothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun:
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son;
Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double."

The following extract is from whence the subject of the plate is taken, and with it we shall conclude our remarks. Laura and the Count, her protector, are at the carnival; and while she

Talking, she knew not why, and cared not what, So that her female friends, with envy broiling, Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that; And well-drest males still kept before her filing, And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat; More than the rest one person seem'd to stare With pertinacity that's rather rare.

"He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad.

'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad;
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines 'ad libitum.'"

OURIKA. Paris. Chez l'Advocat. 1824.

AT Paris, "Ourika" is a kind of talisman, that excites both the high and low, and rich and poor. You hear of nothing but "Ourika bonnets," and "Ourika dresses." In short, all Paris is "Ourika" mad, so great an interest has this little story excited. Mr. Irving's popularity here was nothing to it. We have examined its merits minutely, and really are not able to discern any thing that could interest our neighbours the other side of the water so warmly. Its principal character is simplicity, quite different, as we all know, from the usual French taste; and, therefore, its success is more surprising. story is founded in the times of the French Revolution. The heroine, Ourika, is a negress, who has been brought up in the family of the Chevalier de B. She tells her story herself, in the intervals of disease, to her medical attendants, and represents herself as being considered the personification of a union of the Muses and Graces. In short, if it was not for her unfortunate complexion, she would be nothing less than a divinity. This affords her a constant source of disquietude: the reflections that are caused on her first becoming acquainted with her unfortunate drawback are worth quoting:—

"Oh, how I felt my whole existence changed! How lost I was when the illusions I had so constantly dwelt in vanished! They resembled the light of day, and when they fled, utter darkness succeeded.— So great was the confusion of my mind under the new thoughts that assailed it, that not one of my usual ideas ever occurred to me. I was struck with terror. To be an object of pity to the world! not to be fit for the rank I lived in! perhaps to meet with a man, who, for the sake of money, would consent to have negro children! These thoughts kept rising successively over my mind, pursuing me like phantoms. But the bitterest of all, was the certainty of belonging to no one in the world. To be alone! ever and for ever alone! Madame de B. had owned it, and I repeated the words over and over. What cared I to be alone but a few minutes before? I knew it not, I felt it not; I had need of the beings that I loved, but I was unconscious of their not wanting me. Now my eyes were opened, and with misfortune came mistrust into my soul.

"When I returned to Madame de B.'s apartment, every body was struck with the change in my appearance. I pretended to be ill, and was believed. Madame de B. sent for her physician, Barthez, who felt my pulse, questioned me carefully, and then abruptly declared that nothing ailed me. This quieted the uneasiness of my benefactress

about my health; but she sought every means of diverting my mind. I dare not own how little gratitude I felt for her care. My heart seemed withered in itself. As long as it had received favours with pleasure, it gladly acknowledged the benefit; but now, filled with the bitterest feelings, it had no power to expand. My days were spent in the same thoughts, differently combined and under various forms, but still the blackest my imagination could invent. Often were my nights passed in weeping. I exhausted my whole pity upon myself; my face was becoming odious to me; I no longer dared to look in a glass, and my black hands struck me with horror. They appeared to me like a monkey's. I dwelt upon the idea of my ugliness, and my colour appeared to me the sign of my reprobation: it was that alone which separated me from the rest of my fellow-creatures, and condemned me to live alone, and never to be beloved. That a man should, perhaps, consent for the sake of money to have negro children! My blood rose with indignation at the idea. I thought for a moment of entreating Madame de B. to send me back to my own country; but even there I should have felt isolated. Who would have understood me? Who would have sympathized with my feelings? Alas! I belonged to no one—I was estranged from the whole world!"

In the midst of all her afflictions, she, however, contrives to fall in love; the object of her affection is Charles, the grandson of her protector. His fortunes, he being of the Royalist cause, are much injured by the events of the tragic epoch the story is founded in; and, for the sake of bettering them, listens with avidity to a proposal of marriage with a young lady of splendid fortune. The distress of poor Ourika, when she discovers that her attachment is hopeless, is, perhaps, among

the best passages of the tale.

"Days and months passed on thus. I took no share in conversation. My talents were neglected. The only books I could endure were those in which a feeble picture of my own sufferings was traced. I fed upon these poisons—I feasted on my tears, and remained shut up in my room

whole hours, giving way to them.

"The birth of a son completed the measure of Charles's happiness. He came, his heart overflowing with joy, to give me the news, and I recognised in the expression of his delight some of the accents of his former confidence. It was the voice of the friend that I had lost, and brought painful remembrances back with it. The child of Anais was as beautiful as herself. Every body felt moved at the sight of this tender young mother and her sweet infant. I alone beheld them with bitter envy. What had I done that I should have been brought to this land of exile? Why was I not left to follow my destiny? Well, if I had been the negro slave of some rich planter, sold to cultivate his land, and exposed all day to the burning heat of the sun, still, when evening came, and my toils were over, I should have found repose in my humble cottage; I should have a sharer in them, a companion through life, and children of my own colour to call me mother! They would have pressed their infant lips upon my cheek without disgust, and lain their little heads to sleep upon my bosom. Why am I never to experience the only affection my heart was made for? Oh, my God! take me, I beseech thee, from this world-I cannot, cannot endure life any longer !"

Thus disappointed in her worldly affections, she gives up to religion, and enters a convent, where, a short time after she has related the story,

she dies.

There is a common-place tone about the story not at all to our heathenish English taste. We are stubborn enough to remain unmoved at all the mawkish sensibility and high-flown sentimentality of the heroine; and are hard-hearted enough to affirm, we did not shed one tear during the whole of her melancholy recital.

CONRAD, and other Poems. By T. A. TEMPLEMAN, LL.B. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

WE can pardon young gentlemen just escaped from the trammels of school, or a university, trying their pinions towards the ethereal skies of immortality, although they are nothing better than "grey goose quills;" but when a grave Doctor of Laws, in spite of the critics, and heedless of the lash held up "in terrorem," dares to sin against the Muses and Graces, we really put on a grave face; for he cannot plead youth and inexperience, or the solicitation of friends, in abatement; the usual excuses the aspiring votaries of the Muses now-a-days offer, for sending forth to the world what they are ashamed to keep in their portfolios.

The learned author has certainly mistaken his talents, when he attempted epic poetry. It is common-place in design, and even inferior in point of execution. He has paid his court to one Muse with more success than to the others—the mirth-inspiring Thalia. The following proofs of his humourous poetry are, perhaps, as good as any thing in

the volume :

"Tom once invited me to dine,
And taste some excellent port wine,—
He ask'd, and I embraced it.
A more exact man I ne'er knew;
His invite literally was true,—
He only let me taste it!"

"How is it kings and poets live so long
Within the annals fame puts forth to day?

'By his own works,' cries Tom, 'the child of song
'Survives his dust; how kings live I can't say.'

'O!' cries another, standing by the while,
'That poets by their works survive 'tis true:
'Their names we laud whilst we admire their style;

But by their works survive not monarchs too?

I know not,' cries the first; 'but pray explain.'
'What!' cries the second, 'don't you truly know it,

'The king's and poet's fames survives the same?
'For 'tis the monarch's work to fee the poet.'

'Sure mortal never saw through eyes like thine,'
Cried William to an old coquetting lass.
The speech of Will, indeed, was mighty fine,
And very true, for they were made of glass.

ON GAS, THE BOXER.

"Death fought unfair with Gas; chance laid him low; When he was down, Death gave the fatal blow!"

THE EQUALITY OF FORTUNE.

Few estimates are more erroneous than those which are formed as to the advantages of high birth, great inheritances, and the other external circumstances which are called the gifts of fortune. Doubtless they deserve to be prized for the influence which they confer upon their possessors; but the world is too ready to suppose that they comprehend all human felicity, and it is too apt to forget that, under the splendid guise of wealth and prosperity, there may lurk a secret inquietude, far worse to be endured than the cravings of poverty. Pomp and profusion can no more induce real comfort, than power can command tranquillity and ease.

If the frowns of fortune have doomed some men of talents to remain in obscurity, remote from the means of attaining knowledge, and surrounded by persons who could neither appreciate nor encourage the first dawnings of excellence, many a bright genius, on the other hand, has been spoilt by luxury and indolence; many have grown vain with the flatteries of interested admirers, or have frittered away invaluable endowments in the circles of frivolity and dissipation. But the seeming disadvantages of low station and mean employments, far from proving impediments to the greatness of some men, have, in reality, operated as tests of the genuineness of their high pretensions, and as exercises for developing the powers of their minds. Among the numerous uncertain traditions concerning the prince and father of Greek poetry, it is said that he was so poor, that his ballads, or poems, were his chief support. Hesiod, his great contemporary, was scarcely his superior in rank: he was a shepherd, and, in the retirement of that peaceful life, he composed his poem on agriculture, which the courtly Virgil, according to his own confession, took for the model of his Georgics. The bonds of actual slavery could not resist the sallies of Æsop's genius, which not only procured his liberation, but caused his society to be sought after at the court of Cræsus, who entrusted him with the high commission of consulting the oracle of Delphi. Well would it have been for Æsop, though not for the world, had he remained in bondage; for the freedom of his satires on the manners of the Delphians offended them so highly, that, in order to dispatch him, they accused him of having stolen a sacred vessel belonging to the temple of Apollo; and on this charge, the poor man, who had raised himself to such a state of eminence, met his death, by being thrown from a high rock. Terence likewise was a slave, and was sold to Terentius Lucanus, a Roman senator; who, perceiving the brilliancy of his genius, gave him not only his manumission, but also a liberal education. His great abilities

and assiduity were rewarded with the patronage of Scipio, Lælius, aud other learned and powerful Romans, with whom he lived on terms of familiarity. Modern history is even more replete than ancient with instances of men who, by the force of native talents, have emerged from the obscurity of their origin. Little did it enter into the conception of Justice Pawlet, when he set Wolsey in the stocks for getting drunk, and making a disturbance, that the same Wolsey would ere long retaliate as he did, when advanced to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. Yet his method of punishing the affront was beneath the dignity of his station; it was far too severe, and reflects no credit upon his magnanimity. He caused Sir Amias Pawlet to be brought before him, and, after a severe expostulation, confined him for five or six years in the Temple, before he would set him at liberty. Such austerity in one who springs from nothing, and advances in the world by his own address, is not half so becoming as the good-natured reminiscence of old times, which distinguished Pope Sixtus the Fifth, another great man, whom fortune could upbraid with little, "quæ non fecimus ipsi." His father being a poor vine-dresser, unable to support him, placed him with a farmer, where, at the age of nine years, he became a keeper of When invested with the tiara, which he seems confidently to have expected long before there appeared any prospect of his wearing it, he still remained a facetious man, and enjoyed to dwell upon the freaks and adventures of his former condition, some of which bordered upon that species of wit which is termed roguery. When he was a cordelier, he borrowed money of one Father Peter, of a certain monastery, but omitted to repay him; and hearing on his elevation that the father was still alive, he summoned him to appear at Rome, and answer some charges which were to be brought against him. The good man, who was unconscious of guilt, repaired immediately to the holy city, and came before the presence of the sovereign pontiff, who addressed him thus :-- "We are informed that you have misapplied the revenues of your monastery, and we have sent for you to render an account of the matter." "Holy Father," replied the monk, "I think myself altogether innocent as to that charge." "Consider well," said his Holiness, "whether you have not indiscreetly lent money to somebody, and in particular to a certain cordelier, who came to you in the year -." The monk having considered a little, answered, "'Tis true, holy father; he was a great knave, who obtained that money on false pretences, and a promise to return it in a short time." "Well," said the Pope, "I am that very cordelier, and will now return the money according to promise; but I advise you never to lend any more to men of that coat, who, not being all cut out for Popes, are not likely to be in a condition to pay you again." The monk, astonished to find his cordelier in the person of the Pope, offered many apologies for calling him knave. "Never trouble yourself about it," said the Pontiff; "it might be true enough at that time, but God has furnished us with means to retrieve our past offences."

In later times, under our own free constitution, which is peculiarly favourable to the spread of education, and therefore to the intellectual equality of those who live under it, the capricious distinctions of fortune, as far as regards parentage and patrimony, are, in effect, counteracted: celebrity in every branch of the fine or the useful arts, and in every

department of the state, is held up as the object of general competition. Not to prate too freely about the humble origin of many ornaments of the age, whose names will be conspicuous in history, my purpose will be better answered by adverting to one of the topics of the day, namely, the meeting for erecting a monument in honour of the late Mr. Watt, who was, about sixty years ago, neither greater nor less than a mathematical instrument maker at Glasgow. "There were to be seen," as one of our journalists eloquently expresses it, "men of all ranks, and of every party and persuasion, assembled to pay a tribute of common respect to the memory of an individual, distinguished only by his talents and his virtues. The prime minister of the country presided; the leaders of opposition supported him; the presidents of scientific and learned bodies gave their sanction to the eulogies pronounced on Mr. Watt; and the associates of his labours and his leisure testified alike to his practical skill, his persevering activity, the simplicity of his habits, and the benevolence of his heart."

The gifts of fortune are often attended with most ruinous effects, which certainly are less perceptible among the ancient nobility and gentry, than among the immediate descendants of individuals who, by industry or genius, have founded their own fortunes. The latter, aware that they shall reap the golden harvest of their fathers' toil, think only how they may disburse it with the greatest eclat. To get into gay society is something new for them; and, in the fulness of their purses, they care little about the cost. They are determined to figure in the fashionable scene; and if they cannot, by good dinners, costly entertainments, pecuniary accommodations, and the like, ingratiate themselves with people of the first quality, they will still possess-while their money lasts—abundance of attraction for the inferior, and especially for that detestable crew of needy, knowing, and faney people, who are ready at all times to share the burthen of any gentleman, whose fortune appears too great to be endured. But the former are by custom furnished with the best education that able tutors and renowned universities can afford: they are subject to the same discipline, and entered in the same lists of academical competition, which are common to those whose subsistence, in a great measure, depends upon conformity to the one, and success in the other. Their education is incomplete till they have been introduced to the best societies of Europe; they visit all that is curious, all that is beautiful, in the productions of nature and of art; they are taken to the sites and remains of ancient cities, to the scenes of those actions which are most famous in history-scenes which must kindle the loftiest and most generous feelings in every breast that is Through life, they have for associates friends not utterly deprayed. and relations, who pass through the same course of qualifications, and who, perhaps, have been distinguished in the service of their country. Their houses contain extensive libraries, valuable works of art, collections of curiosities, and, not seldom, philosophical apparatusses. They enjoy the intimate communications of men of science, who court their patronage, without which few inventions would be well received, or indeed generally known. For a motive to great actions, they have to sustain the credit of a long line of illustrious ancestors; and not only should they preserve their great name unsullied, but add to its honour, by the able discharge of those senatorial and other duties, which the

institutions of their country have imposed upon them. Such facilities of knowledge, such a daily collision of intellect, and such enobling prospects, are, I confess, the best gifts of fortune; but they are counterpoised by many circumstances. How great must be the anxiety incidental to the maintenance of large establishments! how difficult must it be, under all the vicissitudes of times and seasons, to support the same appearance of grandeur! And yet, I fancy, there are comparatively few of the aristocracy whose stores of riches are sufficient to stand the shock of such casualties, without exhibiting symptoms of exhaustion. Custom has assigned to them a number of servants and retainers, who must be fed, and clothed, and supported, at all events; and whatever frugality may attend his lordship's table, if there is not plenty in the servants' hall, there is no peace: the thing will be noised about in every alchouse within a day's journey of the mansion. Though his possessions may be vast, and his title to them indisputable, it is very questionable whether they are really at his own command. Not only the direction of his household, but the management of his estates, is placed a little beyond his control. He must depend upon agents and underlings, who require a vigilant superintendance; the exercise of which has a strong tendency to engender habits of uneasiness and suspicion, and perhaps will gain for him the imputation of officiousness. and the annoying ill-will of his household. But by inattention and excessive liberality, his affairs are likely to get into confusion: he will then be kept poor, while his property is squandered away on undeservers; his house will be the scene of boisterous and wasteful jollifications; his name will be used without his privity for purposes of extortion and oppression; and his fame may be for ever blasted with the stigma of corruption, when, in truth, he is chargeable with no other fault than that of being too indulgent a master. Melancholy, indeed, was that piercing observation of the great Lord Verulam, who never was proved to have participated in the profits of that corruption which was carried on in his name, when, on his way to trial, he passed the room where his servants were sitting, and they rose at his presence: "Sit down, my masters; your rise has been my fall!" What honourable man is there, whom fortune holds but one grade above want, that would change his state for that of the Chancellor of England, on his way to be tried for corruption—who would not rather rejoice in a low estate and in insignificance, since to them belong ease and security, and where there is no responsibility but that which arises from our own actions?

After all, the real wants of human nature are so simple, that the means of gratification are withheld from few. Refinement and luxury may pamper the appetites, and create imaginary wants; but moderation gives a zest to the most homely fare, which renders it more palatable than the richest dainties; and contentment can lift the soul above the objects of ambition, and enliven the abodes of mediocrity with that heartfelt serenity, which rarely finds a place amid the splendours of a court.

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THE CAMERA OBSCURA .- NO. 11.

Fashion in the East .- By Clement Clearsight, Gent.

MRS. BOMBASINE, of Houndsditch, is my most particular friend. She is also something of a relation, claiming affinity from a collateral branch, and in such a refined degree, as, I think, would puzzle the heads of the Herald's College to define. Her grandfather, the great Mr. Peter Drydust, called great not only from being a member of a great corporation, but also his own person being a corporation of itself, was first cousin to my great aunt's second husband's nephew, lineally descended from the Broomsticks of London-Wall, perhaps you have heard of them. Well, Mrs. Bombasine being, as I said before, a very particular friend, and somewhat of a relation, I am generally invited to all her parties. Mr. Bombasine is in the Manchester line, doing, as his lady takes care to inform all her friends, a good stroke of business. Mrs. B. had originally a great contempt for every thing that was born, bred, eat, made, or that lived in the city; and, when at Mrs. Tomkins's fashionable seminary at Chelsea, was heard to declare, that she would as live think of marrying the old gentleman himself (I am not exactly aware who she signified among her numerous acquaintances) as a city pert. But, however, Tempus rerum mutat, (as we say at school), changed Miss Drydust's resolution, and Mr. Bombasine found more grace in her eyes than ever city-man did before. But Mrs. B., although she had "stooped to conquer" a citizen-although she had condescended to live within that formidable barrier, that separates fashion from vulgarity, and gentility from affluence—Temple Bar,—determined not to be ousted from her elegant notions. She pondered awhile on the best course she could pursue, and at last came to the resolution, that, as the agreement between her and her spouse previous to their marriage was, that they should reside in the city, it was an impossibility that they could reside in "the west;" so, left to her resources, she determinedhear it, ye philosophers, and wonder at the work of a woman—to make the east the west; which she did by transplanting the fashions of the latter quarter into the less genial air she was compelled for a while to breathe. Scarce had the bustle of the wedding-day passed, when the signal of a total revolution in city fashions and habits took place. It afforded a striking instance, as Bailie Mucklethrift would say, of the mutability of human affairs. The peaceful inhabitants of Wellclosesquare and Crutched-friars were observed to take infinite delight in a regular route, and all the company were shortly afterwards "at home," for the first time in their lives. Houndsditch was a scene of uproar three evenings of the week, to the great annoyance of the unfashionable shopkeepers round about. It must be confessed that Mrs. B.'s rooms were not without some attraction; the ball-room, although in Houndsditch, would vie in decoration and capacity to any in St. James'ssquare. The refreshments were provided by a celebrated alderman in Cornhill, whose name is as pleasing to the gourmands and bon-vivants, as it is terrifying to school-boys and apprentices. The company, although Mrs. B. prided herself on its being "vastly select," was, in general, chosen with more regard to quantity than quality, although " carriage visitors" were much distinguished above the pedestrian and

hackney fry, and their names were announced with a peculiar emphasis by the servant standing in the hall for that purpose. What Mrs. B. peculiarly plumed herself on was, she had some "west end" acquaint-Among these was Sir Peter Nicholson, who, upon being knighted, had removed the seat of his establishment from Broad-street buildings to Edward-street, Portman-square; and as this gentleman is estensibly the subject of this exordium, it is incumbent on me to take more than ordinary notice of him. Who Sir Peter was, was rather an enigma; some people, indeed, were uncharitable enough to say that he actually had rose from nothing, forming a paradox of that ancient and well-received adage, "ex nihil, nihil fit;" for Sir Peter evidently was (and he took care that every body should think so) somebody. Certain it is, that he had indulged the force of an ardent mind by mercantile pursuits, and had, by his own industry, amassed a very considerable fortune, or, as I have heard, one "not to be sneered at." I can assure you, I hold that point of his character in much respect. Well, it was about last Christmas that Mrs. B. determined on giving a grand route; and it was privately circulated that Sir Peter Nicholson was to be there. Rumour also spread abroad that the Russian ambassador, Count Slap-dash-swash-what's-y'-name, or his secretary, or his secretary's secretary, was to join him. The deputy of Portsoken ward, and the dashing heiresses of Finsbury-square, were invited also to grace the circle. Upon this eventful evening, I sallied out of my third story, Essex-court, in the Temple, to join the circle, eat the supper, and abuse the visitors. What a shame! some of my readers will exclaim; a poor devil of an author, living, or rather starving, in a third floor, which most likely serves him for "parlour, kitchen, and all," abusing a city knight and an alderman's deputy! I was unfashionable enough to be there within half an hour of the time specified by the card of invitation; perhaps not so much to keep up my character of punctuality, as to observe the entrees of the different visitors. Scores of Mr. Roberts and Miss Johnsons, Miss Browns and Miss Jones', and other high and lofty names, were announced: Monsieur Florentine Fontaine, the ambassador's secretary's secretary; the deputy and his amiable and lovely deputyship, together with their niece, Miss Susannah, and the charming heiresses of Finsbury-square, were all assembled; and yet disappointment was visible on the features of the accomplished hostess, whose uneasiness seemed to wax stronger at the perpetual enquiries whether Sir Peter would be there. Time slipped away, but no Sir Peter came; till at last it was currently reported throughout the room that he had cut the Bombasines .- 'Too bad, without an apology!" was rejoined. In the midst of the speculations of the cause for this unlooked-for disappointment, the rolling of a carriage over the stones-how different to a refined ear to the rumbling of a Jarvey !was heard. All was attention, anxiety, and curiosity. Would it stop there?-no!-it went on; it has turned round, and, in another moment, a thundering application at the knocker, which electrified the nerves, wound up as they were by expectation, of all present, and which, by the repeater of Miss Jemina Bland, lasted one minute and thirty-two seconds, was heard. The porter, as if influenced by an amiable rivalry at this point of distinction, announced, in Stentorian tones, "SIR PETER NICHOLSON, KNIGHT." Both of the folding doors were thrown open, as if to make room for a very great personage indeed; when the indubitable hero himself stalked into the room. I believe some present. having their minds prepared by anticipation, had, like myself, expected something supernatural. Guess my disappointment, when, instead of seeing, as I had pictured in my mind, a fine, noble, portly-looking being, with "grace in all his steps," and "majesty in his eye," breathing with all the dignity of a superior being in an inferior sphere, a little bustling epitome, a ninth-part of a man, enter the room !-his face vulgar beyond expression, for it had none whatever; his figure square built, like the letter H; and his step, his gait—Oh! thought I. if this is fashion and gentility, heavens defend me from it! With an air of insufferable consequence he marched up to the lady of the house, and condescended to exchange fingers with Bombasine; all the rest he certainly thought dirt, for no one could get a nod, or even so much as a glance, from the gentleman. A very few minutes showed the effects of his presence; the harmony and mirth that had previously enlivened the room seemed as if an extinguisher had been placed over it; the young men were afraid to be attentive, and the young ladies seemed terrified at attempting to be agreeable, lest they should show their city manners. The centre of attraction was the knight himself, who condescended to give a proof of the elegance of the west, and his own good breeding, by turning up the flaps of his coat, and enacting the part of a fire-screen. Many were the attempts by the men to draw him into conversation; he professed, to their utter astonishment, even to those he had formerly solicited for their votes, his utter ignorance of the proceedings of the Common Council; knew nothing whatever of the price of stocks, neither knew or cared a pin about the West India Controversy, Mrs. Fry's Equitable Loan, or the Joint Stock Company. All these answers were made to the aspiring querists without turning his face to them; he all the time confabulating with the only man in the room he thought good enough to speak to—the Deputy; their conversation turning principally on the Debates, Madame Catalani, and Mr. Smith, the missionary, to the great edification of the listening multitude. indeed, he condescended to ask Bombasine, whether he knew how the house had divided last night; on which subject Bombasine professed his astonishment, simply declaring that he had heard the storm had only blown the chimney-pots down! Fortunately for Bombasine, the knight had all the He! he! to himself.

Determined as the knight was, not to be pleased, I must do Mr. and Mrs. B. the justice of saying, they did all in their power to entertain their thrice honourable guest. When asked whether he was fond of music, as a young lady had just seated herself at the piano, and a gentleman was twanging the strings of a fiddle, by way of overture, he professed his abhorrence-it was downright murder, unless Grasiani, or Pasta, or Ronzi de Begnis, performed; and the young lady was therefore prevented from showing off, as it was disagreeable to Sir Peter. When he saw a quadrille forming, he protested that nothing was so great a bore as dancing, since Mercandotti had rolled off with the golden Ball; to be sure, Vestris was tolerable, and her sister held out some hopes. In compliance with this implied wish, the quadrille was suspended. By this time I thought I could discern a little disappointment struggling on the features of the young ladies and gentlemen, some of whom began to wish the knight was enjoying his dignity elsewhere. Twelve o'clock had searcely arrived, before the supper-room

was thrown open, entirely against the protest of Sir Peter, who declared that the Countess of P. and the Baroness of Q. never gave any refreshment till the best part of the party was gone. At supper, the knight gave a new specimen of the superiority of the manners he had acquired since his removal from that side of Temple Bar, by helping himself to the tit-bits, and gallantly leaving the ladies on each side him to shift for themselves. Once, indeed, with his mouth full, he asked one to take wine, but requested the footman to pour it out. Having washed out his mouth with some water, he proved, to the satisfaction of all present, that he was unfashionable enough to use a finger-glass, though not for the express purpose it was originally designed for. He then declared he should be too late to hear the last act of the ballet, that he should get in disgrace with the Viscountess, and should be prodigiously happy to see his friend Bombasine at Edward-street. He then ordered his carriage, and putting forth his fore-finger to Bombasine, and bending his neck to the lady of the mansion, made his exit .-Curiosity by this time was amply gratified; the steps were put up-the door shut-the carriage rolled off-and I saw (nor did I wish to see) any thing more of the GREAT MAN of the party!

POETIC VIGILS. By BERNARD BARTON. Londou. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1824.

It is as great a relief to turn from the glittering tinsel and gaudy dyes of some of our fair countrywomen, to the modes and bonnet, and sober sadness of the drab of a neat though prim quaker, as it is, after wading through the meretricious and highly ornamented verse of many of the first poets of the day, to the quiet and peaceful strains of Friend Bernard.

The poetry of Mr. Barton possesses great sweetness, and no inconsiderable portion of elegance: it displays a keen perception of the beauties of nature, and the nobleness of the soul; but it wants that power of description, those touches of passion, which play round the senses, and come home to the heart. This failing may be ascribed more to the frigidity of the maxims of his sect, a constant practice of which tends to crush the aspirings of the imagination, and stop the growth of impassioned sensibility. This, however beneficial in a moral sense, acts as an extinguisher to the poet's mind.

The following sonnet we quote with much pleasure, as being the glowing sentiments of the poet's mind, and affording something like

an insight into his character:

"The springs of life are falling one by one,

And age, with quicken'd step, is drawing nigh;
Yet would I leave no discontented sigh,
Since cause for cold ingratitude is none.
If slower through my veins life's tide may run,
The heart's young fountains are not wholly dry;
Though evening clouds shadow my noontide sky,
Night cannot quench the Spirit's inward sun!

Once more, then, ere the eternal bourn be pass'd, Would I my lyre's rude melody essay:

And, while amid the chords my fingers stray,
Should Fancy sigh—' these strains may be its last!'
Yet shall not this my mind with gloom o'ercast,
If my day's work be finish'd with the day!"

The following tribute to the memory of Mary Dyer, one of the earliest martyrs in the Society of Friends, gives a proof of more impassioned feeling, than we should have thought Mr. Barton could have possessed.

"We too have had our martyrs. Such wert Thou, Illustrious woman! though the starry crown Of martyrdom have sate on many a brow, In the world's eye, of far more wide renown.

"Yet the same spirit grac'd thy fameless end,
Which shone in Latimer and his compeers,
Upon whose hallowed memories still attend
Manhood's warm reverence, Childhood's guileless tears.

"Well did they win them: may they keep them long!

Their names require not praise obscure as mine;

Nor does my Muse their cherish'd memories wrong,

By this imperfect aim to honour thine.

"Heroic martyr of a Sect despis'd!

Thy name and memory to my heart are dear:

Thy fearless zeal, in artless childhood priz'd,

The lapse of years has taught me to revere.

"Thy Christian worth demands no poet's lay,
Historian's pen, nor sculptor's boasted art:
What could the proudest tribute these could pay
To thy immortal spirit now impart?

"Yet seems it like a sacred debt to give
The brief memorial thou mayst well supply;
Whose life display'd how Christians ought to live;
Whose death—how Christian martyrs die."

With the following extract we must conclude our review of this interesting volume, which is far from diminishing that high character the Author always possesses as being one of the first poets of the day.

WINTER EVENINGS.

"The summer is over,
The autumn is past,
Dark clouds around us hover,
Loud whistles the blast;
But clouds cannot darken, nor tempests destroy,
The soul's sweetest sunshine, the heart's purest joy.

"The bright fire is flinging
Its splendour around:
The kettle, too, singing,
And blithe is its sound:

Then welcome in evening, and shut out the day, Its soul-fretting troubles—Oh! tempt not their stay.

> "Of care, and of sorrow, Each day brings its share; From eve let us borrow Fresh patience to bear:

And the clouds that pass o'er us by day shall look bright In the gentle effulgence of evening's warm light. "Our days are devoted
To trial and toil;
To conflicts unnoted;
And scanty their spoil:

No respite for feeling has day-light made known, But the quiet of evening may still be our own.

"Our path is no bright one
From morning till eve;
Our task is no light one
Till day takes its leave;

But now let us gratefully pause on our way, And be thankfully cheerful, and blamelessly gay.

> "We'll turn to the pages Of History's lore; Of Bards and of Sages The beauties explore;

And share, o'er the records we love to unroll, The calm 'feast of reason, the flow of the soul.'

> "To you, who have often, In life's later years, Brought kindness to soften Its cares and its fears—

To you, with true feeling, your Poet and Friend The joys you have heighten'd may fondly commend.

> "When sorrow has sadden'd, Your smiles shed their light; When pleasure has gladden'd, You made it more bright:

And with you Winter Evenings enjoyments can bring More dear to your Minstrels than Mornings of Sprnig."

THE COACHMAN .- A SKETCH.

"The coachman's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling, Doth glance from right to left, from left to right, And as imagination bodies forth
The distant vehicle, the coachman's skill Keeps his own side, and gives the passer-by A nod of gratulation or contempt."

"All the world's a stage"—
Coachmen,—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being and the noun at once."

"I knew him, Horatio, a coachman of infinite faculty."

There is something in the very nature of a stage coachman that smacks (like his own whip) of the dignity of monarchs. He is the elect of the road on which he travels—the illustrious imitated of thousands. Talk of the king, indeed! the king, even on the king's highway, is but "cakes and gingerbread" to the Jehu. For him John Boots whistles welcome, (not so much through the goodness of his disposition, as through his teeth), and the publican waxes honest in his gin; for him, Betsey, the pretty bar-maid, displays the symmetry of a well-turned and the landlady speaks volumes in a squint.

Survey him as he bowls along the road, with rubicund snout and bang-up benjamin. Listen to the untutored melody of his voice as he

preaches the word of exhortation to his tits, and enforces his doctrine with the whip. Hark! already he is entering the village—the coachhorn sounds—the leaders rattle along the streets "as though they should never be old"—the dust flies—the dogs bark—the pigs squeak, and out rush the neighbourhood to bid him welcome as he passes. Survey his importance. To some of them he gives a cool nod; to others a smile of recognition—but thrice happy is he who is honoured with, "Go it, Jemmy!" Beatified James! thou hast lived eternity in a moment. "Felix heu nimium felix, tua si bona noris."

Let none despise his calling; for be it known, that the coachman with his brotherhood of horse-dealers, is of infinite antiquity. Nestor, the sweet-tongued Nestor, is the first horse-dealer on record—the statesman, as well as the *ippotes Nestor*. Is it a degradation to be classed with Nestor? No. Then live, illustrious Tattersal, the pride of coachmen, the envied of horse-dealers. Live—and when thou diest, "for die thou must at last, be it recorded in thy epitaph, that so pent was thy reputation, and so noble thy character, that hadst thou lived in days of yore, thy firm, which now flourishes in *Unitarian* independence,

would have stood-Tattersal, Nestor, and Co.!

In the nature of his vocation, the coachman bears no indistinct resem blance to the poet: The one gives the reins to his horses, the other to his imagination; and when either run away, the consequences are equally hazardous. "The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolls," so does the coachman's. The poet drives his steed Pegasus along the high road of Parnassus, and waters his horse at the Castalian fount—the coachman drives his tits along the king's highway, and waters them at the horse-trough of the village alehouse. The poet is the child of feeling—ditto the coachman. The one feels what he writes, the other what he drives. The one gets drunk with inspiration, the other with gin; and, finally, the one gives spur to his Pegasus, the other to his off-side leaders.

Independently of other advantages, the coachman is illustrious from the association connected with his calling. "All the world's a stage," says Shakspeare, and Time may be considered as the coachman, who trundles it along the high road of life to eternity. And now that I am on the subject of eternity, let me bethink me of thee who hast already finished thy journey, illustrious Hell-fire Dick *, or, as my more dignified Muse would say, Pandæmonium Richard. Thou wast the Shakspeare of coachmen-the Lucifer or Star of Cambridge. I knew thee in thine hour of triumph, when I was but a stripling, and thou tookedst compassion on my ignorance, and turned the light of thy countenance upon me. Inspired by thee, I bowled along the course to Newmarket, and, arrested by the splendour of thy example, was arrested for an unpaid benjamin. But alas! inexorable Time, " Benjamin is not," and the tailor is not, and "Jehu you have taken from me." Yes, thou art gone, sulphurious Richard, to thy kindred Pandemonium, and the glory of Cambridge is no more. Thou art dead, and, what is still worse, I am afraid, thou are damned.

But thy memory still flourishes on the sedgy banks of the Cam; thy sorrowing spouse is still the object of attraction to Nichols, thy rival whip; and though thy coach-horn no longer sounds, Old Nick has

presented thee with apair.

Hark! to the hurried accents of despair, Where is Dick Vaughan, and Echo answers—Where?

^{*} Dick Vaughan, or, as he was usually called, Hell-fire Dick, was the driver of the Cambridge Telegraph, and the most famous coachman of his time.

ON CUTTING.

START not, gentle reader-I am not about to read you a surgical lecture; neither am I a member of a certain profession, anxious to enlighten exquisites on a subject, no doubt, of deep importance to them, namely, the cut of their wearables. The signification of the term to which I allude is pretty generally understood, but its practical use is chiefly to be found at the west end of the town. My Lord A cuts the Honourable Mr. B, in consequence of a report to his prejudice respecting a bet at Newmarket, and the next time they meet at White's or Almack's, my Lord A- gives the aforesaid Honourable Mr. B—— a most unconscious stare, and passes on. A fashionable fortune-hunter (no allusion to certain persons or particular countries) gets introduced to the family of a wealthy citizen, for the purpose of forming an alliance with his only daughter, to whom fame had given an immense fortune: he finds, however, after doing violence to his refined notions of things, by the acceptance of sundry invitations to dinner, in the tainted neighbourhood of Cheapside, that the shrewd ex-cheesemonger begins to smoke his intentions, dropping broad hints respecting leases, settlements, and rent-rolls, and passing coarse jokes on gentlemen of fashion in pursuit of honest people's money; and believing the game to be pretty well up, he pleads a trip to Paris, and---cuts the connexion.

Lady Fanny Flounce is said to practise the art of cutting to perfection. She affects a most convenient imperfection in her organs of vision, by means of which she can avoid whom she pleases, without giving actual offence, for every body knows that she must be near-sighted, as she wears a glass, and half closes her eyes when she views

an object at only a few yards' distance.

There are degrees of cutting. There is, first, the cut direct; that is, to stare in the face of a person, with whom you had been on previous habits of intimacy, as if he had just fallen from the moon, or belonged to the Antipodes; to effect this, however, requires, in the first place, a tolerable command of muscle; and if the party to be cut happen to have fallen into misfortune, which circumstance would certainly, in a polite point of view, be a sufficient reason to warrant the act of cutting——it would be as well, perhaps, in case he should, from any exploded notions of friendship, salute you in the usual way, to turn to the person with whom you are in company, and remark, "That gentleman, I perceive, mistakes me for an acquaintance——who is he?"

Then, there is the cut equivocal. This requires a certain degree of tact which few are up to; it is an occasional resort to avoid a person whose acquaintance you are by no means anxious to give up, but with whom you feel a most decided objection to be seen on the pavé arm-in-arm. For instance, you meet your fashionable friend Lord John—well, you take a turn in Bond-street—chat on various matters—the opera—the races—Derby and Oaks—the bets you lost or won (here, of course, you draw the long bow); the Countess of W.'s last route (where you were not), and the mutual penchant between you and at least a dozen ladies of figure, fashion, and fortune. You are now, I will suppose, in full dash for Piccadilly, when, in the name of all that's herrible, PART VIII.—30.

who appears in full puff from the city, but your accommodating friend the fat money-broker from Bucklersbury! What is to be done? You have mutually caught each other's eye, and he is waddling down the pavement to salute you. To give him the cut direct would be directly to lose his friendship, and to address such a mass of vulgarity in familiar terms, would positively excite the horror of Lord John. Observe now the vast advantage of the cut equivocal. You suddenly direct the attention of his Lordship to some object on the opposite side of the way, and while his eye is thus engaged, you turn to the broker, who by this time has drawn up to address you, and giving him a gracious, but hasty nod, seem to be suddenly attracted by some remark of your fashionable friend, and so move on. If, however, by any unforeseen chance, his Lordship should have observed the recognition, and inquire the rank of your uncouth acquaintance, you must immediately set him down as an Irish Earl, the name of whose title has escaped your memory, and should the broker, in your next call at his counting-house, seem hurt at your random salutation, you must explain it away in the best manner you can, and redouble your expressions of esteem for his great worth, and regard for his amiable family, for each individual of which you must be sure to inquire.

A cut, however well intended, may be rendered abortive, owing to the prying disposition, or extreme stupidity, of a vulgar acquaintance. Perhaps the best way of explaining this to my readers, is to relate a most annoying predicament in which a fashionable young friend of mine was placed the other Sunday in Kensington Gardens; he was swelling along in all the conscious pride of a coat, the cut of which is allowed to be inimitable, and with all the et ceteras of a modern fine gentleman to adorn and set off his naturally genteel figure. Already had he (at least as he conceived) made three decided impressions on the hearts of as many fair ladies in the crowd of fashionables that flitted and flut-

tered by,

In satins and in silks, of every hue,
That tints the rainbow as it trembles through
The mists of morning——

In fact, as he avowed to me in private, he seldom found himself on such good terms with his outward man; he felt an elastic spring in his soul, that seemed to lift him, as it were, to the station of Mercury himself,

New lighted on some heaven-kissing hill.

His cravat was of virgin white, and of a due stiffibility, and he wore in his look that settled complacency which is said to distinguish the higher race of exquisites, from their less finished rivals, east of Temple-bar. Thus prepared for conquest, and conscious of the figure that he made, he mingled in the crowd and moved gallantly along. His eye, excepting when it rested, with a sort of fond langour, on the countenance of some fashionable fair one, reposed on the blue heavens, as if all other objects beneath it were absolutely unworthy of its gaze: he felt

this world would be, were it not for the crowns, stars, and coronets, that gave it life and splendour; and he secretly pitied from his heart, those whom fate and trade placed for ever beyond the limits of polite society: and, as he thought thus, he could not but turn with ineffable contempt to the tawdry beaus and belles from the city, who presumed to mingle in the fashionable gala. At this moment-oh, death to his dreams --- he discovered in the gay crowd a pair of beings whose acquaintance he could not disown, but whose salutation, in such a place, he would have shunned as pestilence. He felt a cold sweat standing on his brow, for a single glance but too truly told him, that his friends had recognized him. They were a worthy couple, but so utterly devoid of every polite requisite, that in dress and appearance they formed a strange, and somewhat ridiculous contrast, to the surrounding company. Good souls! they fancied themselves as fine as other folks, and to shun a gay acquaintance, when their hearts were all agog for pleasure, was a thing they could never dream of. Their young friend, however, felt quite the reverse, and the cut direct was his immediate intention. Accordingly, he made an abrupt turning, and would have absolutely fled if propriety would have let him. Ah! vain subterfuge! a slap on the back assured him that all was over, and the loud and familiar greeting of his city friends put an end to his dreams. He blustered, bit his lips, and stammered out something like "Glad to see you -how do you do-fair day"-but a suppressed giggle in the crowd assured him that his mortification was seen and enjoyed; the thought was madness, and muttering an abrupt excuse, he rushed from the gay scene, and left the honest couple totally at a loss to know what had so suddenly bewitched him!

It were tedious to detail the various stratagems by which a bore is to be avoided. There is the short turn when you see him advancing, and the sudden plea of business, when you find him hanging on your arm; and then there is the not at home cut, and the call again cut, and the out of town cut; but as these more immediately relate to the visits of troublesome trades-people, and as I presume that those whom I have the honour to address, are sufficiently versed in this species of cutting, I shall merely remark, that a gentleman of ton should be particular in ascertaining the capacity of his servant on this point, before he engages him, as I have known many awkward circumstances to have occurred from the want of due discernment and presence of mind in servants.

When, with his long and awful bills, And countenance of woe, The Dun---that worst of human ills, Knock'd at the door below.

A servant, in fact, has no excuse to usher such a personage into the presence of his master. An evasion should always be at hand; for it is a decided annoyance, and as such, I am sure, every gentleman must feel it, to meet the pitiful countenance of your tailor, or shoemaker, just as you are indulging, over your morning's meal of toast and chocolate,

In some fond dreams of new delight With which to cheat the drowsy night. A very deserving fellow was cut by one of his acquaintances, who chanced to fall in company with some titled coxcomb. No notice, however was taken of the matter, but the person cut secretly resolved to be even with his vain companion. An occasion soon offered. Some evenings after he chanced to meet an old schoolfellow, who had lately come in for a title and fortune. After strolling together for some time, who should appear but the friend who had acted so vainly on a former occasion: supposing, however, that his conduct had left no impression, and feeling ambitious to be honoured with the acquaintance of the young lord, he made up to his companion with all the freedom of an old chum. The moment of retaliation was too sweet to be avoided, and the cut direct put an end to a friendship, which, under any circumstances, one of the parties, at least, felt now little desire to retain.

But I suspect, my excellent friend Mr. Merton, that I encroach somewhat too far, not only on the space of your very pleasing work, but the patience of its readers; and fearing that I myself may be cut as a bore, if I spin this article to a greater length (a circumstance which I should view with no small regret, as I mean, with your permission, to offer you my occasional lucubrations), I shall add nothing to my vale but that I remain, for the present, yours very truly,

CUT AND COME AGAIN.

SONG.

The Faithless Lover.

What?—when he heard my sad adieu,
Did he not heave one parting sigh?
What?—when I snatch'd a last fond view
Did not one tear bedew his eye?
Alas! 'tis anguish to discover
That he was but a faithless lover!

Peace, my poor heart! nay, do not swell
As if the strings of life would sever;
Can'st thou not bid a calm 'farewell'
To pleasures that are lost for ever?—
Ah, no!---my thoughts still fondly hover
Around thy shade, my faithless lover!

Then let my tortur'd heart-strings break!

Gently lull'd in death's cold sleep
This throbbing breast shall cease to ache,--These tearful eyes forget to weep.
So shall no eye my pangs discover;--But grief shall rend my faithless lover!

TO BURTONA.

The Spirit of Burton Ale.

BRIGHT Burtona! thou friend of good health and good song, Of the weary, the sad, and the gay!—
It is thine to impregnate the quick rising throng
Of ideas, ere they vanish away!—
To prompt the moist thoughts, as thy brain-whirling charms
From the caput's best stores lift the veil,—
To stir throat-drying Fancy to metrical arms,
In the cause of thy ex-cellent ale!

Man is prone to exult in his fortune and friends—
In his honours—his lands—or his wealth,—
But the varying joy that on friendship attends,
Or on riches, compared with good health,
Is a name ill applied!—bring them all to the test—
Friends are fickle—and riches but frail!—
But thy touch softens sorrow—gives pleasure a zest—
Dear ex-quisite, double X ale!

When the labours of life with each morn are begun,
Thy sweet kiss spirits languor away,
And when evening smiles, as the lingering sun
Casts his last fondling look at the day,—
Oh! what joy to be stretch'd, casting care to the wind,
In the bounds of one's own garden rail,
Ev'ry wish, ev'ry hope, by contentment confined
To a pipe, and thy soul-cheering ale!

Let the bon-vivants prate of their fifty-year Port,
Poets stanza their bright Nectar forth—
I hold them but cheap pleasures, far falling short
Of the joys 'neath thy white sparkling froth:—
Dearest bringer of ease to the soul-darken'd wight,
May thy influence mild never fail!
And let those who would render life's burdens more light,—
Fill their cellars with double X ale!

E. A. B.

LOVE.

Love is a passion that must be free, without which it sickens and soon expires. The object of love must always be near, yet not constantly in our embrace. If love lives without its natural food, it grows to a monster; yet it is delicate and easily surfeited, and may, by improper nourishment or excess, be corrupted in its nature, grow to a gorgeous desire, and surfeit itself with the first appetite. No plant is more difficult to rear; it must have checks in its growth; the superfluous buds and sprouts must be nipt, that they may not weaken the root; each branch must be carefully guided and directed, so as to preserve perfect grace and symmetry; yet all this must be done without the slightest appearance of the pruning knife; nay, so tenacious is it, that the very sight of the doctor would be fatal. This is the delicate passion of love.

OUTWARD APPEARANCES.

No one can walk with open eyes, through any popular town, and especially through the City of London, without meeting with innumerable objects to excite attention, and give birth to fruitful speculations. But nothing can be more amusing to the amateur artist, the smatterer in physiognomy, or any other attentive observer, than that animated stream of faces which is continually passing and repassing, in our principal thoroughfares. I am given to understand by Paul Cleary, a streetwalking acquaintance of mine, and a disciple of Aristotle's, that to the practised eye, minute traits, and nice distinctions of gait, dress, air, pace, and expression of countenance, unfold not only the professions and habits, but even the thoughts and circumstances, "the businesses and bosoms," of those by whom they are manifested. And, certainly, the individual who is disposed to question the infallibility of these external evidences, is likely to have his scepticism a little staggered, if he will only step into Bartholomew-lane on a settling day, or promenade Cornhill, from Lucky Corner to the 'Change, the day after the drawing of the lottery: for should he be unable to point out the defaulters, or distinguish the gainers of prizes from the proprietors of blanks, he really ought to throw the blame upon nothing but his own obtuseness.

While I was yesterday standing in Fleet-street, opposite St. Dunstan's church, watching the countenances of a group of great and small children, who were awaiting the movements of the time-keeping savages, I was accosted by the above-named Paul, who seized the opportunity for giving me an extemporaneous lecture upon the heads assembled there, as if ready for his purpose; but finding me rather slow at entering into his theory, and experiencing that the spot where we stood, was none of the most advantageous for a calm discussion, "If you will only stand aside with me," said he, "under the gateway of the Middle Temple, I shall soon be able to fortify my positions with plain and conclusive demonstrations." Having no desire to thwart his humour, I complied with his request: and made up my mind to listen without interrupting his remarks, which were as follow.

"Have the goodness to look at that lean little man, walking at this time of day, in a robe de chambre, with list shoes notwithstanding the mud, and with the remains of an old boot lace as a tassel and knot to his walking-stick; mark his slow pace and abstracted mood, consider well his gray and straggling hair, his parchment-like complexion, but above all, regard his features and their expression; his nostril is expanded, his mouth half opened, his tongue quivers, and he is evidently soliloquizing; then his overhanging brow is uplifted, and his sharp blinking eyes seem 'in a fierce frenzy rolling,' while their owner ap-

pears

' In lofty madness meditating song.'

You need not be alarmed, however, he is not a maniac escaped from his keeper, but an author, a man of deep research; one that might, perhaps, write histories; and yet a man of exquisite taste, aye, and of fertile imagination; perhaps no stranger to the inspirations of

poetry; perhaps-but he is no longer in sight, so turn we to the next subject, namely, that young gentleman yonder in the genteel undress, who sometimes looks up, and sometimes down; who first takes a few long steps, and then a few short ones; who now looks flushed-but the crimson tide has already ebbed, and left his cheeks 'paler than Paris plaster.' He seems pensive, and cheerful; sighing, and smiling, all in a breath. Now I take upon me to pronounce him a lover, a desperate, timid, ardent, sentimental lover; and his mistress, though not in sight, is, beyond all doubt, one of those enigmatical ladies, whose conduct being revolved, appears in some respects encouraging, in others disheartening, till he who dwells upon it is bewildered in uncertainty, and begins to despair of ever obtaining any definitive token of her aversion or esteem. Did you observe how he suddenly assumed a steadier walk—at that moment, I warrant you, he resolved to be no longer trifled with, and the cruel object of his tender passion must possess extraordinary powers of evasion, if she is not this very evening driven beyond all redemption or retraction, into a plain and positive aye or no. On the other side of the way you may behold a general lover; one who, after distributing nods, winks, and simpers, in all directions, and after admiring every female of tolerable pretensions to beauty, has still a good store of love in reserve for himself, and not a little complacency for his own pretensions to be considered elegant, exquisite, interesting, and irresistible. From the crown of his hat, to the rowel of his spurs, all is neatness and exactitude: not a hair out of place, not a crease in his cravat, not a spot on his coat. He seems perfectly satisfied with himself, and also satisfied that all beholders must partake of the self-same satisfaction. His easy port nothing can exceed, unless we except the infinite and indescribable grace with which he applies his glass to his roguish, half-knowing, halfsimple eye. Oh! the blessings of short-sightedness! or rather the delicacy of that refined modesty which recoils from gazing with the naked eye, at the blushing damsel. Do pray look at that lovely young creature, who is now exposed to his unfeeling stare. What symmetry! -what a face !-she smiles bewitchingly, and endeavours to appear careless and unrestrained: she is even now affecting to join in the loud laugh of her vulgar, tawdry companion; but it will not become her. Alas! I see through that smile, a sorrowful heart; her flaunting but ill conceals the anguish of her soul:—but I had rather turn away---I have already seen enough---too much. I cannot bear to contemplate wretchedness, however disguised, and at the same time feel that the pang which arises at the sight of it, is rendered far more acute, by the certain knowledge of its being a wretchedness beyond my power, or yours, to alleviate.-Who is this that rushes along in breathless speed? and is just now driving in the corner of that fat lady's huge bonnet? If you had but caught a glimpse of his anxious countenance, bedewed with a profuse perspiration, and had seen how he started as the chimes announced three quarters past four, you must have agreed with me that he is a tradesman, hurrying to take up a bill---or rather to save his reputation, the credit of his house, and therein the bread of his children, from the disastrous effects and consequences of a notarial visitation.—Now do, I beseech you, mark the composure, and the stateliness

of that highly respectable gentleman, with powder and a queue, who is slowly advancing. His firm step and consequential gait, bespeak some landed interest; his significant leer intimates the power of making money; and the placid expression of his whole face bears witness, that he has no reason to be dissatisfied with the account to which he has turned that invaluable property. Stocks, shares, and securities, may be read in every lineament of his visage, which also seems to be varnished over with a sort of 'Provident Assurance.' The economical habits of this subject, are most clearly developed even by those things which are of a concealing nature; for instance, his umbrella, which, no doubt, is of rich silk, is saved by a cotton case; his coat is saved by a spencer; and 'his hose' are 'well saved' by a pair of gaiters. He is turning into the Middle Temple, there to give instructions for securing an investment on the mortgage of some poor great man's

patrimony.

"But not to weary you with examples, which, indeed, crowd upon us rather too plentifully, I shall now give you some idea of the nice distinctions I am able to make, in cases which the careless perambulator is apt to consider as precisely similar. There are the tailors, and shoemakers, who formerly 'would fardles bear;' I note that they no longer 'groan and sweat' over the contents of a bundle handkerchief; but now carry home their suits in blue bags, such as of right pertain only to lawyers' clerks. But mark the difference: the tailor carries his bag in a sinister manner, as if conscious of its prostitution; and as if he every moment dreaded an exposure of its contents. Your man of law, on the other hand, swings about him with the confidence of a person accustomed to courts; who knows that he has got the law in his own hands, and is prepared to enforce it with all its weight, upon that individual, whoever he be, who presumes to push him from the wall, tread his shoe down at heel, or poke the ferule of an umbrella in his legal eye.

"As for my more general classifications, I note that strutters and swaggerers are, for the most part, cowards; creepers and crawlers are sometimes men of reflection; bustlers are a set of people who do very little; trudgers are the real men of business; peepers are idle fellows, that stand by the hour together at print-shops, or old book-stalls, looking at the prints, or dipping into every volume they can lay their

hands upon, and very often buying nothing after all."

I here begged leave to wish Mr. Cleary a very good day, having reason to fear, that if he enlarged upon the subject of peepers, I should begin to think his remarks rather too personal.

SOLITUDE.

SAD Solitude!---thy reign is in the cell
Of fetter'd crime, who shrinks before the ken
Of conscience, and repents the hour he fell
A wretched outcast from the pale of men--Or in some town, plague-ravaged:---where the knell
Of horrid death, hath tolled and tolled again,
Till one lone lingering mourner's left with thee,
To shudder o'er his desolate misery!

Where ravening pards, and wolfish hyens hold
Their midnight orgies, on the desert belt
Of Afric's burning shores,---one wanderer bold
Had pass'd the track of men:---yes, he has felt,
(Alone, unfriended on the savage wold,)
And own'd thy dark dominion! He had dealt
With men, and learn'd to hate them: view him now—
Before the veriest slave he'd gladly bow!—

Or let man rest upon the moonlit deep
When all is still around him, and the God
Of Ocean stirs not from his glassy sleep
To answer Aura's sigh:—where never trod
A step profane, let him his vigils keep,
Till, hailing Hyperion on his road,
Aurora tinge the East:—then fondly pray,
"Thus might I live,"—the earthling of a day!

No---there are scenes of Nature's loveliness
Which blandly win the soul: we pause awhile,
And lose ourselves---the world: to give them less,
Were not to share the universal smile
Which, like a southern sun-beam, gleams to bless,
And warms the soul to gladness:---we beguile
Our thoughts a moment,---then return again
To seek fresh solace 'mid the haunts of men,---

Let morbid Melancholy, for his song,
Brood o'er his fancied sorrows; and the dark
Misanthropist, self-cursed, shun the throng:--Society is still the saviour ark
Must bear us in her bosom safe along
Life's rising waters,---a Promethean spark,
To fire th' obtunded spirit, and to prove
Evincibly,---that man is born for love!

THE COVENANTER'S TALE.

HEARD ye the fall of the mountain stream?

O! heard ye the hiss of its foam?

It comes through a path where no sun-beam,

Where the pale waning moon never yet was seen,

Nor stranger was found to roam.

My father's cot stood by the side of a hill,
No lowlier cot could be;
'Twas the valley of Silence, for all there was still,
Save the murmuring voice of the mountain rill,
And the war of the distant sea.

Our flock from the fold in the morn we led,

To feed round the rocky steep;

And oft to the summit at noon-day we stray'd,

And there to our Father in heaven we pray'd,

That he his own flock would still keep.

But the murderer came, in his bloody array,
With sword of the demon he came;
Our flocks from the mountain he swept all away,
Our houses, our children—their hopes and their stay,
Were to follow, and leave not a name.

Hide, hide the dark scene of that night from my eye!
When I fancied our sorrows were o'er,
I waked but to hear a childish cry,
As one in his sleep—but it passed by,
And his spirit was ne'er troubled more.

I started from off my low pallet of heath,
My weapons my kindred's wrongs;
And O! could my sight such horror believe!
My gray-hair'd sire the ruffians sheath—
But he died midst a chorus of groans.

O, can I forget the little one's smile
As it play'd with the murderer's sword,
As if fondly seeking the aim to beguile!
But the innocent cry from the innocent smile
Soon pass'd—it had gone to the Lord.

We fled to a rock by the white cloudy spray
That rises to heaven its crest;
And lived in peace, till a morning ray,
Bright harbinger of an auspicious day,
Bid our cares and our fears be at rest.

THE PARTY.

The visit paid, with ecstacy I come, As from a seven years' transportation, home .--- Cowper.

As soon as the operations of the tea-table were well over, and the bustle of well-meant, but often ill-timed, attention had subsided, the word was given, and instantly a dozen hands were employed in managing a couple of card-tables. Of this amusement, which forms so large a portion of the routine of a modern party, from the haut-ton down to the canaille, I shall say but little; not daring to deprecate that which a great warrior and statesman* could approve, nor to blame what a churchman and philosopher+ could sanction by his example. Yet, thinking on what society should be, and the great proportion that science bears to life, -according to the old maxim of "ars longa, sad vita brevis, est,"-I cannot but regret that "it should come to this:" while, at the same time, I congratulate mankind on the superiority of the present age, in this respect, to that which preceded it.

When the tables were arranged, it afforded an amusing scene, to see the edging, pressing, shouldering, and all the manœuvres of a violent struggle just maintained within the bounds of politeness, to procure a favourite seat near a favourite beauty. Nor was it less amusing to observe, in the progress of the game, which was that of Pope Joan, the variation of countenances and fluctuation of animal spirits, as fortune smiled or frowned, or as the funds rose or fell. One young lady was taken unwell, and was compelled to retire, just as she had lost the sum of about five shillings. And yet, in spite of all these variations of countenance, and this sudden indisposition, I would defy all my readers to produce one person whose disposition is not above the petty influence of the turn of a card; so strongly rooted are we in our own good opinion. Matrimony and Intrigue were the themes of at least a thousand puns and jokes, as old as the game itself, and the cause of as many blushes.

A person who is in the habit of frequenting their "parties," cannot but have observed, and, observing, cannot but regret, the height to which the habit of punning has arisen amongst young men, who seem, at the present day, to consider this at the utmost reach of all excellence. It is generally at the supper-table that this spirit reigns, and after the rough edge of appetite is taken off. Thus was it here; and he who, in the course of conversation, uttered a word the least out of the most common train of discourse, subjected himself to the roar of the table, from the attacks of professed punsters, who seize upon the word with the avidity of a half-famished tiger, and torture it into a thousand

fanciful distortions.

I am by no means unwilling, that in a mixed society, which has assembled for no fixed object but that of wiling away a leisure hour in social converse, that conversation should be enlivened by the efforts of cheerfulness and good-humour: but every one must have observed, that when once the flood-gates of punning are opened, its immediate effects are, to sweep away before it all rational mirth as well as serious discourse, and in their stead, to keep up a continual grin at the expense

of real humour: and this, too, rather by compact or conspiring, than by any thing irresistibly comic in the thing itself. For when the company consists of a majority of professed punsters (as must now, I fear, be most frequently the case), some one of them starts a tolerably good pun, and which, perhaps, would force a smile from the cheek of austerity; this raises a laugh of approbation, and thus becomes an example which does not long wait for imitation, and each now endeavours to shew his power of distorting language. Thus one laughs at the effort of another, by a sort of mutual justice of paying laugh for laugh, and each claims and obtains the honour of having "set the table in a roar."

At supper the nuisance became so offensive, that but for the agreeable reflections upon the passing follies by which I endeavoured to flatter myself into good-humour, I should have taken my hat and my leave, and departed home. On one side of me I heard, "Reach me the salt, if you please!" "Do you mean to assault me?" "Your wit wants salting." "It is in pickle for you." "And a pretty pickle it's in." On another side my ears were annoyed by a dialogue after this fashion: "What shall I help you to, miss? your plate is quite empty." "He means her pate" (a whisper). "Aye, aye, you are always for putting l out of the way." "Why, Tom, that's giving you a turn," cries another; and a few more followed in the same strain; but as they approached blasphemy, they gradually died away. In the mean time, the lady had been helped to the wing of a fowl, and this became the subject of another string of puns, but which, as it verged upon obscenity, was carried on in an under tone. Nor is this regard to the feelings of modesty always observed; but, on the contrary, to raise the general blush on virgin cheeks, or the titter on those of bridal innocence, by some plain and palpable double entendre, is too often deemed the acme of entertaining mirth. A gentleman close to me having asked to be assisted to some beef, was immediately assailed by, "O, you're a beef-eater." "No sauce with it, I thank you, sir," was the reply; which coming from one who appeared to be of a serious cast, and who had but little intermixed with their verbal quibbles, seemed to savour of wit, and I could not resist the rising smile. It was payment in kind, and the person who had received it looked sadly down: but the account was not yet closed; for his friend, who had overheard the rencontre, a little, diminutive, consequential fellow, asked him, "What will you take after that, Tom?" "Any thing but shrimp sauce." "You're right, it a'nt good with stew" (which he happened to have upon his plate): he made no reply, but seemed inclined to take it seriously; and my thoughts involuntarily recurred to Poor Yorick's arithmetic, "for every ten jokes thou gettest a hundred enemies."

No sooner did the dessert make its appearance than it became the signal for the punsters' rallied forces. "O here comes the dessert," cries one. "I hope you won't make a desert of it," cries another. "I hope, for your family's sake, you'll never meet your desert." "I'm sure to do that when impudence deserts you." "Quite a desert-ation on the subject." "Yes, but the subject's pretty well dissected." And thus they carried on the strain, which I shall be well excused in forbearing to follow them, thinking that I have already wasted more time

and paper than the subject merits; but if it should have the effect of affording a hint to young men to mark well,

The point where sense and dulness meet,

in both respects I shall have been sufficiently repaid; and I would remind them of the words of a celebrated French poet, who has termed this sort of conversation, the

Insipide entretien des plus grossiers esprits, Qui fant naitre, à la fois, le rire et le mepris.

There is one other growing evil in these "Parties," upon which I must make a few remarks in conclusion.

The supper well over, the dessert pretty well demolished, the glasses and decanters hushed into comparative tranquillity, conversation beginning to lose a part even of its little vivacity, and the occasional nod or suppressed yawn giving notice of defrauded sleep, the hostess sought to give the spirits of the company another spur, by "taking the liberty of calling upon Mr. H-for a song." This was given with little hesitation, and proved a treat to the lovers of harmony; but this was the cue for another scene of the farce (thank Heaven it was the lust). Mr. H. having sung his song, became entitled to his call, which being necessarily made at random, was repeated and amended about half a dozen times, till at the end of twenty minutes spent in ineffectual persuasion and effectual excuses, a young lady at last yielded under the weight of the attack, and consented to do her best, and bad it was. The company were too considerate to laugh or titter openly, yet one could not but observe the silent observation passing from eye to eye, and the lurking smile of envy, or the self-conceited frown of empty contempt; for myself, I felt pained at the situation in which she had suffered herself to be placed, or rather the snare into which she had been inveigled by over-persuasion. I am not that austere moralist, or misanthropist rather, who would condemn the custom of singing, but only wonder at the practice of keeping up a continued "call" upon those whose singing, or attempts to do so, is painful to themselves, nor less so to the company; and yet this is the folly which winds up almost every "party," and which is not given over until it has succeeded in closing up the eye-lids of many a weary brow, and which, it may be said in the language of Shakspeare, with a slight inversion,

Sends their hearers sleeping to their beds.

WHAT IS LOVE?

MR. MERTON,

THE beautiful lines in your first volume on "What is Love?" remind me of a more diffusive examination of this interesting subject, in which the anonymous author enters into detail, and, amidst the language of compliment, appears to feel what he writes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

C.

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me;
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither, and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

What is true Love---BARBAULD.

If you would wish to know what love is, inquire not at the tongue of man, but at the heart of woman .--- MATURIN.

Oh! how shall they who never prove His witcheries divine, Portray the Deity of Love, Or paint his beamy shrine?

No, ask not cold, insensate man,
To image aught so fair;
'Tis tender, trusting woman can
Alone his truth declare.

For fickle man's inconstant will Disdains the conqueror's dart; While fond, confiding woman still Enshrines it in her heart!

No, wouldst thou ken love's mystic lore, Go, ask at woman's heart; There read its tale of blighting hour, And life-consuming smart.

Go, wouldst thou scan the fateful book,
Go, ask of woman's sigh;
Go, read it in her alter'd look,
And in her tearful eye.

Go, read it in her wasted form, Its winning beauties fled; Go, read it in her spirit lorn, Its fires are chill'd and dead!

Go, ye, who scorn the tyrant's dart, And joy in fancied bliss; Go, then, inquire at woman's heart, And learn what true love is. True love it is to struggle on
Mid tears, and woe, and strife,
To live a single glance upon,
And loathe, yet cling to life!

True love is this: for aye to weep,
Repent, forswear, disdain,
Yet ne'er its prudent purpose keep,
But madly love again!

True love is this: through good or ill,
If fortune smile or frown,
To wear a balmy aspect still,
And bless, though all disown!

And love, of fond delusion bred,
The sport of withering fears,
A thorny path must ceaseless tread,
Through wearying rounds of years.

And love is this: round lightsome bow'r
To weave a witching spell;
But dearer, best, in fitful hour,
When billows rage and swell!

And love is this: unmoved to brave
The direst stroke of fate;
Nor sink appall'd from darksome grave,
Where grisly phantoms wait.

Love, tow'ring high on angel wing, Mid desolation lives; Immortal, dares the Spectre King, And Time and Death survives!

BUONAPARTE'S THRONE.

In the Chamber-of Peers at Paris, the various ornaments and paintings, by order of Napoleon, still remain, with the exception of the luxurious fleur de lis having been substituted for the busy bee. What is, perhaps, the most extraordinary, the identical throne of Napoleon was, until lately, and may be still, the royal throne; nay, the very marks on the crimson velvet cover, from whence the bees were torn, were but imperfectly covered by the fleur de lis, and, as if by design, may be yet easily discovered. What a change! the throne of Napoleon so occupied! it certainly was never better filled!

VEDO.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Oн! Mary, how oft have I mourn'd o'er thy fate,
Till every sigh bore a tear:
Though many a day has darken'd the date,
The willow hangs green o'er thy bier.
Too early my heart learnt in grief to deplore
The unhappy fate of Mary.

High beats the heart of the Scot for relief,
As revenge in his bosom still glows;
But gone is the time, and past is thy grief,
Oh! Mary---in death's dark repose.
Yet only with life can he cease to deplore
The unhappy fate of Mary.

On the proud shrine of Elizabeth's glory,
Dark shall the record remain,
Till History---dead---shall leave the sad story
To sigh in traditional strain.
While charity breathes mankind will deplore
The unhappy fate of Mary.

And England, the dull callous witness, shall bear
On the brightest page of her fame,
An indelible stain for each hallow'd tear
That sprung from this dark deed of shame.
When tears cease to flow men will cease to deplore
The unhappy fate of Mary.
T.

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire was one of those men generally termed Deists—by some, indeed, ignorantly called an Atheist. He had a generous and sympathetic heart, and many of the finest feelings of humanity were conspicuously developed in his progress through life.

Too great a man to adopt a doctrine merely because others had followed it before him, he only yielded to the conviction which was the result of reason; and it would have been well for his fame had it rested here: but this was not all; whatever he could not draw within the compass of his own comprehension, he rejected entirely. He is not the only example of a great man with a limited capacity; reformers of all ages have been the same. Although it be still true, that he who can enlighten society, will improve its condition, yet it is not indispensable that a reformer of the world should continually point out the road to wisdom; he does as much who shews the tract of folly.

VEDO.

ON CATS.

In the writings of Aristotle, the Cat is not once spoken of as a domestic animal; and from this circumstance some persons have inferred that, in his time, it was not (as far as he knew) admitted in any part of the world, an inhabitant of the house. In how great a degree, then, must our feelings of commiseration be excited for the age in which Aristotle lived! At that period, and in that portion of the globe especially, when man was so far civilized as to have made no inconsiderable progress in the arts and sciences; when the dark mist of ignorance was gradually dispersing before his ardent researches after knowledge, and when that dull rust of barbarism in which the now refined feelings of the soul were erewhile so deeply imbedded, was fast yielding to the burnishing hand of civilization,—the awakening sympathies of man first prompted a more lively inquiry into the various properties and causes of such objects in animal and vegetable nature, as had before excited a mere transient notice, or, perhaps, a brief, rude, and ignorant admiration. These objects, before unheeded, or at best but slightly noticed, now assumed a more interesting appearance, and from being almost entirely unknown—from being deemed of the most worthless description—from unregarded insignificance—they now rose at once into a proportionate consequence, as a knowledge of their various useful and pleasureable qualities gradually rendered them of greater importance to the fast increasing wants of man, and as luxury and comparative refinement suggested new ideas of comfort, and new desires to be satisfied. In how great a degree, therefore, must our emotions of pity be excited—how much our astonishment raised—when we find that, though the rude imagination of men was even then racked to picture new delights, and every art employed to supply the imaginary deficiencies of their still barbarous luxuriousness-that, in all their increasing wealth, and daily expanding knowledge-they absolutely possessed no cats!! Was this a refinement too great—did the numerous good qualities of such a useful domestic-of such an every way enlightened animal-entitle it to no place in their catalogue of luxuries?-did their category of animal beauty own not this, its brightest ornament?—melancholy reflection!.....

For my own part, I quit at once this afflicting topic, left as I am to the undisturbed enjoyment of all my sorrowful feelings—a solitary bachelor—my remaining half blighted affections—(for I too, alas! have swelled the list of disappointed lovers!) are continually wound up in the existence of some fondly cherished feline pet; for there is something so irresistibly endearing—there exists (in my opinion) such a rational enjoyment in the possession of so lovely a creature's affections, that I have never yet succeeded in forming a permanent attachment to any other animal. In my cat, indeed, I at once recognize a pleasant tea-table companion, and a friend in whom I may repose my dearest trusts, and my most secret heart-workings—one to whom I may safely disburthen my soul of its most intricate and contending emotions—of all its hopes, and all its joys—its sorrows and afflictions, without a fear either of having my confidence abused, my happiness unregarded, or my tribulations unsympathised in; the gentle purring with which she

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soothingly lulls my gloomiest reflections-the tender rubbings of her balmy nose with which she kindly attracts my wandering attention, and the friendly lickings of the hands and face that so eloquently impress upon me her mute yet intelligible affection, as she sits, lightly waving her elegantly tapering tail, upon my gratefully accorded knee-all-all conspire to render her the most pleasing domestic associate that yet remains to me, a secluded mortal, doomed to the most comfortable damnation of "single blessedness." Are you, too, a bachelor, gentle reader, and do you possess no soul-cheering cat? Has blooming health fled thy sallow cheeks---has Fortune---fickle Fortune---deserted thee --- have thy friends shunned thee in thine adversity --- and, oh! that most darksome of ills, that summum of calamity, has the last, best, dearest companion of thy solitary hours---thy long-cherished cat too---hath unpitying, unsparing death robbed thee of her? Man of an ill-starred fate! then, indeed, is thy cup of affliction full, even to the brim! Health may again restore thy faded complexion to its former hue of rosy gladness; fortune may yet again kindly smile on thee, and friendship once more turn on thee its unclouded sunshine; but thy cat!---alas! for ever departed from thee---thy cat, the firmest prop, the hallowed charm, of thy domestic existence, what shall again restore unto thee? what shall compensate thee for the loss of? If thou art a man of tender sympathies---of a truly feeling disposition, nothing, certainly When the peaceful evening sheds its mild influence around thee, and thy melancholy footsteps mechanically stay their farther progress before thy widowed habitation---when the pensive announcement on the green-painted hall-door summons the slip-shod porteress of thy mansion to open wide its portals for thine admittance---when the lonely parlour receives thee, alas! thy favourite cat runs not to greet thee with her welcoming endearments! When the refreshing tea curls in delicious fragrance beneath thy expanding nostrils, and the wellcrisped toast invites thine unclosing masticators to perform their glad office, no gentle purrings, no attractive rubbings, attest thy pussy's claims to her accustomed participation in these enjoyments. the appointed hour of rest beholds thee courting the balmy influence of sleep, and prowling mice invade thy silent chamber, frisk o'er the floor, or gnaw thy dangling garters, thou, poor bereaved, hast no cat, no kind guardian of thy nocturnal slumbers, to repel these troublesome intruders on thy somniferous quiescence; and when the awakening day pours on thy listening ear the diurnal proclamation, " Cats' meat! Cats' meat," a flood of tender recollections overwhelms thee with sorrow, a sigh escapes thy labouring bosom, and a mournful tear steals down thy pensive cheek, as the painful conviction that thou hast no cat to cater for, no hebdomadal account to settle for its daily subsistence, bursts like a resistless cataclysm upon thy saddening remembrance.

Such was once my unhappy condition; often would I sit at the wideopened casement of my bedchamber, when night closed her friendly veil over the habitations of men, sunk in the black abyss of brooding melancholy; and when my weary sighs have pensively joined in the sad song of sorrow which the wildly wailing night-wind moaned mournfully round me, and my fast-falling tears have silently answered the large dropping rain which heavily pattered on the dimly seen housetops in the alley beneath, the shrill plaintive cry of some poor wandering cat, has suddenly broken in upon the dull catenation of my sickening thoughts, chilling my curdling soul with its wild piercing notes. till my sympathising imagination has fancied, in its long shrill tones, the far distant despairing shriek of some hapless sinking mariner; and I have mournfully mused over the pitiable fate of that poor perishing wretch "far, far at sea," tossed on the mountain billows, or sinking in the yawning caverns of the fathomless ocean; no ear near to catch the last despairing yellings of his fast-failing voice, and no friendly hand stretched to save him, till my own miseries have gradually faded away before the more painful picturings of my compassionating imagination, and my spirits have felt lightened of half their load of sorrow! Call not thy smiles of derision here, gentle reader, whoever thou art, who favourest not the feline race-but rather pity the misfortunes, or gladden in the pleasures, I have here so imperfectly described :-

> And should th' impassioned theme Awake one answering sigh

for the dreaded evils I have here recorded—shouldst thou but entertain feelings of more tender regard towards the cat thou hadst before looked upon but as mere household furniture, well shall I be repaid for the slight trouble I have here undergone; and, oh! shouldst thou at any time view some fair stray cypress, or other coated individual of the beloved species, reposing in calm enjoyment on thy forbidden counterpane—shouldst thou observe her from the more terrestrial territories of thy garden terrace

Sleeking her soft alluring charms

on the moss-covered brick wall, ere she hastens onward to some felisitous interview—some tender meeting with the object of her mild affections—shy not the impaling stake—hurl not the ponderous bat at her unharming head! so shalt thou merit the blessings, and inherit the prayers, of

CATACHRESIS CATCALL.

SONG.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The odour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy kisses breathed on me,
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glow'd of thee, and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form, It lies on my abandoned breast, And mocks the heart which yet is warm, With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should he.

DISTRESSED GENIUS.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi.—CLAUD.

WHEN we contemplate the lives and deaths of many most pre-eminent characters in the annals of literature—characters, whose very names we now regard with love or veneration—we cannot but turn heart-sickened from the melancholy scene. It is, indeed, a mournful spectacle to behold many of the great enlighteners of our mental darkness,—men, gifted with the highest intellectual powers, and entertaining the most exalted sentiments,—to behold such men struggling with all the horrors of cheerless poverty: to trace them through every stage of their complicated sufferings, and see them at last closing a life of wretchedness in death or insanity. Turn we over the volumes of history, and we shall find the brightest pages sullied by such scenes, from Homer even to the unhappy Chatterton. Where is the love of science? Are not private generosity and public spirit altogether extinct, when merit, worthy of the highest dignities, is suffered to pine away in obscurity, unaided and unnoticed? Thank Heaven! we live not in such an age! Societies for the encouragement of distressed genius are daily multiplying around us: the spirit of emulation has gone forth; the gates of the temple of science are wide unfolded: let genius rouse itself to its noblest exertions, and it will no longer meet with galling contumely, or at the best with chilling indifference.

A proportionate acuteness of sensibility and warmth of disposition seem to be inherent in genius: hence arise most of its sufferings, and many of its failings. This sensibility exalts the mind above the low occupations of poverty, while it leaves it more fully and painfully sensible of its distresses. As praise animates its exertions, so scorn and censure gall it to the quick; or, as it is beautifully expressed by Horace,

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum Subruit ac reficit!

Such light, such trivial things, depress or raise A soul impassion'd with the love of praise.

Plato says, "The disposition of a poet or philosopher is incompatible with that of a miser or groveller: for that, in general, a powerful predilection for the muse subdues most other passions." Genius delights to soar unchecked amidst the regions of fancy: it loves to surround itself with ideal charms and beauties, till oft it is roused from its dreams of happiness by the startling call of dread necessity: then it awakes to all the horrors of reality; it sees no longer the cloudless skies and beaming landscapes pictured in its fancy,—but a desert, cheerless and barren, without one sunny spot, on which the wearied eye may seek repose.

Beattie has depicted with much energy and pathos the difficulties and sorrows to which distressed genius is subject:—

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war:
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave unpitied and unknown.

But the same sentiments have been expressed no less feelingly, and with better experience, by one of genius's humble yet favoured sons: I allude to Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant; his unwillingness to quit his loved pursuits, though he met with nothing but taunts and rebuffs, is beautifully and naturally described in the following lines:

---But poor, and weak, and sunk beneath Oppression's scorn although I be,---Still will I bind my simple wreath, Still will I love thee, Poesy!

Z.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

FAR from the world had Prudence flown,
Weary of all its follies grown,
In solitude to dwell.
Love and Pleasure then ran riot,
Till Cupid found, a day of quiet,
In turn, might be as well:
To Venus the urchin confess'd, with a sigh,
That Love, without Prudence, must languish or die!

Red sank the sun, behind the hill,
The moon-beam glitter'd on the rill,
And Prudence left the grove:
She lock'd her gate—a stranger came—
Prim Prudence cried, "Your name? your name?"
"'Tis only little Love!"
"Get away, you young rogue!" from window above,
Cried Prudence, "I never give entrance to Love!"

Sly Cupid went—but soon crept back
In Friendship's garb, to make attack
On Prudence, thus conceal'd:—
To Friendship! Prudence op'd the door—
Once in, Love dropp'd the mask he wore,
And, laughing, stood reveal'd:—
Ah Prudence! poor Prudence! too late you will prove,
Who opens to Friendship, must sure let in Love!
ROVER.

SUNDAY MORNING IN TOWN.

'Tis now the sabbath morn: from ev'ry church, That boasts a belfry and a bell to ring, Peals a loud summons to the godly given; A sound unmeet to those who, late a-bed, Fresh from a gay carouse or gaming room, In broken slumbers lie and snore it out, While dreams uncouth across their fever'd brains In strange succession fly. Now mincing forth, With look demure and red-morocco book, The matron comes, with pace sedate and slow, Prepared to seek her customary pew. How tranquil is the town! each shop is shut, For business now to rest and pleasure yields. No more the din confused of carts and coaches, Jarvies, and Jews, and 'loud obstreperous horn,' Oysters, and oranges, cats' meat and dogs', Beggars and ballad-singers, meets mine ear, As erst it did a little day before. The shoe-black, in his old-accustom'd nook, Now takes his ready stand, prepared to give A shine unwonted to the dusty shoe. The barber brisk his weekly harvest makes, And crops and reaps with due despatch and skill. Now just emerging from the darksome shop (Where all the week in 'durance vile' he stood, Mid drugs offensive to the touch and smell) The spruce apprentice comes—the time is his: Let patients languish for a cooling draught, And pills and poultices be d——d to-day: Gay as a gossamer, and just as light, He flits along bent on a pleasant spree. From yonder house where hangs the toper's sign, A bunch of grapes, forth glides a reeling sot; The night he 's pass'd within in low debauch; His cheek is washy, and his maudlin eye, Dazzled with day-light, shuns the blessed beam; He strives to raise the catch he lately sung. But reason now presents a 'sorry sight'— His wife and children without food at home, And all his money gone! then on he reels, And cursing gin, and beer, and song, and catch, And pipes, and pleasant company, he vows To mend his ways, and live a sober life: And so he does-till pay-night comes again. Now a gay crowd, deck'd in their sabbath garbs, From toil emancipated hurry forth, To view green fields and smell the country air.

Now let Chalk Farm, and Copenhagen House, Look that their larders are replenish'd well; For the fresh air begets a relish keen, And hungry customers will flock to-day. Let Battersea's Red House, and Conduit's White, Prepare with speed to bake, and boil, and fry; Their beer seducing, and ambrosial ale, Their tea delectable, and butter'd buns, In requisition speedily will be.

While thus I go from street to street observing, Full many a tempting pie, and goodly joint, Hie to the baker's—thence to come again, Embrown'd, and sending forth a savoury steam; Oh! scent delicious to the hungry wight, Who, coop'd in garret all the weary week, (Lest dun or bailiff should in contact come,) Pines on weak tea, thin broth, or pickled herring!

At yonder shop, where ev'ry other day, Ripe Stilton cheese, and Epping's choicest pork, Present a goodly show—a carriage stands; With hampers freighted, fill'd with viands choice, Cold hams and chickens, pies and pasties too, And, last not least, good madam's home-made wine. And now, all things prepared, the jovial crew, Agog for pleasure, gaily sally forth; First come the elder pair, whose looks disclose The satisfaction which they seek to hide Under a shade of thought, a prudent veil, Lest folks should think they were beside themselves At thought of journeying beyond Bow bells; Then flock the younger brood, less careful they, To hide the joy that mantles o'er their cheeks, And sparkles in their eyes:—away they roll, To where, sweet Richmond, thy seducing scene, Rich in thy waying woods, and verdant lawns, Invites the gazing cit—but ah! in vain To me the country blooms—the woods present Their waving foliage, or the dewy lawn Spreads its green carpet to seduce my feet; My fate confines me to the city walls, To saunter on, and spin this idle verse.

A transfer agree and smooth to the proof of the second of

ALLAN FITZALLAN.

HABITS OF THE FERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA AND THE WEST INDIES.

OF a great many curious parts of the creation, the Fermites, or white ants, seem most worthy of notice. The size and figure of their buildings have attracted the attention of many travellers, and yet the world is not furnished with any satisfactory description of them; though, when we come to consider the wonderful order of these insects, and of their subterraneous cities, they will appear foremost on the list of the numerous works of nature.

These insects are known by various names. They belong to the class of Fermes. In Africa they are called by the English Bugga Bugs. In the West Indies, Wood Lice, Wood Ants, or White Ants; also, by the French in the same parts, Poux de Bois, or Fourmis Blanches. In the Brazils, Coupée, or Cutters, from their cutting things in pieces. The Fermites are represented by Linnæus and other naturalists as the greatest plague of both the Indies; and throughout the Tropics are deemed the most destructive of insects, from the vast damages they cause, in consequence of their eating and perforating wooden buildings, utensils, and furniture, which are totally destroyed by them, if not timely prevented; for nothing less than metal or stone can escape their destructive jaws: there is no effective remedy for their extinction in houses but boiling water poured into their lodgments, or white arsenic strewed about their abodes.

These insects are generally named Ants, from the similarity in their manner of living in large communities, who erect very extraordinary nests in houses, but most generally on the surface of the earth; whence their excursions are made through subterraneous passages, or covered galleries, which they form whenever necessity obliges, or plunder induces them to march above ground, and at a great distance from their habitations carry on a business of depredation, scarcely credible but to those who have witnessed them. In their rambles for food they will overcome the greatest obstacles of fire and water, by sacrificing thousands of their numbers in making a bridge of their dead bodies for the following myriads to pass over. They have been seen to cross a stream by this contrivance:---The stronger ants holding fast to one bank by their mouths, and others fastening to them in continuation, until a line is thus formed and made fast by the last ant, by its forceps, as in the commencement to the other: and when the entire surviving army had passed over this swinging bridge (as it may truly be termed), the first lets go his hold, and thus his end loosened, the whole line swing to the desired shore, where it had been secured by the last adventuring These, though they live in communities, and are, like bridgemaker. the ants, omnivorous; though, like them, at a certain period, they are furnished with four wings, and emigrate to colonize at the same season; they are by no means the same insects; nor does their form correspond with that of ants in any one state of their existence. They are stingless, but, like most of their species, are changed several times They resemble also ants in their provident labour, but surpass them, as well as the bees, wasps, beavers, &c. in the arts of building, as well as the arts of government, as much as the Europeans excel the least cul-

tivated savages.

Of every species of the Fermites there are three orders; first, the working, which we may call labourers; next, the fighting ones, or soldiers; and last of all, the winged ones, or perfect insects, which are male and female, and capable of propagation. These might be called the nobility or gentry, for they neither labour nor fight, being incapable of either, and almost of self-defence. From this class, their kings and queens are chosen, and nature has so ordered it, that they emigrate within a few weeks after they are elevated to this state, and either establish new kingdoms, or perish within a few days.

The Fermes Bellicosus, or Warrior Ant, being the largest species, is best known in the Tropic regions. It erects immense buildings of well-tempered, tenacious clay, or earth, which are contrived with such exquisite art, that we are at a loss to say whether they are most to be admired on that account, or for their enormous magnitude

and solidity.

They not only build larger and more curious nests, but are also more numerous, and do infinitely more mischief to mankind, than the other species.* When these insects attack such things as we would wish to preserve, we must consider them as most pernicious; but when they are employed in destroying decayed substances of every description, animal and vegetable, which only encumber the earth and taint the air, they may be justly supposed very useful. In this respect they resemble very much the common flies, which are regarded in general as useless beings; but this is certainly for want of consideration, and a thorough conviction, That the omniscient Creator has made nothing vain, although their intended uses are far beyond our limited comprehension.

The NESTS of the FERMITES are so numerous on the continent of Africa, and the island of Bananas on its coast, that it is scarcely possible to stand upon any open place, where one of these mounds is not to be seen within fifty paces, and frequently two or three are to be seen almost close to each other. These mounds or hills are of a conical form, and from six to twelve feet high above the surface of the ground, and continue bare, until the dead barren clay of which they are composed, becomes fertilized by time, and the genial power of the elements in these fertile climates; and in the second or third year, the hillock, if not overshadowed by trees, becomes almost covered with grass and other plants, and in the dry season, when the herbage is dried up by the rays of the sun, it is not unlike a good-sized hay-cock.

To be continued.

^{*} The other species of this insect are, 2dly, Fermes Mordax; 3dly, Fermes Atrox; 4thly, Fermes Destructor; 5thly, Fermes Arborum.

POETIC SCENES.—No. HI.

SCENE III .- VIRGINIUS'S HOUSE.

Enter VIRGINIUS, and VIRGINIA his Daughter.

Virginius. Appius took thee by the hand, what then, Virginia?

Virginia. He talk'd of love, and ask'd More questions in a breath, than in a month

Virginius. But thou didst tell him
That thou wert betrothed to Icilius.

What said Lord Appius then, my child? Virginia. He smiled,

Said I was fair, and talk'd again of love.

Virginius. And thou wert pleased with his pretty flattery? Virginia. And do you think he flatter'd your Virginia?

Virginius. The dreg of poison's sweet. (Aside.)
The truth, my child, is sometimes so. A man
Should always think that which he speaks, although
He may not always speak that which he thinks.

Virginia. Yet he may sometimes be excused although

He speaks the truth.

Virginus. These were a woman's words. (Aside.)

My little oracle, how old art thou?

Virgina. When two days older I shall be fifteen.

Your memory, father, uses me unkindly.

Virginius. There's but one day in all Rome's calendar Of partial note in my observance, and On that day I would wed thee to Icilius. On that day I was wedded to thy mother. Then I was young, and as the seasons fled, I was impatient for that day's return.

Upon that fatal day—thy mother died. (Affected.) Virginia. And can it be a day of joy for me? Virginius. On that day thou shalt wed Icilius.

Virginia. Not on that very day!

Virginius. That very day.

I know it is the fashion of the world,
For the accommodation of its griefs,
To set apart a day on which to mourn.
But there's no method can control the soul:
It cannot weep to day and smile to-morrow.

Virginia. My wedding-day must be a day of woe! Virginius. I'd have thee wed Icilius on that day, That in thy joy, thou never may'st forget, As did thy father, how transitory are The scene and bustle of this life: how soon—How very soon they glide away. Here comes Lucetta. I'll leave you to her counsel.

Enter LUCETTA.

Lucetta. Hey-day Virginia! how very grave
The colour of your countenance of late.
Cheer up my girl. More suitors! more lovers!
Well, lovers are like mountain goats; for them
There's no forbidden path. Young Claudius
Had loop'd himself into your train; but when
I spoke of marriage, and Icilius,
It so curtail'd his courage, that he turn'd
As pale as Pity's mother! But, after all,
Lord Appius is a very proper man,
And in pure kindness, speaks more pretty things
Than does Icilius, your sworn lover.
Your face might be as black as e'er deceit,
And still unnoted by Icilius.

Virginia. The sympathetic tie call'd love, takes root, Far deeper than the shallow tinge of beauty; As deep as is the root, as hidden is the cause.

Lucet. I do not like your hidden love; not I.

An honest love will always shew itself.

Virginia. We love but in our hearts; eyes are agents

Only of caprice.

Lucet. And could you love a man

Who did not please your eye? Virginia. I love Icilius—

Not for his beauty; 'tis no part of man. But for the generous love he bears for me.

Lucet. Bating that love you would no longer love?

Virginia. The heart

Once pledged in love, can no more rule its fate Than fate itself can rule the arrow sped.

Lucet. But if you love all for their love of you, Who loves you most will mostly share your love. Ay, ay; 'tis all the same; in two days more You'll be a better judge. The time is near.

[Exeunt.

A TRULY WISE MAN.

He who has discovered that, as the joys of life are unsubstantial, so are its woes supportable; who is contented with the absence of corporeal and intellectual pain, and the presence of some enjoyment; who loves his own species well enough to be placable to folly and vice; and feels so much for the genus he belongs to, as to bring on fellowanimals no unnecessary mischief; who is reconciled to death, life's severe succession; and superior, on principles of knowledge, to posthumous apprehensions; he bids fairly to sketch the character of a wise man.

ON PAINTING, POETRY, AND MUSIC.

Carmina certè
Sunt pictura loquens, mutum est pictura poëmo.
Poems are speaking pictures; a picture is a mute poem.

It is very pleasing to observe the great similitude between the effects of painting, poetry, and music. Each has a powerful influence on the passions; communicates new graces, if not often a very being, to beauty itself; and is advantageously, as well as properly employed, in the decoration of truth. All the different modifications of these sister arts may be reduced to three heads, the sublime, the pathetic, and the simple. The mediums they employ in their address to the senses, are colours, words, and sounds; and the sensations they occasion are in proportion to the force with which they act. For with whatever degree of force either of them affects the senses, the passions are operated upon, and the judgment generally influenced in the same proportion, just as the force of action and reaction is equal in the mechanic laws. The effects, for instance, proceeding from the sight of a picture, is always equal to a certain arrangement of lines, and disposition of light and shade, striking the retina with the complex idea of any given figure. If it be sublime, as Haydon's picture of Lazarus, the idea excited is noble, full of majesty and awful grandeur, and raises in the spectator an admiration equal to his perception. For as every spectator has not an equal perception, the effect will not be the As a geometrician would demonstrate the difference; A same in all. will be affected twelve times more than B, because B's perception is twelve times less than A's; and while B is only affected with the simple idea of one, A (for the reason above given) is affected with the complex idea of twelve; and while B views the picture only as a plain surface, composed of certain lines, light and shade, expressive of a group of figures; A considers it as an assemblage of lines, light and shade, expressive of various attitudes, different passions, and complicated distress. This seems to be a confirmation of the truth of the late Mr. Hutchinson's doctrine, "that there is no such thing as absolute beauty;" for if beauty were absolutely inherent in any object, it would equally affect every spectator, without any regard to their different perceptions. Every one acknowledges the brightness of the Sun, because it is essentially bright; but every one does not allow that this lady, or that lady, is beautiful. For beauty is not absolutely inherent in her person, but in a degree only proportionable to the perception of each spectator.

As painting consists of lines, light and shade; poetry is constituted by words, lines, and periods. These may be considered as the dress of sentiment; and, as they are capable, as well as lines, light and shade, of an infinite variety of forms, must naturally occasion an infinite variety of ideas. Thus, as the paintings of Raphael are soft and pathetic, and those of Rubens strong and bold, different spectators are differently affected by them, according to their different perceptions. Read to one person the distresses of Childe Harold; full of every interesting circumstance, and struck with every passionate relation, he will sympathise in all his misfortunes, and discover the strongest emo-

tions of compassion. Read to another the struggles of Cato in the cause of liberty, his breast will pant strong in the welfare of his country; he will be animated by the example of the illustrious Roman, and display all the workings of exalted patriotism. Nor is this the case with those only whose minds are not greatly improved by education; but with those also who have the greatest advantages of learning. For ask two persons their opinions of Sophocles and Euripides, and each, perhaps, will differ in sentiment. This case so frequently occurs, that it is incontrovertible; and it is particularly evident in the opinions

of the critical world concerning Homer and Virgil.

The vehicle by which music is conveyed to us, is only sound, differently modified into concords and discords, which, by a just modulation, produce harmony. In all ages music has been distinguished by its surprising influence, and if we should credit the accounts given of it by ancient writers, we should be lost in astonishment; but as many of them are fabulous, and only emblematic of its great power over the human mind, it is not necessary to consider its ancient splendour. The present state of music, though considered by some as inferior to its pristine glory, is however surprising; for to determine how such an infinite variety of sounds can be produced by such scanty materials, is greatly beyond the reach of conception. But, indeed, all the sisters, offsprings of the Graces, partake of the same amiable accomplishments, which command our admiration; for as one captivates by an excellent assemblage of colours, and the other charms by an agreeable arrangement of words, the third enchants us by an harmonious modulation of sounds.

The same observations, with respect to the different styles and masters of painting, and the different kinds of poetry and poets, as they affect persons of various tastes, according to their influence upon the percipient faculties, might be extended likewise to the varieties of composition in music, and to the predilection for different composers in preference to others. But what has been already said, is sufficient to illustrate this argument. And from the whole, one striking observation may be deduced, that not only the performers, but the judges of excellence in these sister arts, how much soever they may be capable of improvement from opportunities of imitating the best models, seem at first to require a certain spark of genius, which like a ray from Heaven, must kindle and animate the sluggish soul. This is the propitious eye with which the muse is said to regard a rising genius; and hence comes the maxim, that "a poet must be born a poet." Without this invaluable impress indelibly stamped upon his brow, whatever may be his pretensions, whether obtained by long study and experience, or actuated by a natural taste, he will scarcely ever arrive at that summit of excellence in the particular art he may have cherished, and to which it is invariably the ultimatum of all earthly ambition to aspire. In a word, this kind of thought is prettily expressed in the Heathen Mythology, where the Three Graces are not only called sisters, and described as inseparably joined hand in hand, but are accounted the daughters of Jupiter himself.

EDGAR.

THE GREAT MAN OF THE PARTY.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Every circle, Mr. Merton, commonly called social (whether so in reality, or not, is of little importance to our present consideration) attracted together by long acquaintance, reciprocity of feelings, or the mere wayward causes of casual circumstance, to "give delight and to receive;"—every such circle has, like the more limited circumference of the domestic sphere, its "great man," peculiar to itself; to whom every individual looks up as the presiding genius of the assembly; but who, like the family Autocrat, has, perhaps, no recommendation to warrant his challenging that title, in any other company than

that in which it is his chance to enjoy it.

But before I proceed to description, it might be well to shew, in what he differs, and in what he excels, the august representative of the virtue and honour of the family. The latter claims his cold, constrained homage, on the old-fashioned grounds of dignified legitimacy. He is found, by those whose greatest apparent happiness it is to be acknowledged his kindred, by the ties of consanguinity, seated at an envied height, and in the possession of coveted treasures; and in hopes of future benefactions, and death-bed legacies, they become his adulators and slaves; and form around him a Lilliputian court—as full of intrigue, rivalry, and cabal, as that which vies for the golden smiles, or shrinks at the dangerous frowns, of the proudest dominator over the common bounties of mother earth.

Not so the idol of the social board. He rises on the swelling wave of popularity, and holds an unhated, if not unenvied ascendency, over the subjects of his rule. His presence is always hailed with pleasure, which no private interests damp. He is flattered for himself, not for his possessions: and as he has nothing to leave them but the recollections of the past, so they enjoy him while present, and look

for his loss only as to the close of all their expectations.

In the ages of coffee-house celebrity, no doubt, they exceeded in numbers their fellows of the present day; and no club, from the Kit-

cat to the Apprentices', but had its "great man."

Nevertheless, though numerous as the flowers of the field, it were in vain to attempt the description of even a small proportion of these "gods of the earth;" yet will we just shadow out a few: but they, like the flowers, are only to be found in perfection in the soil which cherishes them, and to which they are in a manner indigenous—transplant

them, and they are but common men!

There are some, sir, who, without any better qualification than an imposing exterior and manners to match, appear born to the station; and with whom no one ever thinks of contesting it; consequently, they enjoy it wherever they go. While there are others possessed of such natural sprightliness of manners (difficult is the flash to discover from wit), that it is impossible to deny them the flattering distinction. But there is a third sort, good-humoured as gay, and as unassuming

as sensible, that become really the "great man," without ever claiming the title, and win the ascendency (as it were) in spite of themselves.

In the present essay, as I have but little room to adduce examples, I shall pass on to observe, that there are others who owe this distinction in the company they frequent, less to their abilities than their profession. Among these, he who ranks the chief, and is, indeed, in certain classes, the monopoliser of all attention, is the "son of the cassock and rose." And to convince you, Mr. M. that there are inducements to attain this individual distinction, I would wind up this tedious letter with a scene from real life, illustrative of the last men-

tioned character, but of a less privileged order.

Suppose yourself seated in a comfortable manner in a neatly furnished front parlour of one of those well-meaning, but somewhat sanctimonious members of society, known to the world by the denomination of "the serious," conversing with all brotherly love; on a sudden the master of the mansion, looking at his watch, observes, in a tone which evidently takes an effect upon his guests, "It is near the Rev. Mr. S-'s hour, I suppose he will soon be with us." In an instant every ear is anxiously listening, until the usual trinitarian assault upon the knocker announces the arrival of the "great man." Mr. D. immediately evacuates his chair by the fire-side, and his lady, as she desires Betty to get Mr. S.'s glass (one of a larger size than usual, holding rather better than two tithes of the tankard), remarks, that he is a wonderful man, but like most clever men, he has his eccentricities. In an instant he makes his appearance; and after a preliminary hem, and a congregational gaze, he walks with dignified deliberation to the vacant arm-chair-looks an instant at the fire-another round the room-and then, addressing mine host, inquires kindly after his health—at the same time shaking Mrs. D.'s hand, who has by this time taken courage to come up: then, inquiring for brother Bradley, after a momentary silence, a little edifying discourse ensues, during which his opinion is (of course) listened to with the most respectful deference. The entrance of dinner now produces a fresh sensation, the bustle of which shortly subsiding, Mr. S., careful not to cool the meat, gives a short grace; which is usually all that (in the form of words) passes at the table, saving the perpetual ejaculations respecting the non-attendance to the comforts of their spiritual guest, who, by the way, to the inconvenience of the rest of the company, is the only one attended to. - "Give me leave-your favourite cut-do, my dear, fill Mr. S.'s glass," &c. quite sickens the ear with constant repetition. About ten minutes before the dinner scene is concluded, to the secret satisfaction of some, the "great man" rises; and the good-natured master of the ceremonies observes, that they will excuse Mr. S. as it is his custom to retire for an hour to enjoy his pipe and meditation.

Occasionally at the same table, you may encounter a young scion of Cheshunt, or of Hoxton, who, in the absence of the "little, round, fat, oily man of God," by assuming the same privilege, and affecting the same gravity, becomes the man of importance for the season.

In portraying the characters for the essay before me, I had no intention of trespassing on those fashionable circles, that move in the polite region of bon ton. There the varnish of art is laid so equally

upon all, that society has the appearance of the multiplied copies of the same highly-finished engraving. I would dismiss these from my present notice, as neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." But the reputation of being the "great man" of your acquaintance, without such adventitious aid as professional recommendation, is not always so readily yielded in the more secular ranks of society. I have seen many a hard contested battle—even to the worn-out end of a bad pun—to gain this proud pre-eminence: and once—take this for one of my confessions, Mr. Merton—I had the temerity to attempt at competition with a young man that could write bad verses, and read them worse. It is the right of the successful candidate to affect as much absence as would be set down in another for sheer stupidity—to be (in fact) the butt of the company, subject to the mutual understanding, that such mistakes are but the aberrations of a mind lost "in its high and vast imaginings."

By the way, this absence is strangely dignified of late; and why? A tradesman in his calculating mood, may be at this rate as great a man, when puzzled with net and gross, and tare and tret, as Sir Isaac Newton in explaining the revolutions of worlds, or fixing the dates of comets. I have seen a country bumpkin unable to keep out of a mill-pond, for thinking of his Blowselinda; what could the veriest love-sick

poet do more!

Well, sir, after committing various fooleries, which but for the motive that impelled me, ought to have been expiated by horse-whipping; such as jumping up in affected abstraction to answer a plain question wrong; depositing the dregs of my tea-cup in that of a young lady opposite me, instead of into the slop-basin, &c. just as I had reached (in idea) the highest pinnacle of expectation, and was preparing to exclaim

'Tis all I sighed for---all I now can hope---My fancy's fondest dream---ambition's widest scope---

Mr. Poet, in reversing his crossed legs, as he sat musing on the colour of the hearth-rug, kicked the plate of toast from its brazen supporter, and sent one-half of the toast under the grate, and the other under the table, to my especial mortification, as the action was pronounced a "palpable hit," and he has been looked upon as the "great man" of our coterie ever since. Consequently, his jokes are always followed by a laugh—the ring is never considered complete without him—and should any symptoms of ennui appear in his absence, it is universally exclaimed, "What a pity T—— is not here!"

conveying the commederation fits owner before my I be

J. A. G.

ROSALIE, THE GIRL OF VENICE.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild notes of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a beautiful morrow;
They shine through her sleep, like a dream from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

THE sun had smiled a bright farewell, and as he sank beneath the western hills, lingered awhile, as if unwilling to leave a world he had made happy by his presence. Clouds of deep crimson centered around him, and one would think, by the glory of his parting, he was loath to deprive the earth of her light and beauty until he had promised a quick return.

The children of a village school, no great distance from the metropolis, were joyously playing, as if influenced by the brightness of the moment, when they saw a young female slowly approaching from the pubhe road, to the green on which they were playing. She soon came up to the spot, and seated herself on a bench between two elms. There was something in her appearance, that, although it was not strange, told she did not belong to this country. Her dress seemed that of the better order of village girls, it was more tasty than shewy, and beautifully fitted to her person. Her face was one of those pictures, on which you may gaze for hours, without feeling tired. It was a shade of a happy medium between light and darkness, though rather inclining to the latter. Her eyes were large and black, and seemed filled with some tender thought, which well agreed with the beautiful languor that overspread her countenance. Her neck was open, and of a surpassing whiteness; and on it large glossy locks of black hair, seemed, like their mistress, wandering to find a home, where they might repose in quietness. She rested her cheek upon her hand, faint and wearily; the thickness of the dust that covered her little foot, afforded presumptive evidence that she had walked a considerable distance. In her lap lay a guitar, and a coloured handkerchief tied round her head, made the children believe she was some wandering minstrel, seeking for a subsistence in a foreign land. One of the boys called out, "a French girl, a French girl," and soon she had the whole tribe about her. "How beautiful she looks," cried one: but how very ill," said another, who appeared rather older than the rest, and who beseeched her to sing, and gathered their mites as an inducement; but she refused, smiling meekly on her infantine benefactors. PART VIII.-32.- Fourth Edit. VOL. II.

This made them wonder, for at the same time she did not appear offended. However, she paused for a while, and then touched the strings of her instrument, and, as it were, attuned her voice, but which, on her attempting to sing, seemed to fail her. The boy, who had before noticed her illness, now came forward, and, putting his hand on her's, as if to restrain her, said, "don't sing, Miss, you are unwell;" but she seemed not to understand him; evidently, she could not reply. The other children pressed anxiously around her, as if expecting her to begin. Suddenly, as if some happy thought came across her mind, her beautiful eyes seemed lighted up with brilliancy, and her countenance assumed an expression of soft regret. A half melancholy smile played round her lips, and, making, as it were, a bold effort, she began.

Infanto-Erminia infrs l'ombrose piante D'antica selva dal cavallo é scorta; Ne puié governo il fren la man tremante, E mezza quasí par tra viva e morta.

There was in her voice a tone of exquisite silverness, and she seemed to have as much command over it, as if it were a musical instrument. The boys, although no connoisseurs, looked at each other both surprised and delighted; one of them burst into tears. The girl left off playing, and gazed on him with an expression of pity and tenderness, and seemed pained that she could not enquire the cause. "I have heard my cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy, as he drew his arm across his eye. "Montague!" said the stranger, very plainly, and turned paler and fainter. She took one of the boy's hands affectionately, and pointed to the spire of the church above some trees opposite to the place she was sitting. "Yes, yes," said the boy, still sobbing, "she must have known my cousin in France. She shall go with me to my aunt's; lean on my arm, Miss:" and brushing his tears away, he put forth his little arm, which the stranger without hesitation accepted, the boys following in mute astonishment.

When they had reached a small cottage, that stood apart from the village, their little train left them, and the fair stranger and her guide entered. She was received kindly by an elderly lady; and, upon a motion made by the boy to a picture hanging over the fire-place, of a youth, she exclaimed, "La Signora Madre," and fell heavily at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk, till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room, till the lady fairly came up and closed them. "Obedient! Obedient!" said the patient: "obedient in every thing: only the Signora will not let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she dropped asleep for weariness.

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon her recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an

excellent boy, -the boy of my heart,"

When the stranger awoke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed, moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged, and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively, good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing with her guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him, whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. "But you do not call your voice and your muisc a noise," said he, "do you, Rosalie? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this

fever, and let me return to my native country."

Rosalie turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. "You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had?" -"The best in the world," cried he, and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after: - aye, almost as much as if it had been there." "And Charles felt that you did," said his mother; "for he never told me the story."-"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence: and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself,-it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter, and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear them: -no, Madam, he did not know indeed how much Ihow much I-" "Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself." "Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great happiness for me, -- to hear his own mother talking so." And again she laid her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to go to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy: "for I'll tell you, Madam," continued she; "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought," (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke,) "which has supported me through much toil, and many disagreeable things to this country, and to this place; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came

into my mind. I received this letter from your son." Here she drew out a paper, which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus :- "This comes from the Englishman whom Rosalie nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying: and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosalie who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can." As soon as I read this letter, Madam, and what he had said about heaven, it flashed into my head that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim: but he knew as little of the contract as myself; and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religiously, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. played my guitar from Venice all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven, and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist, in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying, I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Mark and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an out-house; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid of this crucifix,—though your son never did,—though he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope for the best, and leave every thing, except our own endeavours, to heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive." She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker, and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand so fervidly, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, as she was. She smiled beautifully, and resumed: - "So when - so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does-and death is upon me, even now: but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill." She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a

placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice—"Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud of me, call me in it your daughter." The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, "O heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant,—the daughter, that might have been, of my heart,—and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality, and be gathered into thy rest with those we love:—do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy; for we are poor weak creatures, both young and old,"—here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose, and looked on the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

ALAS! thou poor exile!—now gone to the grave, Thy fate may be mourn'd o'er the ocean's dread wave; Some heart may lament thee, some eye weep thy doom, Some friend of thy youth seek the suicide's tomb.

Though thy life was not active in liberty's cause, In defence of thy country, religion, and laws; Yet the hand that was raised to extinguish thy breath, Might have nerved in the battle, and triumphed in death.

Poor son of Iberia!—forlorn as thy land, Cold and low as the spirit that once warm'd her hand; When the Gothic plume met the Mohammedan glance, And her rivers were red with the Saracen lance.

Had thy name been enrolled in the list of the slain, When the Eagles of Gallia invaded thy plain: The laurel of war would have hallowed thy name, For the cypress of woe is the chaplet of fame.

Guadiana's sweet banks, and the pastoral vale, Will listen, perchance, to the soul-touching tale; The shepherd repeat, and the Mulateer stay, Till the dews of the eve weep the burial of day.

Each fond heart that cherish'd—each bosom that kept Thy name in record, till remembrance wept; Will now chaunt thy dirge, and in anguish deplore THE EXILE, the stranger, proud, hopeless, and poor.

T. H. W.

FICTION IN POETRY.

To give a free vent to the sallies of the imagination, a certain degree of fiction will necessarily be blended with poetry; yet the poet must still be careful of giving the creations of his fancy the appearance of truth: for however beautiful they may be, if they are repugnant to nature, they will invariably fail in that point which is the end of all poetry—to delight and elevate the heart.

" Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris."

The essence of poetry, therefore, should not be exaggeration, though if a certain degree of fiction be incorporated with it, the effect will be more enchanting. Fiction is not absolutely necessary: for even the common-place affairs—the harsh realities of life would, were they touched by the pen of a master, afford the most ample scope for his That the poet should not be confined to a strict regard to truth, is attended with a beneficial effect; for were the energies of the poet like those of the historian, to be chained down to a mere bundle of facts, he would feel a weight on his imagination he would be unable His fancy could not soar towards the heavens, from that sense of veracity, acting like a cord, which would not suffer him to soar from the earth he is doomed to inhabit. What would appear ridiculous and exaggerated in prose, might, with great propriety, be admitted in verse. The ideas of a poet arise from a higher source than that of the mere matter-of-fact historian or essayist: the energies of the latter proceed from the head only; the former from a copartnership of the head and The prosaic composer puts too often a padlock on imagination; or at least, makes use of a bridle, which, should his Pegasus be inclined to rise, immediately brings the adventurer back: while a true poet, free as the "chartered libertine," does not invoke his muse, but waits till his imagination is kindled. Truth then becomes a subordinate creature to fancy; his descriptions may be fictitious, and his images too highly coloured, but what he writes would be no exaggeration of his feelings. A poet's heart, and a poet's imagination, should be of more "penetrable stuff" than the rest of his fellow-creatures; did he once condescend to be common-place, the charm that throws so wild a grace over his thoughts would be lost, and his sentiments and feelings, instead of striking at once upon the corresponding chords of our bosoms, would only

"Play round the head, and come not near the heart;" the very reverse of the effect, that ought to be produced by genuine

poetry.

But the poet who roves so freely through the witcheries of feeling, and the world of the heart, should still keep a steady command over his fancy, for if he once lets his reader see through his art, that he writes what he does not feel, the zest will be gone, and he descends to a mere rhymster.

We know well, that there are some who describe those exquisite sentiments with such a vividness of perception, that we believe them to pos-

sess such in reality, but which in point of fact they were never actuated by. A poet's sentiments must appear spontaneous; if he once let his readers into the knowledge of the effect he is attempting to produce, that is, to excite their sensibilities, he will never succeed in his object. Thus, while the world of imagination is open before him, in whose gardens his eyes court unmolested their flowers, he must still keep within the sight of nature; for if he once loses her, or grows repugnant to her sentiments, however wild or romantic his work may be, still it will never produce that effect which, if he had not transgressed her laws, would have been his reward.

The aspirant should remember, that his efforts will not be judged by poets, but by those whose standard of judgment is less elevated than his own, consequently, more cool and collected: his purpose, therefore, must be to excite his readers' feelings into a glow above the common affairs of life, and release their minds from its harsh realities; if he succeeds, he has them truly in his power. They feel equally with him all his joys and woes, and enter into the luxuriance of his emotions, till his own thoughts and sentiments become so equally blended with them, that they actually believe such to be the offspring of their own bosoms. This is the grand object—the ne plus ultra—of poetry. If the bard attempts to startle his reader by an innovation from nature, he at once bares himself to the scrutinizing eye, the cold calculative medium of reality. The brilliant tints that his fancy threw over the unreal creations of his mind, are absorbed in the mists of doubt. The vision produced by the heating of their imagination, flies at the approach of returning reason, and the mind at such a discovery, feels awakened as if from a dream.

The grand art in poetry, therefore, is to give a vent to all the vagaries of fancy; never to appear studied or affected, never to seem anxious to obtain an effect; but depend upon cause (the exciting of pleasing emotion and the enkindling of fancy,) to obtain those objects, and be always mindful to keep within the boundaries of nature, for if they are once transgressed, the poet immediately releases the reader from the sway he had over his mind.

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DR. ANDREWS, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Mr. Walker, the celebrated poet, going to see King James the First at dinner, overheard a very extraordinary conversation between the King, Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neale, Bishop of Durham. These two prelates, standing behind the King's chair, his Majesty asked them, "My Lords," said he, "cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?" The Bishop of Durham readily answered, "God forbid, Sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils:" whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my Lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied Bishop Andrews, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The King answered, "No put-offs, my Lord, answer me presently."—"Then Sir," said he, I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it." King James is said to have been much struck with this answer.

The Witch-Finder, or the Wisdom of our Ancestors. A Romance. By the Author of "The Lollards," "Other Times," "Calthorpe," &c. Longman and Co. 3 Vols. 1824.

AUTHORS have been apt to view the Author of Waverley in no better light than a monopolizer of that enviable and difficult to be obtained gift -Fame. We owe him no grudge; so far from it, we are almost unable to express the gratitude we are under to him for the favour he has be-Not for granting us so much delight and edification as his efforts invariably do,—that is but a minor consideration,—but for the great and proud change his example has wrought on his brethren. Our table, which was formerly covered with the slime of Leadenhall street, and which we recoiled from as a disagreeable task, imposed on our unfortunate fate, we now turn to with symptoms of delight, when covered with such ornaments as the "Witch-Finder," and two or three other works we have had occasion to notice latterly. It is the brilliant example, joined to his success, of the Author of the Scotch Novels, that has inspired "minor hands" to attempt something worthy of the age in which they are written. Among these commendable authors, that of the Witch-Finder stands very conspicuously.

The scene of the Witch-Finder is laid at a time when belief of witch-craft had arrived at an astonishing height—the eve of the Restoration. The characters are numerous, and drawn with considerable ability, and contain much curious knowledge of the interesting period it relates to.

As a specimen of the style, we give the following extract.

Hopkins (the Witch-Finder) has been invited to detect a witch: "Thorpe left the house, accompanied by Hopkins, to superintend the preliminary experiment. A crowd had assembled for the double spot of hunting a cow, and detecting a witch. The rabble divided their stares between the oddly disfigured animal they were about to torment, and the important personage by whose advice this foolery was to be practised. The signal was given by Hopkins, who for that purpose waved his highcrowned hat to the mob. At once a thousand voices were heard in hoarse, but jocund discord, and as many sticks and goads were applied to the poor animal's back and sides. The cow bellowed, the mob shouted, and by the judicious directions of Hopkins and his man, every thing went on very favourably. The lecture which Thorpe had given to those who baulked him on the former occasion, was not thrown away. It was indeed so well understood in which direction they were to go, and Thorpe's labourers were so anxious to atone for their former failure, that unusal discipline prevailed, and the frantic object of their cruelty was soon seen desperately rushing through all obstructions towards the humble residence of the suspected female.

The wide-spreading tumult was heard afar, and reached the poor retreat of Dame Neville. Little imagining the cause of the disturbance, the unusual clamour induced her to walk to the extremity of the enclosure belonging to her cottage. She saw a multitude of persons in motion, but the noise which they made had so much mirth in it, that

she felt quite satisfied no one was in danger. She perceived the riotous merry-makers, one and all, bend their steps towards the place where she stood, and at length she discerned the goaded animal which they followed. Raging with the intolerable torture inflicted by the blows of the multitude, the creature happened at this moment to shake from its horns the tatters which had till then adhered to them. A yell of strange exultation burst from the mob; and, stunned by the uproar, Dame Neville hastened to conceal herself from the advancing rioters.

"See you there,' said Hopkins to Thorpe, who kept close to him nearly in the front of the mob. 'See you with what shame and confu-

sion she tries to hide herself."

"'I marked it well.'

"'Does not this show guiltiness of heart?"

"'No doubt,' Thorpe replied.

"'Had she not known that she was guilty, she would never have fled thus precipitately.'

"Certainly not. This of itself is in my mind enough to condemn

upon.'

"'It tells me, Master Thorpe, that she knows the devil is disposed to abandon her.'

"But little talent and exertion were now required to drive the cow close up to the door of the cottage. The welkin again rung with the acclamations of the rabble, and the poor beast was now honoured with the senseless plaudits of her followers, many of whom approached, and would fain have patted her to show their kindly feeling, if the irritated state to which she had been brought had not made her too

startlish to admit of their coming near with safety.

"And now, every thing being adjusted, the witch-discoverer stalked forward. He wore a cloak surmounted by a white linen collar, which spread over each shoulder. The cloak was thrown open by the elbow of the right arm, which was placed a-kimbo, while the left was half-extended, the hand grasped a staff as tall as himself, which was somewhat larger than a common halbert stick at the top, but came tapering downwards till it was not larger than the fore-finger of a man. From time to time he majestically waved this, the sceptre of command, to direct those near him to advance or retire. His bushy hair surmounted by a tall and rather pyramidic hat, gave his upper part an air of grim authority, and his boots, the tops of which presented the semblance of two funnels beneath his knees, were finished with formidable spurs, which, however inconvenient, he would not put off on such occasions, from a wish to retain all the importance of hurry, while following his vocation.

"Arriving at the place to which it had been proposed to adjourn, the females who had consented to assist on this grand occasion were found ready to perform their part. Hopkins craved some pause, while he addressed them as a judge would a grand jury, directing them how to proceed in the enquiry which they had been called there to make. He told them they were to ascertain whether or not the accused had three teats, but he remarked to them that they must not expect the third one

to be precisely like the others. Sometimes the devil caused that which he provided for the accommodation and nourishment of his imps, to resemble a pimple; at other times it wore the appearance of a mole, and very frequently it would appear no other than the prick of a pin. These varieties, and the possible minute size of that for which they sought, made it necessary to use great diligence in the search.

"Dame Neville was taken into the cottage. At this moment a sparrow flew over the crowd, and settled on the roof of the house. The people generally took no notice of it, but the moment Hopkins saw the

bird he perceived a new proof of guilt, and called out,

"'You see you thing, neighbours?' pointing to the sparrow.

"'Mean you that bird?"

"'That thing in the shape of a sparrow is no true bird. This is one of the witch's familiars, who, wanting suck, has followed her from her home.'

"'So I judged,' said Thorpe. 'But tell me, good Master Hopkins, by what indubitable sign shall the familiar be known, from the thing of

which it wears the resemblance.

"'By observation, and especially by noting the time, place, and circumstance of its appearance. Why, I pray you, should a sparrow, which is naturally a timid and modest bird, come here in presence of this congregation? Why should it settle on the very top of this dwelling?'

"'Pooh!' said James, 'I have sometimes marked sparrows to be so saucy, that I could hardly scare them away by shouting with all my might and main. Is this the form in which imps, as you call them,

always come?'

"'Certainly not. I have seen a familiar wear the shape of a butterfly.'
"'Why then I suppose any bird, beast, or insect, found near the abode of one accused of witchcraft, may be made a familiar.'

" 'The devil is not nice about the vehicles he selects for his offspring

to travel in to work his will.'

"The cry was now up, that the sparrow was no other than one of the witch's familiars, and a volley of stones was sent towards it by the mob, to mark their indignation against the devil, and all belonging to him. This salutation induced the sparrow to take wing, and he immediately proved that his quality had not been mistaken, by flying out of sight. It was unanimously resolved that the familiar, terrified by the holy proceedings then in progress, bad vanished—with a noise like thunder, some said, but all were not agreed on that point."

A HINT TO AUTHORS.

ONE of the arts of writing, at least as far as the communication of pleasure is concerned, is to write with enjoyment. He whose task gives him real pleasure, for its own sake, unaccompanied with uneasy thoughts about its success, or mere pride of authorship, can hardly fail in communicating some portion of his pleasure to others, if it be only from witnessing his own gladdened face.

NATIVE TALENT UNREWARDED.

THE morning was gay and beautiful, and I thought I could not spend it with more satisfaction to my own feelings, than by directing my steps to that new and much-admired exhibition—the Society of British Artists. Being endowed with a taste for the Fine Arts, I enjoyed with additional pleasure, the rich treat afforded me, by the contemplation of some favourite and clever productions in the perspective line One indeed, from the sublimity and grandeur of the scenery, particularly struck me. An elderly, but dignified looking stranger, evidently appeared to entertain the same opinion as he stood regarding the landscape with an eye of critical observation. I quitted his side, and again lounged through this attractive gallery; the more I surveyed the merits of each picture, the more was I gratified, as the reflection occupied my mind, that this infant Society was likely, from the possessions of superior talent, and the exertions of enterprising genius, to rank high in public estimation, and even in some instances, rival old and long established contemporary institutions. As I sauntered along, the gentleman whom I mentioned as above, again attracted my attention; he had not removed from the spot on which I had left him standing, still regarding the same fine subject, which had excited in me no ordinary share of interest. friend now approached him—I was all attention to the passing conversation, though apparently an indifferent spectator.—"Well, Sir William, may I presume to enquire your opinion as to the merits of the beautiful picture before us, on which I have long observed you fix your ardent and admiring gaze."—"It is exquisitely beautiful," returned the Baronet. "Why not purchase it then, (retorted the other;) you say it pleases you, and as you are a connoisseur, Sir William, you could not do better than in having it conveyed to your picture gallery, raising by such means the fame of the artist, as well as prove highly honourable to your own taste and superior discernment."-"Ah, there is one thing which must of necessity be enquired into, and that is, the name of the Artist. If he is a man of any fame, the picture is mine, cost me what it will."

Now it was that I experienced a sentiment of indignant feeling towards the stranger, who, on learning that the Artist was a very young man, unpatronized, though bidding fair to rival many in the list of competitorship by his promising talents, pronounced a cool "Humph!"—with the addition of,—"It won't do." I flattered myself that I was something of a physiognomist, as I fancied I could trace in the expressive lineaments of his countenance, the workings of a mind, endeavouring to compromise its conscience with the weak idea, that it would be folly to risk the dear-bought reputation of being thought a connoisseur, by purchasing the works of one whom nobody knew. Thus is private feeling, in spite of reason and better sense, sacrificed to the control of this slavish and no less amiable principle. But how I triumphed when informed, that a Nobleman, of independent spirit, and a lover of the Fine Arts, had actually purchased the picture in question; and had expressed

his unqualified approbation of the same to the highly-gifted artist, who, having established himself in the opinion of his noble friend, was now said to have entered the road of preferment and future fame. I secretly wished that the tenacious Baronet had been but present, to have listened to a recital, which I was assured would have struck home to his feelings, and convinced him of the injustice of submitting his decision at the expence of a meritorious individual to the judgment and discretion of others. The thoughts of patronage, and its beneficial effects, now solely engrossed my mind, and I could not but remember the well. known question, submitted by Johnson to Lord Chesterfield—"What is a patron; is it not one who unconcernedly looks on a man, when struggling in the water, and should he happen to get safely to shore, he encumbers him with help?" Such is the able illustration, and such the too frequent fate of aspiring genius, whose shining talents might have borne away the palm of victory from many a compeer less gifted by nature, but more favoured by fortune, had they been displayed under the glare of noontide heat, or permitted to bask in the sunny rays of warm prosperity; but unaided by the influence of patronage, and unassisted by superior support, the artist, after a vain sacrifice of much time, labour, and expence, has to contend for years with innumerable difficulties; his mind galled by the reflection, that he is not rewarded according to his just deserts—and while his merits are buried in obscurity, or sacrificed at the altar of prejudice, his situation is rendered infinitely worse from the knowledge, that in consequence he is necessitated to deprivations, ever attendant on a straitened and slender income. Should he be even gratified by the prospect, that a day will at length come, that will crown his arduous endeavours with successstill it is accompanied by the foreboding idea, that fortune may shower her gifts, when the current of life is almost spent and wearied to its last stage, by the toils and vexations of the world. Posterity will perhaps reiterate their fame to distant ages-but the living artist desires, nay, he courts something more; and it is earnestly hoped, that a wise and enlightened public, will at length duly appreciate the merits of a body of individuals, who have not only embellished and enriched their country by the indefatigable exertions of genius and talent, but added to its renown, by many serviceable performances; though in return, it is justly observed, the artists as a body have received little or no benefit.

DOCTOR BARTON.

Dr. Barton, Warden of Merton College, Oxford, being in company with a gentleman who had just printed two heavy folios, humorously observed, that the publication was deficient in several respects. The author, as was but natural, endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. "Pray, Doctor, ar'nt you a justice o'peace?"—"I am," replied the Doctor. "Then," said Barton, "I advise you to send your work to the House of Correction."

A MORNING IN LONDON.

A Sketch from Life.

I HAD scarcely completed my twenty-second year, when business of momentous importance, as it related to myself, required my immediate attendance in the great metropolitan city.—In sonsequence of a law-suit which had long been impending between my deceased father and a distant relative, now threatening me with the entire loss of a handsome patrimonial estate, so that in a few days I expected to become, in the

eyes of the world, all or nothing.

I had never visited London before, for my mother, who, notwithstanding was related to some of the first families in England, had long bade adieu to fashionable scenes and manners; and as I was her only child, she could not be induced to part with me, even for a short space of a few weeks, till our affairs began to wear that serious aspect, that individual interest required an immediate separation. I entered this gay mart, the pride of our own country, and the admiration of all others, accompanied by reflections of an unpleasant nature, and by no means consonant with those feelings, which are naturally excited on our first visit to this mar-

vellous city.

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I alighted at the door of an inn, and the three following days was closeted in earnest consultation with my counsel. The fourth brought with it the agreeable intelligence, that superior judgment had decided in my favour; and I was legally confirmed in the possession of a lawful inheritance. In the first moment of my gratitude, I wrote to my mother. Having forwarded my epistle, I sallied forth in quest of the residence of an aunt, a lady of rank and fortune, whose house was situated in one of the principal squares at the west end of the town. I knocked at the door, and on delivering my name, was ushered into the presence of a relative, whom I had not seen since a boy; her ladyship received me with friendly, and even kindred welcome. She regretted that I had not apprized her of my intended visit, as she was engaged to attend the converzatione party of a particular friend; and as the hour was just at hand, it was impracticable to tender an apology for her non-attendance. My aunt at length requested I would attend her; but feeling conscious my appearance was somewhat outre for the occasion, I declined; saying, I should find an ample source of amusement in her absence, from the shelves of a well-stored library, which I observed communicated by folding doors to the back drawing-room.

Now as my kind relative had enjoined, that I should take up my residence at her house, during my stay in town, I tacitly agreed to the proposal; though on the following morning, from the many vexations I was fated to experience, I more than once repented that I had done so. As reflections of rather a joyous nature had banished sleep from my eyes, I had risen even before my usual early hour. I descended the stairs, and to my surprise, I observed every window of the lower part of the house still closed:—all was silent as the dead of night, when I laid my

hand on the street door, and unscrewed its heavy fastenings. The sun had risen in cloudless majesty, and I longed to enjoy a morning's per-

ambulation, before the breakfast hour.

I had not proceeded a hundred yards, when, to my astonishment, I was pursued with the cry of "Stop thief." I turned, and beheld a man (whom I presumed to be a servant of my aunt's household,) approaching me with a threatening aspect. Surprise, in the first moments, kept me silent; and the singularity of the scene was shortly increased, by the assembly of not less than half a dozen guardians of the night, who were on the point of quitting their customary beat. Their rattles and noisy vociferations sounded strangely in my ears, and it was not till I found myself forcibly compelled to enter an adjacent watch-house, that I re ceived the power of utterance, in order to repel the charge. The footman, on learning that I was the nephew of his mistress, was very humble in his apologies, saying, he had erred through mistake, as he had heard nothing of my arrival at the house: and hearing an unusual noise at the door, he conjectured it must be a house-breaker, who was decamping with his midnight spoils. As the fellow still appeared to entertain his doubts, regarding me with a suspicious eye, which directly contradicted his words, I voluntarily accompanied him back to the house, where, having called up the porter, who had admitted me the preceding evening, my personal identity was confirmed beyond the possibility of a doubt; and leaving the panic-struck servants to their own cogitations, I retired to my apartment, determined not to hazard a second risk of appearing in a Bow-street report, at least for that day.

The breakfast hour at length arrived, and it was positively near twelve, at noon. Never had I become more impatient, as I considered it was the period when many of our country rustics were then enjoying their homely, but principal meal of the day. I was summoned to attend my aunt, and in crossing the corridor, I was met by the servant, who had so singularly attacked my character in the morning. Having made me several profound bows, I desired to know in what manner I could

serve him.

"I trust, Sir," he at length ventured to add, "I trust your goodness will overlook the impertinence of which I have been guilty; and that you will not inform my—my"—here the man paused and coloured. "Well," I said, I know what you would add, you do not wish the strange incident of the morning to be made known to your mistress; but I must candidly acknowledge that, for my life, I cannot keep it a secret from her ladyship."

"Then, sir, I must give up all thoughts of retaining my situation."
"What! for having done your duty, man? no, if such should prove the case, I would receive you into my own service; but rest satisfied, learn to know your mistress better, for she is incapable of performing an act

of injustice."

"You are very kind, sir, but indeed I deserve punishment, for not

having observed you were quite the gentleman, and"-

"And so there is an end of the matter," I replied, with a smile, as I hastened to join her ladyship, to whom I related the event of the morn-

ing with jocular feeling. She was at first serious, then gay, but finally extorted a promise, that during my sojourn in town, if I must rise early, that I would keep to my room; as nothing subjected a young man on his first entrance into life, to greater ridicule, than the keeping of regular hours: "it will do all very well for the country," she added, "but will never pass as current in high life."

"Suppose," said I, "that it should happen, I am seen returning from a

midnight assemblage at this unseasonable hour."

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"You will then carry your passport with you," said my aunt, with a smile, "even should you find your way home on foot; presuming you could neither find your own carriage, or procure the attendance of another."

The breakfast things were removed, and I was again left alone: learning that no particular calls were expected, I brought some valuable papers into the drawing-room with the intention of overlooking them; scarcely had I taken my pen in my hand, when a thundering rap at the door announced visitors. I was thrown off my guard, and in hastening to collect my scattered manuscripts, I upset a large ink-stand over them, the contents of which completely covered a beautiful rose-wood table, and spoilt, in my earnest endeavour to arrest its course, a new suit of clothes, which I had procured from one of the most fashionable tailors in town: my countenance in this pitiful plight must certainly have looked somewhat aghast, when I heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and in the next moment anticipated the ushering in of some person of consequence into the apartment. I raised my eyes with tremulous emotion, when, lo, it was nobody but the footman, retaining a card in his hand, with the name of the distinguished owner, who had done my aunt the honour of supposing her to be in the land of the living, by leaving her card at the door .- "Pshaw," I exclaimed, as I glanced with angry feeling on the name of Lady ----, and again threw down the card with cold indifference, as I regarded the sad mischief which it had occasioned me to perform: scarcely had I recovered my usual serenity, when another knock still louder than thefirst, threatened to unhinge the door; my attention was drawn towards the window; a third and even fourth succeeded. I could not forbear laughing, on observing the carriages retreat as fast as possible, when the door opened, flying as if it were from an enemy. This is the most singular of all fashionable customs, I mentally exclaimed, and I should deem it a common disturbance, was I not assured of the innate love the inhabitants of London bear to noise, novelty, and change.

My reflections were now disturbed by the entrance of a dashing young friend of my aunt's; after the usual compliments had passed, he offered to form my chaperon to the several places of public resort. I agreed, and we sallied forth in quest of amusement—he stopped short before the door of a subscription house, demanded if I was a man of spirit, and in the next moment I was prevailed on to enter the dangerous walls of a gambling-house. I had always a distaste for this pernicious vice, but observing I was surrounded by noblemen and gentlemen, to whom my thoughtless friend had been anxious to introduce me, I sat down to an adjoining table, and invoked the smiles of the fickle goddess;—I lost—

and accordingly drew a check on my banker for the trifling sum of two hundred pounds. I left the house, dissatisfied with my conduct, and resolving to be more cautious for the future how I lavished my money on the board of hazard. I now mingled with those who compose the fashionable drive in Hyde Park. After contemplating the gay and busy scene for the space of an hour, I returned to - Square, imagining, as it was near six o'clock, the dinner hour must certainly have arrived; nothing of the kind-the dinner room was never thrown open before eight; and that day a numerous party of guests were expected to crown the board with their presence; the table was covered with delicacies-every one eat sparingly, and I was obliged to conform the cravings of appetite at the will and discretion of others. Three days more, and I bade adieu to the whims and caprices of fashion in the great world,leaving them to the enjoyment of those, who, in spite of reason and bet ter sense, pursued them with avidity, without any fixed intent, or even rational purpose.

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SHAKSPEARE.

THAT Shakspeare was of an amorous constitution has been repeatedly told us; but of his particular connections with the fair, we are almost wholly in the dark. The following adventure is authentic, and we trust

will prove acceptable to our readers:

One evening, when the tragedy of Richard the Third was to be acted, the poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes, and slyly whisper to Burbidge (a favourite player, and an intimate of Shakspeare, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her master had gone out of town in the morning, that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use.—"Three taps on the door, my dear, and 'Tis I, Richard the Third.'" Shakspeare, whose curiosity was sufficiently excited, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the mansion was a wealthy merchant, but superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife.

At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the poet, having given the appointed signal, &c. obtained immediate admittance. No thing could equal the indignation of the lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed; but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shak speare. In a word, the bard supplanted the player: he had even a tained the summit of bliss before the representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakspeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his business:—"Tis I, is I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard!" rejoined the other,—"Knave, begone! Know that William the Cor

queror reigned before Richard the Third,"

THE VILLAGE BELLS .-- A SKETCH.

Those evening bells—those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of love and hope, and that sweet time
When last I heard their tuneful chime.
Those happy hours have past away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards will walk those dells,
And hymn your praise, sweet evening bells.—Moore.

From the parlour of the cottage where I am now seated, in the full luxury of lazy contemplation, I can just contrive to hear the distant sound of the village bells ringing a merry peal in honour of a newly married couple. The sound, like the nightingale of Milton, is "most musical, most melancholy." It comes wafted with a softened swell across the water, and in the silence of the summer evening, when the mind is attuned to reflection, "breathes the language of days that are past, pleasant, yet mournful to the soul." The villagers, elevated to something like enthusiasm by its peals, and by the apparent felicity of the bridal party, are all gone to dance away their cares upon the green. Each for the time will be the friend of each, and over a tankard in the little village house, they will proffer mutual affection unchanging—'till to-morrow. But, see! the shadows of the sun are already lengthening along the green, the shouts of the dancers sink fainter and fainter on the gale, and twilight threatens interruption to the bridal sports. The bells have at last ceased their congratulations, and, while the silence of the evening prompts, I will resign myself to meditation, and "fondly dream an idle hour away."

A thousand scenes, before but dimly beheld in the shadowy twilight of memory, now rush upon my soul clear as at the actual moment of their occurrence. The bells, that have just ceased, recall the most painful associations. When last I listened to their music, I was a school-boy at Reading. Then, as at present, they were celebrating a marriage—the marriage of my earliest friend. In the first flush of youth he had allied himself to a beautiful girl, and settled in the village of Three-mile-cross. I was with him at the ceremony, and on its completion we were complimented as usual by the ringers. The whole scene now flashes across my mind, as if it shone in the splendor of yesterday's remembrance. It was a calm evening in July. bells rang out their merriest peal, and groups of the hamlet peasantry were assembled to welcome my friend's election. His young bride hung fondly on his arm, blushing at the kind-hearted looks that were directed lowards her countenance. There was nothing at that time but jovial faces and merry whispers, expressions of congratulation, and sentiments

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of attachment. But it is idle to recall the past. The happiness of two at least of the merry group is clouded, and after the lapse of a few brief years, my friend had been left a wanderer upon the face of the His young wife, the pride, the ornament of the village, in a moment of the deepest insanity, put an end to her existence by poison; and the same bells that chimed a cheering peal at her marriage, now tolled a requiem to her departed spirit. The widower quitted the spot, and I have never since heard of him. He may perhaps be dwelling alone in the silence of years, or reposing beneath the sod in some obscure corner of the earth. The circumstances of his painful story, though still unforgotten, were gradually fading from my remembrance, when the sound of these village bells, by some mysterious association, engraved them anew on my mind. I can now recall every connecting incident, and transport myself once again into the flowery paths of youth. I can image my friend gay, generous, as I first knew him, and, unmindful of gone-by ages, feel that he is still a husband. The past, in this sense, has to me more reality than the present; it is tangible. I can feel it, as it were, with my mind, and, like Procrustes with his victims, distort it till it suits the immediate impulses of my imagination. I can recall, for instance, just as much of it as I please; and if the remembrance of the whole is of an unpleasing cast, I can strain it through the sieve of ages, till its roughness is softened down into something like refinement. Over the present I have no such control. It glides quietly by, uninterrupted by complaint or praise, and is neglected, from its utter destitution of romance or interest. It wants the zest, the gusto of other times, and, like the literati of all ages, is despised until no longer in existence.

I am naturally of a contemplative disposition, and consider every occurrence of the present, as at best, but an index to the past. The village bells, for instance, have pointed out that particular page where the history of my friend is recorded. I turn to it in remembrance, and find the delineation faithful. The dust of ages that obscured its surface is removed, and, like a fashionable octavo of the present day, it is deposited in the most conspicuous corner of my mind. So true an index is the present to the past, that every hour attests its value. The most trivial incident will recall the most eventful remembrances. The fields, through which I have this day rambled, remind me of the walks I have taken with friends who are now cold in the tomb: and the heath-flower that I pluck in the listlessness of melancholy—the toad that I wake from his slumber—the cuckoo that I scare from his hedge,—renew

thoughts and feelings long ingulphed in the abyss of time.

Thus shall I ever continue the child, the vision of the past. Dwelling only on days long vanished, I shall have little in common with mankind, but misfortune, which makes brothers of us all. The only friends I shall know will be the tombs of those who are at rest; and from the living, sad memory shall extract matter for reflection, and food for future affections. Had I experienced less adversity, I should have been more sanguine, but the spirit that has been crushed by early trouble, loses its original temperament, and feels, as it ripens by experience, an increasing indifference to life, and all "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to."

rigito :

MORNINGS AT BOW STREET. By M. Wight. London. Baldwyn. Small 8vo. 1824.

This volume consists of reports of cases occurring at Bow-street. Of course they generally regard low life. Not only, however, do they delineate it accurately, but the characters, groups, descriptions, and dialogues, evince great ability on the part of the reporter. Of this, the two following cases give ample proof:—

FLORENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

"This was a proceeding wherein Mrs. Florence O'Shaughnessy sought purtection behint the law agen the thumpings of her oun lawful husband, Mr. Phelim O'Shaughnessy of the parish of St. Giles, labourer.

"Phelim O'Shaughnessy was a clean made, curl-pated, good-tempered little fellow, in a new flannel jacket, white apron, and duck trousers. His wife, Florence, was about his own size, no whit behind him in cleanliness, very pretty, and a voice—plaintive as a turtle dove's.

"— An' plase your honour,' said she, 'this is Phelim O'Shaughnessy, the husband to myself that was when he married me; and is—barring the bating he gave me yesterday just for nothing at all, your honour, that Iknows of—ounly that he listens to bad foulks the neighbours of us; and bad foulks they are sure enough, your honour, for that same; and your honour'll be plased just to do me the kindness to make them hould their pace, and not be after taking away the senses of my oun husband from me, to make him look upon me like a stranger, your honour—for what would I be then?"

"Poor Florence would have gone on murmuring forth her little griefs in this manner by the hour together, if his worship would have listened to her. But the office was crowded with business, and he reminded her that the warrant she had sued for, charged her husband with having beat her: and she must confine herself to making good that charge, if she wished to have him punished for so doing.

"Your honour," said Florence, with a low courtesy, 'it isn't myself that would hurt a hair of the head of him; ounly that your honour would hear the rights of it, and tell Phelim he shouldn't be after bating me for the likes of them. And here he is to the fore, your honour, for that same

The magistrate found it would be vain to think of hearing 'the rights of it' from Florence; and therefore he asked Phelim what he had to say to it.

Now Phelim was a man of few words. He had listened calmly to all Florence had been saying, and it was not till the magistrate had twice put the question to him that he left off smoothing his dusty hat, and then, looking stedfastly in his worship's face, he replied—'Och!it's all about the threepence ha'penny, your honour. It was Saturday night when I gave her every farthing of the wages I earned that week—and so I does every Saturday night, come when it may, your honour—and when I at'd her on Monday morning to give me threepence ha'penny to get

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me a pint of beer and the little loaf, behase I was going to a long job in the city, and didn't know what time I'd be back to my oun place, she wouldn't give it me any how, your honour; and sure I did give her a

clout or two.'

"But you would not do it again, I am sure, Phelim,' observed his worship. 'You should remember that she is your wife, whom you have vowed to protect and cherish; and besides you know it is disgraceful in any man to strike a woman—especially in an Irishman. You must give me your solemn promise, Phelim, that you will not strike her again.'

"'Sure I'd be a baste if I whopp'd her again, your honour,' replied Phelim, 'when I just thought of a skame to do without it. It's ounly keeping the threepence ha'penny in my oun pocket, your honour, and

I'll have no occasion to bate it out of her at all.'

"The bye-standers laughed at this skame of Phelim's, and even the magistrate smiled, as he good-humouredly told Florence, that though he believed her to be an excellent wife, he thought she was a little too hard in refusing her husband such a trifle as threepence half-penny, when he

was going to work so far from home.

"Florence smiled also; but there was a thoughtful sadness in her smile; and when the laughter had subsided, she told his worship, that it was not the 'coppers,' nor the 'bit of bating' Phelim had given her, that she cared about. He had harkened to bad tales about her, she said, and had sworn never to be good to her till she said 'two words' to him.

"His worship asked her if her husband supposed she was untrue to

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him?

"She replied that he did, and implored the magistrate to let her swear

to her fidelity.

"His worship told her he was sure there was no need of any such ceremony—'Phelim,' said he, 'has too much good sense to listen to any

idle stories about you.'

"Still, however, poor Florence would not be pacified; and snatching the Gospels from the table, she pressed the sacred volume fervidly to her lips, and then raising her eyes, she exclaimed—'So help me, God! that, barring Phelim and myself, I don't know man from woman!"

"All this while, Phelim stood hanging down his head, and fumbling at the buckle of his hat in the simplest manner imaginable. 'For shame, Phelim,' said the magistrate, as Florence made an end of her oath'For shame, Phelim!—How can you stand there and see the distress of such a wife, without coming forward and assuring her of your confidence?—Give her your hand, man, and comfort her as she deserves.'

"Phelim stretched forth his hand—Florence grasped it almost convulsively, and raising it to her lips, all chapped and sunburnt as it was the kissed it—they looked each other in the face for a moment—bust

into tears, and hastily left the office arm in arm.

SOLOMON AND DESDEMONA.

"An elderly man, brown as a fresh-roasted coffee-berry, a poll that bespoke him of the race of wandering gipseys, and the darkness of

whose Oriental eye accorded with his gipsey origin,' advanced towards the table, bowing at every step, and said, 'May it please your vorship's honour, I am Mister Lovell, your vorship, (another bow) knife-grinder and chair-bottomer, your vorship.' Having so said, he smiled and bowed again; and then, shading the lower part of his brown shining visage with his rusty hat, he stood smiling and bowing, and bowing and smiling; but whatever else he had to say, stuck in his throat.

"At length, seemingly to his great relief, the magistrate asked him

what he wanted.

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"Your vorship, I am Mister Lovell, the knife-grinder, your vorship, and I vantz you to give me a little bit of assistance to get me back my vife, vot vere lawfully married to me last Monday vere a veek, at Soreditch Church, That's vot I vantz, your vorship.

"Magistrate—' Your's is a very unusual application, indeed, friend. I am frequently requested to part man and wife, but I do not recollect

that I was ever once asked to bring them together.'

"Mr. Lovell-'Vell, your vorship, but mine's a werry hard case-a

werry hard case, indeed. Here's the certyfykit, your vorship.'

"His vorship told Mr. Lovell he wanted no voucher in proof of what he said. He opened the certificate, however, and found it fairly set forth therein, that on a certain day specified, 'Solomon Lovell, batchelor, and Desdemona Cocks, spinster,' were duly married by banns in Shoreditch Church.

"And pray, what is become of the 'gentle Desdemona?' asked his worship, as he returned the certificate to Mr. Lovell, who instantly crammed it back again into the sow-skin purse from which he had taken it; and then having deposited it safely in the very bottom of his left-hand breast-pocket, he proceeded to lay open his entire grievance. It was a lengthy, and rather unconnected narrative, but we gathered from it that Mr. Solomon Lovell absolutely loved the gentle Desdemona; and but for that, 'he would not his unhoused free condition have put into circumscription and confine,'—' not on no account whatever.' But the friends of Desdemona, who were in the costermongering line, thought the match too low for her; and they had not been united more than three happy days, when they cruelly contrived to inwiggle her avay from his arms, and shut her up in a garret in Charles-street, Drury-lane, where they still continued to detain her, in spite of her unceasing tears, and his most earnest remonstrances.

"What age is the lady?" asked the magistrate.

"'Your vorship, she'll be forty-three come a fortnight a'ter next Bart'lemy fair.'

"Then she is no chicken! and she could come to you, if she was

inclined to do so.'

"'No, your vorship, she's no chicken, but she's desperate tender, though; and they'd kill and murder her, if she vasn't to keep herself quiet."

"'Is she very disconsolate under her bereavement?"

"Anan, your vorship,' said Solomon.

'Does she grieve much?'

"'Oh! desperately, as your vorship may nat'rully suppose, when ve'd only come together three days."

" 'Is she very handsome?'

"This was a question which seemed rather to bother the love-lorn Solomon. He simpered and sighed, and looked down and looked up, and nibbled the edge of his hat; and when the question had been repeated the third time, he replied, "I don't know 'xactly, your vorship—she's reckoned so. And I reckon I vouldn't a married her if I didn't think

so, your vorship.'

"After some further question and reply, in which he earnestly entreated that an officer might be sent with him to enforce his claim, and get the gentle Desdemona out of the garret by force of arms, the magistrate told him he could do nothing for him; whereupon he gathered up his features into a frown, put the lid upon his knowledge-box, and stalked out of the office, exclaiming, 'Then by goles, I'll go to Marlborough-street, for I vont be diddled out of my vife in this ere manner, howsomever."

THE ROSE.

FAVOURITE of man! ne'er pleased where thou art not, He seeks thee in his mental wanderings, And pauses in his daily toil to glean Refreshment from thy sweetness.—Thine the hue He loves in beauty's cheek, and thine the pure And lasting fragrance, that his fancy gives To virtue.—Not a bower, a place of rest, A mimic Eden, can arrest his foot, If thou be wanting; and his restful eye Ne'er looks on Heaven with such intense delight As when the glorious Eve her roses strews O'er every cloud that paves the western steep.

Delicious flower! dear type of vanity!
How passing fair! yet oh, how passing frail!—
But what, of all that boast thy attributes,
May claim a longer date? The rosy cheek?
Oh name it not: deep in her narrow grave
Let beauty rot unseen! The rose-like mind?
Trace not the human mind past infancy;
But turn again to the bright Heavens, for there
Are roses still. Lo! in our very gaze
Each after each, they fade and pass away,
And universal darkness covers all!

Yes, short the life of this world's loveliness:
But thou, dear rose, art still earth's loveliest child,
And we will bless thy looks, and crop thy sweets,
That cheat our way-worn hearts of half their woe,
But onward press to more enduring climes,
Where all that's rare, and sweet, and beautiful,
In glorious union meet to fade no more.

E.W.B.

JOHN LA FONTAINE.

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This entertaining writer, though possessing the advantage of a liberal education, had reached his twenty-second year before he had any sense of his singular talent for poetry, which disclosed itself upon his hearing an ode of Malherbe read; he attended to it with surprise and transport, the same lyric enthusiasm which animated that ode began to glow in his countenance, and the poetic fire which had lain concealed in him, was kindled into a blaze by that of Malherbe. He immediately set about reading that poet, and canvassing his beauties, and soon proceeded to imitate him. His first productions he used to communicate to a relation of his, who encouraged him, and frequently used to read with him Quintillian, Horace, and the best Latin Poets. La Fontaine further improved himself, by an acquaintance with the French and Italian writers, who excelled in that style to which his genius led him; besides which, Plutarch and Plato had their places in his library, and from them he drew those moral and political maxims with which he has interspersed his fables. For in imitation of all celebrated writers, there was scarcely a book which he did not turn to some use: very different is the case with supine and ignorant writers, who, neglecting to improve the gifts of nature, sink into contempt after a few superficial productions; as the most exuberant genius, without an attentive perusal of the best authors, must at least be irregular, and will soon be exhausted.

Though his humour was exceedingly averse from any tie or confinement, such was his regard for his parents, that, at their solicitation, he suffered himself to be married; indeed, the beauty and exalted mind of the young lady selected for his wife, soon gained her the admiration of her husband, so that he always consulted her in any considerable undertaking. A desire of conversing with the wits caused him to repair to Paris, where the Intendant Fouquet soon procured him a pension, the quarterly receipts of which he always drew in some verses, full of a grateful drollery.

His next rise was as Gentleman to Henrietta of England, but the early death of that excellent Princess, put an end to all his Court hopes—if indeed he were susceptible of hope. After this, among other favours from the most illustrious persons in the kingdom, the generous and witty Madame de la Sabliere provided him with an apartment and accommodations in her own house. This lady once, in a pet, turned away all her servants, saying, "I have only kept my three animals, my dog, my cat, and La Fontaine."

The delights of Paris, and the conversation of the first-rate wits, did not however hinder him from going once a year, in September, to visit Madame La Fontaine, always taking with him Racine, Boileau, Chapelle, or some other of the poetic class; but that these visits might turn to some account, he never failed to sell some piece of land, or a house, so that by his own negligence and extravagance, and that of his wife, who was no better an economist than himself, a handsome family estate became entirely dissipated.

Never were any author's writings a more faithful transcript of his humour; he was plain, artless, and easy; without the least gall or ambition, credulous, open, never taking any thing amiss; and, what is a little singular, living in cordial intimacy with his brethren of the quill; he seemed to take delight in talking of their several excellencies, but their oversights or faults he never mentioned, unless to themselves, and then only when his opinion was requested. No affronts, injuries, or invectives could excite him to revenge, or even to complaint; scarcely a word, either good or bad, escaped him in company, except with intimates, or on a very interesting subject. Rousseau was no better at table-talk than La Fontaine, unless literature were the topic, or some interesting argument set his faculties afloat. Nothing can better shew the simplicity and taciturnity of our celebrated fabulist, than this anecdote:—Having been invited to dine at a house of distinction, for the more elegant entertainment of the other guests, he fed very heartily, but not a word could be got from him; and he rose from the table soon after the repast, on pretence of going to the Academy, of which he had been chosen a Member. It was to no purpose that all the company told him he would be too soon. 'Oh!' answered he, "I'll take the longest way." It is very remarkable, that contrary to the idea which his tales give of him, his morals were so pure, that the line of an ancient poet is perfectly applicable to him:

" Lascivia est nobis pagina, vita proba est."

Nothing licentious or even equivocal escaped him in conversation. But the most decisive proof of his virtue is, that mothers used to consult him concerning the education of their daughters; and young people, who were about to act a part in the world, concerning their behaviour. In his excellent advice on these occasions, he observed the medium between the austerity of a dictator, and the laxity of a worldling.

He had a son, whom, after keeping at home but a short time, he recommended to the patronage of President Harlay. M. La Fontaine being one day at a house where his son was expected, did not know him again, but told the company he was a forward, promising youth; and being upon this informed that this hopeful young gentleman was no other than his own son, he answered with composure, "Ha! truly I am glad of it."

That apathy, which so many philsophers strove to affect, ran through every part of his behaviour, and seemed to render him insensible even to any changes of weather. As he had a wonderful facility of composition, he never kept a particular place for study, but set his wits to work wherever the humour came upon him. One morning, Madame De Boileau, going to Versailles, spied him deep in thought, under a tree, and at her return in the evening, there was he, in the very same place and attitude, though there had fallen a very cold rain during the greater part of the day. The consequences of these poetic reveries were a negligence in dress, and many laughable abstractions.

Upon the death of Madame De la Sabliere, with whom he had lived upwards of twenty years, several of the English nobility were desirous of enriching their Island with this inimitable man, and made him offers, which, as they were not superior to his merit, gained his regard so far

that he set about learning our language; it is true that his indolence could not not bear the difficult task; and the necessity for persevering in it was obviated by the liberality of the Duke of Burgundy, and the emulation which the generous invitation of the English lords had raised in his own countrymen.

He was seized with a dangerous illness in 1692; and after a priest had conversed with him about religion, of which he had lived in extreme carelessness, though he was far from being an infidel or a libertine, La Fontaine told him, "I have lately bestowed some hours in reading the New Testament; I assure you it is a very good book; yes, as I have a soul to be saved, it is a very good book, but there is one article which staggers me, that is, everlasting punishment." His difficulty was, however, soon overruled, and being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, the priest represented to him that he had received information of a dramatic piece of his, which had been read with universal applause, and was soon to be put into the actors' hands for representation. "Sir," continued he, "the profession of an actor is accounted infamous by the laws, their persons are excluded from the sacraments by the church, consequently to contribute to uphold such a profane calling is wrong, and tell you I must, that I cannot give you absolution upon your confession, unless you promise never to give that piece to the actors." This appeared too rigid, and La Fontaine appealed to the Sorbonne: his extraordinary character, and the importance of the case, drew a deputation of that learned body to him, who assured him that his priest had told him only the truth, without any exaggeration, and that the stage had been in all ages condemned by the church; upon which this sincere pemtent immediately threw the piece into the fire, without so much as keeping a copy.

The priest afterwards represented to him the evil tendency of his Tales; "these, Sir," said he, "you own have already seen several editions, and that there is another actually in the press in Holland, from which some emolument accrues to you; thus whilst the French language subsists, they will continue to be a most dangerous incentive to vice. Now, Sir, the sacrament cannot be administered to you, but upon two conditions: the one, that if it be found necessary to administer the sacrament to you in your illness, you make a public acknowledgment of your fault; and if you recover your health, do the like on your first appearance in the academy: the other, that you are not to receive any pecuniary advantage from the sale or printing of that book, but as much

as in you lies, hinder and oppose it." M. La Fontaine could not digest this public penance, saying, that he could not conceive his book to be so pestiferous, though he could not pre-

tend to justify it; he protested that the writing of the book had made no manner of bad impression on him, and he could not see how the reading of it should pollute the minds of others. However, the eloquent priest having brought him to a full sense of the guilt of the composition, and the offence given to the church in the publication of it, he promised to comply with any conditions, to shew the sincerity of his repentance. His

distemper increasing, it was thought proper that he should receive the

Holy Viaticum, and at the direction of his priest, he readily consented that a deputation of the Academy should be desired in his name, to attend at his solemn repentance. Accordingly, on the following day, the members of the Academy repaired to the parish church, and from thence, together with many other persons of rank and merit, followed the sacrament to the chamber of this famous patient, who, without any exhortation, addressed himself in the following manner to the priest, who had all

all along attended him.

"Sir, I have desired the gentlemen of the Academy, of which I have the honour to be a member, to assist by deputies at what I am going to It is but too well known that I am the miserable author of a book of infamous Tales: In composing it, I did not think it to be a book of any pernicious tendency; but my eyes have been opened, and I allow it to be a most abominable composition: I am filled with grief that ever I wrote and published it. I beg pardon of God, of the church, of you, Sir, its minister, of you, gentlemen of the Academy, and of all here present. It is my hearty wish this book had never come from my pen, and that I could totally suppress it. I solemnly promise, in the presence of God, whom, though unworthy and vile, I am now to receive, that I will never contribute to the sale or impression thereof. I actually, and for ever, renounce all the profit coming to me from a new edition, revised by me, which is now, by my wretched approbation, printing in Holland. If God restores me to health, I hope he will assist me in the full and due performance of the vow I now make, of spending the remainder of my life in penitential exercises, to the utmost of the ability of my bodily strength; and to devote my poetry only to devout compositions. It is my request, gentlemen, (turning towards the academicians,) that you would report to the Academy what you have now witnessed."

Afterwards he received the holy Viaticum, with all the signs of contrition. This act of devotion was not long without a temporal recompense; for that very afternoon a gentleman came to La Fontaine from the Duke of Burgundy, then but eleven years old, with a message, that the young Prince had heard with a great deal of joy, of his last repentance; that it could not fail of doing him honour before men, and obtaining mercy from God; but that as it hurt his purse, the prince, thinking it hard any one should be the poorer for doing his duty, had sent him fifty Louis, which was all he had left of his privy purse allowance for that month, and that if the present had been larger, his pleasure would have been the greater. M. La Fontaine lived two years after this, and in a manner entirely conformable to the protestation made in his illness, and

which he had renewed at his first appearance in the Academy.

The unaccountable character of La Fontaine appears very strongly in the following incidents. Some of his Parisian friends urged him to go and be reconciled to his wife, since it was a shame to separate himself from a lady of such merit; accordingly he sets out in the stage coach, and being arrived at the town, goes and enquires for his wife. The servant, not knowing him, answered that her mistress was gone to church. Upon this he walked away to an acquaintance, with whom, having spent two or three days, he took the returning coach, without any further

thoughts of his wife; and when his friends enquired about his reconciliation, he answered, "I have been to see my wife, but was told she was at church."

Racine once carried La Fontaine to the Tenebræ,* and perceiving that the service lasted too long for him, he gave him a volume of the Bible in which were the lesser Prophets. La Fontaine happened to open the book at the Prayer of the Jews in Baruch, read it over and over with such admiration, that he could not forbear whispering to Racine, "This Baruch was a fine writer, do you know any thing of him?" And for some days after, if he chanced to meet with any man of letters, after the usual compliments, his question was, "Have you ever read Baruch? There's a first rate genius!" and this was uttered so loud that every one

near might hear him.

Rabelais, whom Boileau used to call "Reason in masquerade," was La Fontaine's idol. Being once with Boileau, Racine, and other men of note, amongst whom were some ecclesiastics, St. Austin was talked of for a long time, and with the highest commendations; La Fontaine listened with his natural air, which was far from being the most promising; at last, as if waking out of a sound sleep, he with the greatest seriousness asked one of the ecclesiastics, whether he thought St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais? The Doctor, eveing La Fontaine from head to foot, only answered, "How's that, M. La Fontaine? you have put on one of your stockings the wrong side outwards;" which was literally the fact.

The nurse who attended him in his last illness, observing the fervour of the priest in his exhortations, said to him, "Ah! good Sir, don't plague him so, he is rather stupid than wicked. M. Fontenelle has said, it was thought stupidity that La Fontaine preferred the fables of the ancients to his; and in the opinion of another wit, La Fontaine was less than man

with men, and more than man with beasts.

A single circumstance will serve to shew the honour in which his memory was held: La Fontaine's widow being molested about the payment of some public monies, the Intendant gave orders that no tax or impost should be levied upon M. La Fontaine's family; and none of the succeeding Intendants attempted to revoke such a distinguishing favour. His descendants carefully preserved the original instrument, which redounds no less to the honour of the magistrate who granted it, than of the poet to whom it was granted. La Fontaine was born 1621, and died 1695.

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A Service in the church of Rome, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Passion Week, in representation of the agony of Christ in the garden.

DREAMS, GHOSTS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas, Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala.—Hor.

"Magical terrors, visionary dreams, Portentous wonders, witching imps of Hell, The nightly goblin and enchanting spell."

CHAP. I.

"DREAMS, GHOSTS, AND SUPERSTITIONS!"—ahem! thought I, no bad thesis for an essay; but no sooner had the thought knocked for admittance at the door of my pericranium, than imagination

Before I proceed farther, it will be necessary to inform my readers, that I am one of those unfortunate beings, who, maugre all the suggestions of reason, cannot divest themselves of certain superstitious phantoms. Whether dame Nature implanted these within me, I will not take upon myself to determine: certain it is, however, they owe their prolonged existence to the fostering care of old dame Ramsay, the quondam attendant of my childhood. Well do I recollect the old dame: indeed, it would be impossible to erase her image from my memory, for to this very day—(absit omen!)—I am still haunted by her ghostly semblance. Imagine an old crone with a chin like a hat-peg, grey eyes, sandy hair, and protuberant proboscis, the extremity of which ended in a slight curl, upon which rested an antique pair of iron spectacles, the bequeathment, as I have heard her say, of her grandmother. She prided herself on the possession of a few old books, which were generally kept under lock and key; my curiosity, however, discovered the titles of three of them, which I should imagine were a pretty good specimen of the whole: they were, 1st. an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar; 2dly, "An Authentic Account of the Cock-lane Ghost;" and 3dly, "Satan's Invisible World Revealed." She was, in short, a walking "Terrific Register," and would certainly have cut no mean figure in the editorial department of that work. Many a tale of horror could she narrate, well calculated "to freeze the young blood, and harrow up the soul." One of them I shall never forget: it related to the poisoning of a young King by a Monk, his confidential confessor, who was the original inventor of a certain beverage-(I wonder Mrs. Rundell's receipt-book gives no account of it)-denominated, "toad broth." The bare idea inspired me with the 'brothophobia,' and gave rise to a horrible dream, the hundredth edition of which still haunts my nocturnal pillow; it was a new species of night-mare, and would form a good subject for Cruickshank's masterly pencil. Fancy an enormous toad lying squat upon my stomach, puffing out its freckled sides, and ever and anon uttering sundry lamentable croaks. But, what was most wonderful, its physiognomy bore a very striking resemblance to that of Dame Ramsay; nay, it actually wore the identical iron spectacles, through which it cast upon me divers most malicious glances, seeming to say,

" I could a tale unfold;"

but, that, to my certain knowledge, was not in the nature of the tail-less monster.

"Goblin damn'd."-SHAKSPEARE.

The night was dark, and it wanted only five minutes to twelve, when, as I was previously going to observe, imagination conjured all her horrors. There sat old Dame Ramsay, and forthwith, after an introductory croak, crept forth my old acquaintance, the toad, who with a 'hop, step, and jump,' seated himself on the middle of the table. 'It is nothing but a delusion of the eyes,' argued reason; 'it is merely the empty creation of an over-heated imagination,' observed common sense :- the monster seemed to swell himself out to double his original bulk. 'Come, to my aid with your doctrines, ye philosophers,' I cried; 'Come, Locke, come, Bacon, come'-the toad seemed to advance likewise: 'Begone, monster,' I exclaimed, and collecting my whole strength, levelled at it a furious blow, and rushed up to my bed-room. My sleep was of course feverish: As soon as it was light, I hastened down stairs to observe the effects of my blow upon a ghostly substance: 'it must have been intercepted by some softish matter, argued I, ere it reached the table, else my hand would bear infallible testimony to so rough a salute: what if I should see a specimen of the immortal ixwo, described by Homer?'—Thus communing with myself, I entered the apartment, when, alas! alas! I beheld a sight which I would not again witness for—three and thirty shillings: kind reader, in my ghost-repelling phrenzy, I had basely and irretrievably murdered—my new hat!

СНАР. 3.

That the ancients were dreadfully superstitious,—that most of them placed implicit confidence in dreams, omens, ghosts, &c.—no doubt whatever can be entertained. Indeed, they were not content with assigning a single ghost to each individual, but must needs give him three. What says Ovid?—

Bis duo sunt homini: Manes, Caro, spiritus, umbra; Quatuor ista loci bis duo suscipiunt. Ferra legit Carnem, tumulum circumvolat umbra, Orcus habet Manes, spiritus astra petit.

Let us, however, hope that there were some noble-minded men, who spurned at such vulgar errors. Though they dared not openly attack the established usages of the people, yet we may occasionally detect a covert sneer beneath their seeming bigotry. The following lines plainly shew that Homer's mind was untrammelled by superstitious fears:

Τυνη δ' οιωνοισι τανυπτερυγεσσι κελευεις Πειθεσθαι των ου τι μετατρεπομ ουδ αλεγιζω. Εις οιωνος αρισος αμυνεσθαι ωερι ωατρης.

Reason and science have, however, appeared in these latter days, like

two decent housewives, to sweep away with shovel and broom the flimsy cobwebs of superstition. With the errors of Paganism and Popery have fled from our country most of their concomitant phantasies. Ghosts are now considered impostors, and treated accordingly: A poor woman may have a peaked chin, wear high-heel'd shoes, and moreover keep a broom and tortoise-shell cat, without being accounted a witch: great signs these of rapid improvement! As the views of philosophy become more comprehensive, -as the judgment acquires greater nervosity, -as the light of science shines around us with a broader and more clear effulgence,-the narrow prejudices of our forefathers gradually glide along 'Tis true that a few traditions, and old women's stories, still linger in the less refined parts of the country, and still gain implicit belief in the minds of the vulgar and illiterate. All my flowers of rhetoric were once thrown away in endeavouring to persuade an old woman that death or dire misfortune were not the necessary consequences of the 'crooning of a crow upon the chimney pot,'-'the tick of a death-watch,' - 'the bursting of a coffin out of the fire,'-or 'the spilling of salt upon the table,' &c. "Na! na! Sir," was the only reply, "ye need na think to compal me out o' ony o' those there matters: they're a' signs from Heaven, an' true as the gospel, I trow; ye wad as lief gar me belie' that the braking o' a saxpence atween a young couple, didna mak them lawfu' man an' wife in the face of Heaven and earth!" These vulgar notions are, however, rapidly receding before the light of refinement, and with them, alas ! are flying the unpretending manners of rural simplicity.

A QUERULOUS MAN.

MR. Tyers (the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens) was a worthy man, but indulged himself a little too much in the querulous strain when any thing went amiss; insomuch that he said, if he had been brought up a hatter, he believed people would have been born without heads! A farmer once gave him a humorous reproof for this kind of reproach of Heaven. He stepped up to him very respectfully, and asked him when he meant to open his Gardens. Mr. Tyers replied, the next Monday fortnight. The man thanked him repeatedly, and was going away; but Mr. Tyers asked him in return, what made him so anxious to know. "Why, sir," said the farmer, "I think of sowing my turnips on that day, for you know we shall be sure to have rain."

EXCUSE FOR SMOKING.

It has been alleged as an excuse by an old smoker, that it is good for the memory; and, as a proof of it, the advocate remarked, that it a man be ever so drunk, he is reminded by it to drink again.

A SPECIMEN OF HUMAN NATURE.

ABOUT two years ago, I was a witness to a scene of deep and dreadful affliction, which left a very strong impression on my mind. A most intimate and dear friend of mine was going to be married to a woman, whom he loved with the extremity of all-engrossing affection-to one who, as I heard, was every way worthy of such love from such a man, and who returned it with all that additional fondness and fervour, which the perfection of love in woman always possesses over and above the perfection of love in man. I was to be present at their marriage; -but shortly before the time for which it was fixed, I received a letter from a relation of my friend, intreating me to set out to join him without delay -as he was in a most alarming state, from the shock he had sustained by the sudden death of his betrothed. It appeared that she had burst a blood-vessel, and died in a few hours, and I accordingly set out for the house of the father of Miss ----, which was where she had died, and where my friend then was. I arrived there on the morning that the funeral was to take place. Stranger as I was to the whole family, I was received with the utmost earnestness,—for the condition in which Lwas, was so appalling, that they almost feared the removal of the body would be fatal to him; and as I was supposed to have more influence over him than any and than all, my arrival was greeted with joy.

I went to L—— immediately. He was in the room with the corpse; and was sitting beside it when I entered. The moment he beheld me, he fell upon my neck and wept—for the first time, as I was afterwards told, since the catastrophe had happened. He wept long, very long. At last he seemed relieved;—he raised himself—took me by the hand,

and led me to the coffin.

I had never seen her during life-but even now she was surpassingly Cold, marble pale, and rigid, she looked like one of those beautiful sculptures which are placed upon old tombs, in effigy of those who sleep below. The delicate and extreme clearness of the skin was become sheet-white-partly, as I believe, from the common effect of Death, - and partly from the nature of her particular malady. The face alone was uncovered-long grave-clothes closely enveloped the whole form to the neck-and a napkin was over her brow. So smooth and softly white was the flesh, that it could scarcely be distinguished where the one ended, and the other began. From beneath this, however, one long tress of hair escaped, which, passing across the cheek, rested upon the shroud. This struck me more than all, for this gave the contrast of life with the perfect deadliness of all else. So still in the stillness of peace, -so calm in the calmness of purity, -was this corpse of leveliness and virtue, that one scarce could think that the King of Terrors had claimed it for his own. It looked, as I have said, more like the figure on a pale sarcophagus—or perhaps, more like one in a deep, a very deep, sleep—than the soul-less wreck of passed humanity. But this one tress of bright hair, shining on the white skin—like a fling of golden sun-light upon snow—recalled the terrible truth at once. The hair is the latest

portion of the human frame to betray the consequence of death. While the eyes become glazed, and the nerves fixed, and the flesh grows colourless and icy cold,— the hair is the same that it was when it added so much beauty to beautiful life—when it waved in the wind, or gleamed

in the sun, as the quick motion of youth might influence.

Yes, she was, indeed, lovely!—and what was this loveliness now?—almost already touched by that decay from which, though we know it to be invariable, our nature causes us to shrink so sickeningly! Sad, indeed, is it to gaze upon a face we love, beaming in all the brightness of beautiful youth, and reflect, that the flesh will moulder, and finally become dust,—that those eyes will cease to be,—and nought remain but an hideous and revolting bone, undistinguishable from that which formed the head of the coarsest or most brutal. What, then, must it be to look upon a countenance thus beautiful, and thus loved, when this terrible and disgusting process has nearly begun?—But this is a part of the sub-

ject too horrid to be dwelt upon.

I had ample time to gaze my fill, and to think of all these things, and many more;—for L—— placed himself at the head of the coffin, and remained there, with his head bowed in his hands, upon its edge. Low, deep groans struggled from him at intervals—and the cold sweat was clammy on his brow. At length they came to fasten down the coffin. I wanted him to go with me from the room,—but the paroxysms of his despair were so terrible, when I strove to draw him towards the door, that I thought it better to desist.—He flung himself upon the body, and fastened his lips upon her's—now so damp and rigid.—There he lay, as if he would have lain for ever;—at last, I gently raised him up, and signed to the men to replace the lid.—They did so at once. L—gazed at them as if he were changed to stone; but when he heard the grinding sound of the first screw, as it was driven down into the wood, he uttered a loud and terrible shriek, and fell senseless into my arms.

I was afterwards glad that it was so—for all was over before he came to himself. It was, indeed, several days before he left his bed. After a short time I took him home with me,—where he staid nearly three months, recovering very slowly. At the end of that period, he went abroad, for change of air and scene,—and I have not seen him since.

I last week received a letter from him, from Naples, to inform me—he was going to be married! I can scarcely say the blow this has given me. Is this the duration of human love—of human sorrow?—Do two short years suffice to root out from the heart all that has grown there so long, and, one would think, so deeply?—Is love, then, a mockery, that it vanishes so soon into air?—Is grief a deceit, that it so soon is converted into joy?—Alas, alas, it is witnessing things like these that sours the milk of humanity in our hearts—that stifles all yearnings of kindliness towards our fellows, and makes us doubting and distrustful of them all. L—— is, however, ashamed—and he writes to me as though I were wronged, as if an apology were due to me. And I am wronged, and an apology is due to me. I was no way connected with her whom he lost—I never even saw her, during her life,—and grieved for her only for his sake. But to find the chosen friend of my youth and

heart thus fickle and shallow,—to see hopes, and affections, and sorrows, thus wiped from his heart at once, as a school-boy sponges from his slate the accounts of the past week,—to learn from him, of all men, the lesson of how light are all earthly loves—how speedily even the dearest and deepest are forgotten—these are things which are wrongs—

these are things for which apology is indeed due.

It is true, indeed, that such grief as his was could not last;—the human heart, the human frame, could not bear a continuance of such sorrow—it must have ceased, or he must have died. But it should not have passed away thus—like a storm in June, leaving every thing as gay and brilliant as before. It should have been succeeded by that deep, inward feeling, which is more calm than sorrow, less clouded than metancholy—which rests itself on holy fixedness upon its loved cause,—and which is not only not fled from, but is so cherished, that it would be punishment as well as sacrilege, to seek to replace it by any lighter and more recent affection.

But, after all, why should I be angry with L —? It is thus always; —this, in very truth, is "the way of the world."—Oh! what a heartless, hollow, evil-hearted world it is!—Like the fabled apples of the East, it is without, all bloom and beauty—within, foulness and ashes. Its sun shines and looks bright, that it may scorch your brain—its breezes blow, that they may chill you to the bones. It is shallower than a summer stream, and more rocky at the bottom; colder than the winter's ice—and, like it, faithless and fragile. The man who trusts to it may be assured that he is leaning upon a rotten staff, that will not only break

beneath his weight, but pierce him to the heart as he falls.

It is this speedy vanishing of all love, all regret, even of all remembrance, that is so chilling to my heart—and yet we ever see it. It is our custom, and, perhaps, a wise one, to make our places of worship places of burial also. The presence, as it were, of the dead, is likely, beyond all else, to lead to devotional feelings.—And who has not seen a family, surrounded by monuments of their kindred—of those who were deeply dear, and have been lately lost,—sitting with countenances as cold and unmoved as the marble records on which they gazed;—who has not seen them, even, step with as firm a tread upon the stone which covered the remains of those they had loved, as if they were still pacing

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Who has not seen these things?—Who has not beheld more speedy and more utter forgetfulness even than this? It seems as if it were a law of our nature that every thing should decay with rapidity, even affection and regret. Are the characters of love, then, traced upon sand—that the first wave of worldly collision can wash them out?—Is there no rock whereon to found the edifice of friendship or affection?—To what purpose should we give our hearts to all the joys of fond intercourse—the sweetness of fixed friendship—the delight of deep love,—if, in very truth, they be all thus airy, unsubstantial, and unreal? If we are to be forgotten before a second spring's grass has risen on our graves—if we are to forget, before the very monument, which tells our grief, is completed,—it is better to have no loves—no friendships—no

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yearnings of the heart. Let us say, at once, our connections are those of circumstance, of convenience,—at best, of light regard;—to gratify, perhaps, a gust of transient passion—to feed the fancy of one passing hour. But if distance be placed between us—and, still more, if death finally intervene—then is all gone, never to return, or to be remembered—all is obliterated, as though it had never been: we are, (to use a homely, but most forcibly-expressive phrase,) out of sight—and therefore out of mind also.

Oh! God, and is it thus indeed? The very beasts of the field remember and sorrow for their lost fellows; and are we less human than they?—No—there are some hearts which can never forget—some things which can never be forgotten. No, there are some affections, over which Death has no power—which time itself is unable to cancel. If I were to number the years which were given to man in the early ages of the world, one feeling, at least—one recollection would still burn at

the bottom of my soul.

"That love where Death has set his seal"—is to me the deepest, as it is the holiest, of all. It is without the impurity and earthly alloy of human passion—yet more strong and more fervent than any thing but human passion can ever be. Violent grief, as I have before said, must pass—and in those who are, as I am, thrown by necessity into the full current of worldly society, even deep melancholy will be worn off also. But the soul-seated remembrance which remains of the excess of that affection, which is at once the most vehement and the softest—the tenderest and the fiercest—of all mortal feelings—what can erase that? The sun-like heat and radiance of passion, though themselves no more, are mirrored, as in the moon, in this pure memory. I look on these feelings no longer as recollections—they are become part of myself. And can I believe that these will ever pass? No; -when they cease to exist, it will be when I cease to exist also. They are like writing engraven by a diamond upon glass—it cannot be destroyed unless the glass itself be broken.

THE INSTABILITY OF THE HEART.

ALAS! how frequently do we, when in the pursuit of those beautiful objects, flitting through the wilderness of the heart, believe them to be the genuine offspring of our own bosoms, and, as such, its genuine guides. And yet, how frequently do our actions, the only standard of a being's worth, belie those sentiments, and prove that they existed only in our fancy.

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THE FATE OF GENIUS.

I HAVE beheld, with feelings of admiration and awe, some noble tree, the wonder and glory of the plain, towering above the rest of its tribe, its wide spreading branches offering shelter and protection-its trunk firm, fixed, and apparently immoveable; grappling with the storms, and regardless of the breath of heaven, lifting its noble head towards the skies, as if longing to free itself from that earth to which it owed its existence. I have beheld the same tree, that viewed all around with a proud air of superiority, lying to-day on the surface of that earth, it but yesterday protected. I have seen with sorrowful eyes, the weakness of humanity displayed in its broken trunk and scattered limbs—the strength of the power that rideth on the wings of the storms, in the rupture of the earth its fangs had grasped and clenched so firmly; and have mourned that that, which warred triumphantly with the elements, and stood erect amidst the whirlwind of the tempest, should be thrown powerless in the dust, its leaves withering, and its boughs decaying,—a piteous lesson of the instability of human greatness!

I have beheld, with equal feelings of veneration and regret, the impulses of some noble mind, soaring above the pursuits of its fellow-mortals; unsatisfied with the world that gave its possessor birth, forming an ideal sphere in the wizard retreats of fancy, and clothing it with all the richness and beauty which a highly excited imagination could invent. I have known its proud spirit despising substance, and grasping at shadow—relying on expectations never to be realized. I have seen it grapple with the storm that must triumph over its weakness, and sink beneath a

weight of misery, it vainly imagined it had strength to sustain.

Genius! however great may be thy gifts, they are counterbalanced by miseries, which reduce thy favourites to a level with—and too frequently beneath—the common standard of mankind. A man of genius is not made for the world, and therefore he becomes its sport and prey; his soul rises above the grovelling of the rest of his fellow-creatures, and will not descend to the petty methods of acquiring their knowledge. He therefore lives and breathes in a sphere of which he knows nothing; his mind, constantly occupied in the pursuit of unreal creations, will not permit the common cares and wants of the present, to enter within the scope of its operations. A deceptious light is continually glimmering in his soul—he pursues the *ignis fatuus*—it leads him over flowery banks and fertile plains, but when seemingly within his grasp, the phantom is fled—the ray of hope gone for ever—and he finds himself plunged in the slough of despondency.

The fallen ruins of empires—the shattered fragments of all that was great and noble in art—the overthrow of "the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," individually awaken in the mind feelings of veneration and sorrow; but there is no sight in nature so heart-rending—so calculated to inspire the soul with awe, as that wreck of genius—forced by the waves of disappointment, and shattered on the rock of despair. Adver-

sity is the only birth-right of genius; for he who is the most munificently endowed by nature, is too frequently the poorest in the world's wealth. Fortune and nature are too jealous of each other, for the same individual to share promiscuously their favours. To think that men, whose ever-living efforts have descended from generation to generation, delighting and improving mankind, and whose name sheds a halo round the age in which they flourished, and an honour to the humblest of their contemporarieswhose fame like a snow fall increases as it descends—whose memory is worshipped and perpetuated by costly monuments, and gilded trophies,were suffered, when delighting the world with their presence, to be enveloped in the dark clouds of obscurity. That they, the fruits of whose minds spread a balm and solace over the troubles, and lifted the soul above the bitterness and vexations of the earth, should have known all the petty cares and anxieties attending a precarious existence, and experienced all the wants of poverty, in a world which they made rich. To think that the heart, that delighted all, and shed a brilliancy every where around it, should be in itself dark and miserable. That it should, when living, know all the contempts of indigence, all the privations of want; and at last, when sorrow and despondency pressed too hard, have sunk into an untimely grave. The world, in regard to its favourites, is like a mother, whose unfavoured child is suffered, while on earth, to feel the scorns and pangs of want and neglect, till its injured soul takes its flight, when its virtues and beauties come flocking to the memory, and its wrongs are deplored, when it is too late to relieve or redress them.

The public are not so much in fault as is generally imagined. They have been blamed, too frequently, for not upholding those who were undeserving of their countenance. Genius, by more than one author, has had the attribute of charity bestowed on it,—of covering a multitude of sins. That intellectual gift was never bestowed as a weapon to inflict misery and crime, nor as a shield to cover the vulnerable parts of our

nature.

Young authors have in general only themselves to thank for their disappointment. As soon as a young mind wakes to a consciousness of a feeling more intellectual and refined than what it has yet known,as early as a son of genius feels the spirit-stirring power of intellect glowing in his bosom, instead of fanning it as a perishable flame, cherishing it as a sickly offspring, and fostering it in the deepest cells of his breast, till it has acquired strength and vigor; he, at once, bares it to the open glare of day, and exposes it to the humid air—the perishing breath of criticism: and the infant, instead of becoming a child of light and grace, is blasted in its first bud, and sinks into the grave of obscurity, unpitied and unknown. The Parnassian hill is not so steep but what it may be ascended by degrees, but he who in one flight expects to gain the flowery summit, will fall headlong amidst the derision and scorn of those who witness his presumption. Before the adventurer wings his flight towards the etherial skies of immortality, he should be confident that his pinions have strength enough to bear him from the surface of the earth.

That the page of history is filled with melancholy instances of unre-

warded talent; of the unhappy lives, and untimely deaths, of Nature's favourites, is a melancholy fact. Yet,

As sparks fly upwards to the sky, So man is born to misery.—

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And as the most affluent, and the most apathetic, cannot be said to be without drawbacks to their felicity; it may, therefore, be presumed that the calamities which have attended some individuals, have acquired an equal share of celebrity, with the efforts of their genius. That history, in bringing forward the lights of their life, has not thrown into obscurity the shades.

Yet, if such be the case, who can tell of the sufferings of the many unfortunate beings, who have passed through the world, without feeling its smiles and caresses, and have hid, in a nameless tomb, the light of their genius.—A light which might have blazed in the hemisphere of immortality, and exalted its possessor beyond the confines of earth. Such a spirit it is kind of Providence to take unto Himself, and translate to a sphere where the coldness and selfishness of the world cannot enter,—where its best feelings, like the flowers of Paradise, will live and bloom in unfading lustre.

В.

STANZAS.

You remember the maid, whose dark brown hair,
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
Till it made adoration a duty.
And have you forgot how we watch'd with delight
Each charm—as a new one was given—
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from Heav'n.

And your heart can recall, and mine often goes back
With a sigh and a tear to those hours,
When we gazed on her form, as she followed the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;
When, in her young joy, she would gaze with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free, and looked after its flight,
To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wandered away from the home of her youth,
One spring, ere the roses were blown;
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own:—
She fed on a vision, and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam—
For a home; and they gave her—a grave!

There was one whom she lov'd, tho' she breath'd it to none,

—For love of her soul was a part,—

And he said he lov'd her—but he left her alone,

With the worm of despair on her heart.

And oh! with what anguish we counted each day,

The roses had died on her cheek;

And hung o'er her form, as it faded away,

And wept o'er the beautiful wreck!

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue to the last,
Though shadows stole over its beam:
And her smiles are remembered—since long they are past,—
Like the smiles we have seen in a dream!
And—it may be that fancy deludes with a spell,
But—I think, though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their murmurings fell,
Like a dirge on the listening ear!

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,

—Though she always was gentle and kind,—
Yet I thought that the softness that stole o'er her face
Had a softening power on her mind.
But, it might be, her looks and her tones were more dear,
And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the last fading flower of the year,

—For we felt she was passing away!—

She never complained—but she lov'd to the last;
And the tear in her beautiful eye,
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die.
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the billows wave o'er her at even;
With the turf of a far foreign land on her breast,
Whence the palm-tree points upwards to heaven!

CAIETY.

There are two kinds of gaiety. The one arises from want of heart: being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain, even of its own causing,—it shines and glitters like a frost-bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from excess of heart—that is, from a heart overflowing with kindliness towards all men and all things; and, suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes—from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer—and running on to give fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond, its reach.

THE LONG VACATION.

My Lord now quits his venerable seat, The six-clerk on his padlock turns the key, From bus'ness hurries to his snug retreat, And leaves Vacation and the town to me.

Now all is hushed, asleep the eye of care, And Lincoln's Inn a solemn stillness holds, Save where the porter whistles o'er the square, Or Pompey barks, or basket-woman scolds.

Save that from yonder pump, and dusty stair, The moping shoe-black, and the laundry-maid, Complain of such as from the town repair, And leave their little quarterage unpaid.

In those dull chambers, where old parchments lie, And useless drafts, in many a mould'ring heap, Each for parade to catch the client's eye, Salkeld and Ventris in oblivion sleep.

ANON.

THE Long Vacation! what a sound to a lawyer's ear, and what a blessed relief to a debtor's!—To the one it brings with it a train of anticipated enjoyments,—such as summer excursions, sporting exploits, sea-side rambles, and trips, not only abroad, but into the lighter regions of the Belles Lettres, from whose genial climes he has for seven months previously been exiled. By the debtor it is no less dearly anticipated or warmer welcomed. The gay spendthrift who has been playing at hide and seek since the preceding November, calling down on his unlucky head the curses and imprecations of all the bailiffs and attorneys' clerks who have been endeavouring to get a scent of his cover, now daringly stares the most suspicious looking gentlemen in the face without feeling any extraordinary sensation in the shoulders, and is at home to every single knock that disturbs his reveries; knowing that by the influence of his two friends, John Doe and Richard Roe, he has five months to consider whether he shall pay his debt, or try the effect of the classical air of St George's Fields. In short, from my Lord Chief Justice, to the court sweeper, the Long Vacation realizes a world of brilliant prospects and expectations. My Lord exchanges his ponderous state wig for a neat, though a formal cut caxon; his robes for his dressing-gown; and the seat of justice, for his easy chair. His mind is no longer agitated with the controversies of plaintiff and defendant, nor the jargon of barristers, nor the conscientious doubts and conflicting judgments of his learned brothers. Sometimes, indeed, a thought of the approaching assizes will intrude itself; but, anxious to keep up the spirit of the old adage, "Sufficient for the day, &c." he enjoys his otium sine dignitate while he can. Nor is the happy period less welcomed by those pillars of the state, the Attorney and Solicitor General. Exchequer Bills, -Ex-officio informations, -now make room for Inn-keeper's bills, and information derived from Brooke's Gazetteer,

those of the other side of the Hall, leave the antique piles of Westminster to the enjoyment of East, and his fifteen legitimate horrors, for their elegant mansions in the West, where the wit of a South, and the eloquence of a North, will take the preference of Selwyn and Coke; where their wigs will remain unpowdered, their bands unstarched, their gowns unruffled, and their bodies in ease and quietness, till the "Morrow of All Souls" sends them back to busy life again." To the gentlemen under the bar, who as yet hold their fortunes and their fame in expectancy, the "Long Vacation" is no less gratifying. The Templar can now pursue, either his studies without fearing the interruption of his clients, or some fairy dream in the flowery walks of poetry and romance, or perhaps the steps of some embodied dream, who has often obtruded her form into his mind, when occupied with visions less romantic than Wallis's Guide, or Patterson's Book of Roads.

The numerous flocks of attorneys and solicitors, give up the reality of demurrers and latitats for dreams of Margate and Cheltenham. Even their clerks anticipate dearly an earlier close to their daily avocations, and think with delight how much more pleasantly the hour, previously occupied with some long-winded draft or bill, may now be passed away in the regions of White-Conduit House, or Mr. Wilson's ball-rooom, with some fair and sympathising companion. The spirit of joy even descends lower, not only into the veins of the lowest retainers of the law, but also into those of the very laundresses and court-sweepers. Clerks in offices have now their evenings, left to their own disposal. The bachelor enjoys his glass of brandy and water unmolested by any impertinent clock, that reminds him his services for the day are still unclosed; and the man of family returns a few hours earlier to his wife and children, and jumps with glee upon the top of the stage for his snug box, three miles from town. The laundress gladly salutes the door of the vacant chambers, and sticks on them, "On the —— circuit," perhaps a month before it commences. Even the barbers, who contract to keep the professional indispensables in order, and through which it is supposed a counsellor acquires all his character for learning and wisdom, now rejoice at the respite this term for no term occasions.

Nor is the "Long Vacation" joyfully anticipated, and happily enjoyed by lawyers, and those dependents on the law only; it is a wise, and, I venture to affirm, a necessary regulation at our Universities, to allow an intermission of study at that season of the year, when nature looks most inviting, and the mind is most averse to exercise. The gay collegians will now allow Euclid no other authority, save that of accumulating dust, or Grotius any other privilege than that of lying full-length on their book-shelves, or blocking up a cracked pane in the windows of their study. Some prepare their minds for a visit to their father's hall, and sigh, once more, at some village reminiscence, and wait with anxiety till the first of September enables them to prove, "that a young man gets something more than learning at a University." While others anticipate with equal satisfaction, the change they are about to make, when the monotony of Alma Mater will make room for the gaiety of the Boulevards, when the gloom of

the Bodlean will be forgotten in the intoxicating paths of the Palais

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Even the the sage professors and the grave proctors, though careless both of the pleasures of the field, and the gaieties of the city, are yet welcoming the approach of this Halcyon season. To some it is heaven to know that their intellectual pursuits will no longer be disturbed by some rattled-brain under-graduate; while others slumber over their folios, or drain their long-necked bottles, with the satisfaction of feeling that no profane madcap is night to interrupt the tenour of their meditations.

The above classes of society are among those to whom this season of the year has a greater interest; but should the readers of the Magner find the Long Vacation equally-attractive, I shall have the gratification of knowing that it ranks among its favourites, a considerable portion of the truly respectable and intelligent members of the Literary

World.

B.

DR. RADCLIFFE.

Dr. Radcliffe, of whimsical memory, when residing in Bloomsbury, had found it necessary to employ a pavior to mend the way before his house, or his back premises. When the job was completed, the man called for his money. The Doctor was from home. He returned early in the morning,—at noon,—in the evening; still the answer was to the same effect: his employer was either abroad visiting his patients, engaged in company, or so immersed in business, that he could not be spoken with.—What was to be done?—The pavior took the resolution one morning, when he had called and received the old answer, that the Doctor was not at home, to wait in the square until he returned. did so; and fortunately caught him just as he stepped out of his chariot. He presented his bill. The Doctor, as the saying is, "made wry faces," and seemed to take the prescription with great reluctance. At length, when he had thoroughly examined it, he said, "What an enormous charge is here! You expect to be paid, do you? You have a pretty knack at making bills, Mr. Pavior, and for what? Never was a worse job done: you have spoilt my pavement, and then covered it with earth, to hide your bungling work." "Ah! Doctor, Doctor!" said the pavior, "there have been many worse jobs than this: but if it were as bad as you say, you well know that mine is not the only bungling work that is covered with earth." "Oh, you dog!" returned Radcliffe, "you are a wit, I see, and consequently poor; come into the house, and I'll pay you the money."

A GAY WIDOW.

HER mourning is all make believe,
She's gay as any linnet;
With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
The while she's laughing in it.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE-POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

THAT poetry, within the last twenty years, has received a new and extraordinary impulse, must be evident to the most superficial observer. We think we may safely assert, that no period of our literary history can at all compare with the times in which we live, with regard to the number of poems, good, bad, and indifferent, that are continually issuing from the press; and, if the singular excitement, so evident in the public mind, continues to increase, in the same degree as it has heretofore done, there is every human likelihood that all productions of information and amusement will go on increasing also; so that at last, as indeed it is very nearly the case at present, there will be more works produced than can possibly be read. From the increased, and increasing, quantities of poetry, some of which, be it remembered, has been attended with uncommon success—passing through five or six editions, in the space of as many months—this question very naturally presents itself; What portion of the works of our living Poets will survive the wreck of one hundred years, and hold the same place in the public estimation as the writings of Milton, Pope, and Swift, maintain in the present day? the enquiry, so far as it would affect some of our popular Bards, would, if it were indeed possible to come to a satisfactory conclusion on such a question, redound, we have little doubt, to their fame and credit. Not that we conceive, however, that the entire works of any one of our living Poets, will descend to posterity, and claim unqualified admiration. But their selected beauties, purged from the dross with which they are too commonly surrounded, must survive, if taste and true feeling continue to be felt and cherished. But what then is become of the host of minor Poets who, without putting forth any decided claims to the notice of posterity, continue, nevertheless, to draw attention to their verses, and to excite no ordinary degree of interest and admiration in the reading public? what space will their writings have shrunk into after the lapse of a century; and for what purpose have their Muses been so prolific, if they must abandon in despair the hopes of being remembered hereafter? the truth is, that the Poets of the day are, in general, apparently careless of their future fame; they write with only two objects in view, namely, their own emolument, and to gratify the taste of the age, which is directed to that which amuses, rather than to that which in-To the public then must be ascribed the faults and superfluities of our living Poets-their beautiful but broken fragments-their hasty and unfinished sketches. The increase of wealth, population, and general intelligence, brought with it, as a natural consequence, an eager thirst for enquiry; and writers on every subject, and of every degree of power, were called into immediate action. A road was at once opened to them all, where not only present fame attended their labours, but an object, a material one to most authors (and one of proverbial importance to Poets in particular), was speedily attained, and wealth rewarded their exertions. With such stimulants to excite industry, the consequence is natural; a vast bulk of undigested matter-innumerable volumes

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of loose prose, and poetry run wild, in ponderous quarto and thick octavo-edition succeeding to edition, beyond even the author's dreams or the publisher's expectations, flowed in upon the town, and the press continues, to the present hour, unremitting in its endeavours to supply food for the public craving. To that hungering after novelty, and to the rewards that are sure to attend successful authorship, may be attributed, not only the number of writers of various pretensions that have of late years entered the field of literature, but the many crude, incorrect, and hasty productions, in prose and verse, that even some of our first-rate authors have given to the world. The fashionable writer never knows when to stop; volume follows volume. Scarcely has the public time to consider the merits of his last work, than his publisher announces another, and he writes on under the consoling assurance, that whatever has the magic of his name, will be greedily devoured; and although his name may not live in after-time, he has the pleasure to reflect that he is popular at present, and that when he pleases he can draw on his bookseller, whose interest goes hand in hand with his willingness to oblige

With such inducements to write, can it be wondered then, that men of the first genius have written too much? This we maintain is the crying sin of the age. The way to the temple of fame (whether it be the true temple, or an airy and perishable fabric, that shines in the distance on our literary horizon, we pause not to inquire,) is no longer a weary and difficult road. If a writer make what is technically termed a hit, his name is up, and he has little else to do than to learn the speediest method of short-hand to facilitate his ideas. The aspirant to literary distinction need not now, as was formerly the practice, seek for patronage under favor of a great name before he timidly ventures to send his book into the world. Patrons and dedications are quite out of fashion. The public is the great Macænas of the nineteenth century; and if a writer be but fortunate enough to secure popular approbation, he has little occasion for private patronage. If, as Dr. Blair observes, the first object of a poet is to please and move, it must, we think, be admitted, that the poets of the present day have been eminently successful; but if, in poetry, the useful should blend with the entertaining and moving, it then becomes most questionable how far this object is accomplished in the writings of our living bards. Without insisting on the observance of the rule in every production of the Muse, we cannot but remark, that as poetry is a powerful engine, and one that appeals most strongly to the passions of men, its uses should not be wholly left aside. It is true that an art or science has never been taught through the medium of verse; but the best moral lessons may be, and have been, clothed in the divine language of the poet, and the finest affections of humanity are capable of being excited by the perusal of his works. Looking then to the vast quantity of poetry that has of late years been added to the previous stock, and observing its general character and tendency, we cannot but feel that the powers of some of our ablest writers, in this seducing art, have been lavished either on light and trivial subjects, or on local and perishable circumstances, remote from general interest, and incapable of fixing the attention of posterity.

The prospect that hes before a vast majority of the poets of the day, is by no means cheering. Before time can apply his unerring test to their effusions, we fear that their very names will be forgotten; and the future Johnson, in compiling a new edition of the poets, will find after all but a few names of the present times to adorn his collection; indeed, if it were otherwise, his task would be endless; but Byron, Southey, Moore, and perhaps a few others, will and must be enrolled upon the list, and their beauties, hallowed with the hour of time, will delight the next century even more than they charm the present. Madame De Stael has remarked, in some of her writings, that a romantic spirit pervades the age in which we live. What portion of this spirit is infused into the business of real life, we are at a loss to learn, but, with respect to our current literature, and particularly with regard to the poetry of the day, we own the observation is well-founded. Tales of romance and chivalry, oriental fictions, and wild and extravagant legends, seem to suit the prevailing taste; and Sir Walter Scott, in his capacity of ballad-master-general, has furnished a goodly supply. Born and educated in a region of romantic beauty, whose history abounded with events and incidents in perfect unison with the character of its scenery, Sir Walter, of necessity, became a poet. In imitation of those wandering Minstrels, whose verses were familiar to his boyhood, his harp resounded to feats of broil and battle, blended with the softer strains of love, and breathing at intervals, a high note resounding to his country's glory. The singular success which attended his various metrical romances, added fame and fashion to his name, and for some years he reigned 'Lord of the Ascendant,' and "bore his blushing honors thick upon him." But authors who are so fortunate as to gain the public favour seldom know when and where to pause from their labours, and retire amid the shade of their laurels. Sir Walter's Muse became somewhat too lavish of her favours; the interest of his poetry declined, and then, and not till then, like a prudent, and half-beaten general, he retired from a field in which total defeat must have attended his future exertions; and referring to the resources of his elegant and active mind, he entered on a new scene of action, and under the mystic title of the great unknown, came forth, arrayed in new and ten-fold powers. His place as a poet was speedily supplied, and the depth of feeling, the pathos, and the passion, of the lamented Byron, made a deep and lasting impression on the public mind. But it is not our desire, at present, to enter on the poetical history of that singularly gifted man. He has left behind him the imperishable records of his fame, these will speak for him hereafter; and what would a few weak words add to the general sympathy which his untimely fate has so deeply excited? The production of "Childe Harold," and the succession of beautiful poems, that soon followed, gave a new impulse to the poetical spirit of the age. "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lay of the last Minstrel," made room for the "The Corsair," "The Bride of Abydos," and other Tales and fragments of singular pathos and beauty; and the light and airy verses of Scott, gave way to the strength and spirit-stirring line of Byron. Yet, although their poetry may be said to have given a character to this elegant department of our

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literature, and to have excited, perhaps, a livelier interest in the public mind than the writings of any other of our living poets, (if we except prose,) we have a host of names of scarcely inferior note, who have put forth claims of undisputed genius to the poet's bays. Have we not Southey, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Rogers? and who will say, that they have not evinced, according to their peculiar powers, talents of the finest order? but it is not our present intention to enter on a general critique of their writings, neither can we here enumerate the voluminous and unequal professors of the art who yet remain to be mentioned, and whose pretensions are as various as the schools in which they practice. Such a task would lead us not only far beyond our limits, but subject us, we are well aware, to imputations of unfairness and partiality. Every lover of poetry has his peculiar One admires the grand and melancholy; another the gay and simple. Some delight in wit and satire, and some are all for music, smiles, and flowers. One loves the Muse of terror, and professes a sovereign contempt for the soft and soothing; while the taste of another is exclusively directed to pleasing images, and harmonious verses. For ourselves, the love of poetry is so deeply fixed in our nature-so interwoven with the thread of our existence, that we worship the Muses with unfeigned delight, without professing to pay our undivided homage to a particular sister. Yet, however this our general admiration, might fit us for the task of impartial criticism on the subjects of poets and poetry, we cannot but feel, that in weighing the genius of our living bards, and in apportioning to each the quantum of praise to which, in our judgments, we might think he was entitled, our motives and opinions would be subjected to unworthy charges.

To the future critic then, who perchance may occupy our dusty and moth-eaten chair, we leave the task of praising and comparing. On his judgment must depend the merits and defects of our living poets, and the various schools and styles to which their writings respectively belong. The Cockney, the Satanic, and the Lake, will then be fairly investigated. We must here, however, repeat our former opinion, that the greater part of our current poetry will not descend to posterity, and that much of the work of even our greatest poets, will pass away and be forgotten; and the cause of this (as we have before endeavoured to shew) may be traced, first and principally, to the prevailing taste of the age for light and fanciful subjects, to gratify which our finest and most powerful writers have frittered away their strength; and secondly, to the pecuniary temptations that are held out to successful authorship, which render men of genius careless of their future reputation, and only anx-

ious to secure their present enjoyment.

A few words with respect to the character and tendency of our popular poetry, and we hasten at once to our concluding remarks. There is, unquestionably, a freshness of thought and a vigour of execution observable in the writings of our living poets; and even the minor and less important pieces that find their way into our principal periodical works, and are often the gratuitous offerings of unknown pens, display much taste, sweetness, and feeling. Looking to these circumstances, and to

the number of hands that are daily engaged in adding to our stores of rhyme, we think it must be admitted, that the present is a highly poetic period. The romantic spirit, remarked by the author of Corinne, seems to be infused into the imaginations of our poets. The wild and incredible are embodied forth, and knights, haunted castles, and enchantments, flit before our fancies. It seems to be no longer the object of the poet to hold the mirror up to nature, show scorn her own image, and give to time his form and pressure. The bards of old

Told us the fashion of our own estate, The secrets of our bosoms—

but our modern poets limit their views to less sober objects; they wast us to the land of fiction, and delight us with the brightness of their dreams. Romance has come back to us clothed in new thought and polished numbers. In the reign of Elizabeth, a romantic feeling imbued the spirit of the age, and its literature caught the enthusiasm. lic mind was agitated then, as it is at present, and the same desire to drink at the fountains of knowledge, and to taste of the yet sweeter springs of poetry, were felt by all classes. But how different in other respects were these times to the present; the people of that period were filled with romantic fancy-love and chivalry went hand in hand, and the young nobles of the court of the virgin Queen were distinguished as well by their literary attainments, as by their heroism and gallantry. But, as far as regards the business of real life, the times in which we live are any think but romantic. We are a cool, plodding, calculating race: the age of chivalry, with all its fanciful associations, its loves, emulations, and adventures, are long since passed away, as though they had never been. Yet how beautiful they seem as they come to us in the language of the poet; how well do they relieve the common-place realities by which we are surrounded. If then the great majority of the poets of the day must necessarily sink into oblivion, we, who have enjoyed their transitory beauties, must acknowlege ourselves their debtors for many delightful moments: and although we fear that our prediction will be truly fulfilled, let us still hope, that their selected beauties may be collected together by some future editor, some Percy of the day; and that they may be found in the collections of the curious, and referred to with pleasure, as relics of the minor poets of the nineteenth century!

We wish, while on the subject of poetry, to add a few words respecting tragic compositions adapted to the stage. How is it that so little has been done to revive the expiring embers of Dramatic Poetry? how has it happened that not one of our numerous poets has been able to produce a successful tragedy? If it be answered, that there have been successful tragedies produced within the last ten years, we say the assertion cannot be supported; for we will not call a tragedy successful that happens to struggle through a few nights, or a few seasons, owing to the talents of a favourite actor, the popularity of the author himself, for whom fashion might have gained a name, or the adventitious aids of new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The causes to which we may attribute the

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failure of our modern dramatists, have been much debated, and we cannot but agree, in a great measure, with a brother critic in a cotemporary Too much attention has undoubtedly been bestowed by our tragic writers on mere decoration of style, and too little to the more indispensable requisites of action and passion. 'Tis thus that a modern tragedy, instead of rousing the energies of our nature, is a mere descriptive poem, filled, no doubt, with very beautiful pictures, and fanciful imagery, but totally incapable to excite, by its representation, any other feeling in an audience, than simple admiration of its poetical embellishments. But we go to a tragedy, not to hear a poem repeated, but to have our sympathies awakened, and our passions brought into play by energetic action and moving incidents; -and which of our modern dramatists has been able to accomplish this? So hopeless, indeed, is every effort of the Tragic Muse, that no sooner is a new piece announced, than its failure is calculated on almost to a moral certainty. We believe the author of Virginius to be the most successful of our tragic writers; and he has, undoubtedly, advanced very high claims to the honors of the melancholy Muse; but his best play will never be referred to as a stock piece. Bertram, Fazio, Mirandalo, The Apostate, and Evadne, have already met their fate; and their failure is certainly in a great degree owing to the causes we have mentioned, namely, the want of incident and action, and the substitution of poetry for passion. cannot but feel, however, that the public taste is not exactly in favour of tragic representations: there is, we think, a decided leaning, in the frequenters of Theatres, to farce and burlesque. We could produce many circumstances in support of this, but we think that the interest excited by a piece called 'Life in London,' and the crowded audiences which thronged to witness its representation, while some of our finest Tragedies were played to empty benches, would go far in establishing our opinion. But, as we have already drawn our remarks to some length, we will defer our remaining observations, on this very interesting question, to a future occasion, and content ourselves with observing, that however bountifully our poets have supplied us with their effusions, they have as yet failed in, perhaps, the noblest department of their art, we mean Tragedy. It would seem indeed, that the Muse of sighs and tears has retreated to some impervious dwelling:

> Deep in the shadow of a gloomy wood, Where not a ray of vulgar day-light darts; Or on the margin of some dismal lake, Silent and sad she takes her lonely stand.

Where none must intrude on her meditations, until some gifted spirit shall arise to whose invocations she may deign to listen. For the benefit of those who may yet aspire to her favors, we beg to transcribe these lines, with which we shall close this article:

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art, To raise the genius, and to mend the heart; To make mankind in conscious virtue bold, Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold: For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage. CAROLINE and ZELITE, or TRANSATLANTIC TALES, taken from real life. By Anna White Smith. London. Cock. 1824.

This volume was not submitted to our perusal, till the best part of our labours for the week was in the printer's hand. Deprived, therefore, of time and space, we fear we shall be unable to do that justice to the work, as its merits demand, and our satisfaction would grant. Caroline and Zelite, are two separate tales, and are sent forth to the world in a modest and unobtrusive style. Of the former (the principal of the two) we cannot enter into an analytical criticism; but of the latter, we will

endeavour to give enough to form a judgment.

The scene is laid in the West Indies, where Zelite (the heroine of the tale,) the illegitimate daughter of a planter, becomes acquainted with a Lady Ponsonby, and enamoured of her cousin, Adolphus Raymond. What is a heroine without she is in love! Her attachment is fruitless, for by the compulsion of his parents, the object of her affection is consigned to the arms of another. She subsequently lives under the protection of Lady Ponsonby, and upon the death of that lady's husband, they depart from the West Indies for England. She here endeavours to banish the recollection of her first expectations from her mind, and listens to the assiduities of her benefactress's brother. At Bristol, where she has retired in consequence of illness, she finds Raymond, who, from the galling effects of disappointment, is much impaired in health, and at last sinks under the weight of his misery. Zelite, blest with the affection of her husband, is happily settled, while her benefactress devotes the remainder of her life to religion. From these simple materials the fair author has wrought a pleasing and interesting narrative; and to those whose taste is not perverted by highly seasoned compositions, which too frequently take the public attention in preference to those more worthy and less meretricious, we cordially recommend this unaffected volume to their attention.

TEMPER.

(From the Oriental.)

YES, Leila, I swore by the fire of thine eyes, I ne'er could a sweetness unvaried endure; The bubbles of spirit, that sparkling arise, Forbid life to stagnate, and render it pure.

But yet, my dear maid, tho' thy spirit's my pride,
I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl:
If life be ne'er suffered to rest or subside,
It may not be fleet—but I fear 'twill be foul.

MARY ROBINSON.

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ness, at having murained at the dience eroes of those who had thought per-

and once suore les timese himself upon the parth, and in the anguished a "The young village maid, as with flowers she dresses Her dark-flowing locks for some festival day, Shall think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,
Will mournfully turn from her mirror away." degranoom the visinger, as he returned to his cottage form dur day's

bour, when posing but, who want there in the sadners of an almost

broken heart, amooyered his bead, and mere than once, the cor of pily It was one evening in May, that I had wandered into the churchvard of a small village, a few miles from London. The heat of day was past, and the last rays of the sun were brightening the spire of the small white church, and crowning the tops of the distant hills, as with a crown of gold. A gentle breeze, bearing the perfume of many a fragrant wildflower, was sweeping by; and the feathered choristers, singing their hymns of thankfulness, alone broke the solemn silence that reigned around. I had seated myself upon a little moss-covered hillock; and, as I cast my eyes about me, and marked the multitude of graves in which the sons and daughters of labour were reposing in the long sleep of death, I became buried in a train of reflections, which such a scene and hour would awaken. In this melancholy abstraction I continued for some time, when a distinct and deep drawn sigh, as if from a bosom where sorrow had its home, thrilled through my ears. I started up, and looking round, saw an old man, gazing in the agony of despair upon a low grave, on which many a flower was strewn, whose fading dyes seemed to be in keeping with the solemnity of the scene; and which, from the care and attention that had been paid to it, appeared to be the last resting place of one, who had gone through the measure of years beloved; whose loss was regretted, and whose memory was perpetuated by the simple, though touching memento. Without being heard, I approached within a few yards of him, and on a small stone at the head of the grave, read this simple inscription : - seb that for that of series good, multipolite a sale

Mary Robinson -- Aged 20 years." . been saw sould

These few words, and the sight of the old man, spoke volumes; they told of one, severed in the first bloom of her years, from the enjoyment of life, and a father's approving affection; one, who, perhaps, had been the joy and prop of his declining age, -in whom his every hope was centered; and who, he had fondly thought, when his mortal pilgrimage was waning to a close, would enable him to pass with thanksgiving through the struggling of departing mortality; and who, when his course was run, at the sweet evening hour, would have stolen from the gayhaunts of pleasure to shed the tear of filial affection over his grave—an expectation too bliss-fraught, for any but a father's heart to feel. It was other. wise decreed; and the old man had stood at the head of the pit, and seen that form, he loved so deeply, let down into the bosom of the earth, "to lie in cold oblivion." My attention was now directed towards PART IX. 35 .- Fourth Edit. VOL II. H

him: awhile he lay in sorrow upon that low grave, and then kneeling, and raising his tearful eyes to heaven, he breathed a short prayer for forgiveness, at having murmured at the decrees of Him, who had thought proper thus to chasten his servant with affliction;—then a conviction, that his beloved daughter was lost to him for ever, again burst upon his soul, and once more he threw himself upon the earth, and in the anguish of a father's agony, clasped, as if unconsciously, the green turf that covered all that remained of his child.

It appeared that the story of the tenant of that silent spot, was well known: for the villager, as he returned to his cottage from the day's labour, when passing him, who wept there in the sadness of an almost broken heart, uncovered his head, and more than once, the tear of pity would roll down his sun-burnt face.

I made inquiries respecting her, whose earthly dream had passed away, even as a cloud, and the following was the tale that was told me,—a tale, the mournful truth of which is too often shewn.

The father of Mary Robinson had been an officer, and had often fought and bled for the cause of his country; but the state of his health, from a long residence in a hot climate, was so much impaired, that yielding to the solicitations of his amiable wife, he retired from the service, and removed with her and his child to a small romantic village. Here they lived contented and happy, every hope being centered in their daughter. She was the eldest of five children, none of whom, except herself, were living. Possessed of elegant features and form, it was scarcely possible to imagine a more beautiful object than the lovely Mary at this time presented. Nineteen summers had passed over her head, and as they fleeted, her loveliness increased. And she was happy, for her gentle heart wished not for other pleasures than she now enjoyed, in the bosom of those who were dear to her. Often in a summer's evening, would she rove among the beautiful scenes that surrounded her peaceful home; or sitting within some bower, formed by the hand of nature, she would sing the traditionary tales of ancient heroes, while her parents would watch her, until almost unconsciously, the prayer for her happiness would murmur upon their lips. And they would form, in the fancy of their affection, long years of bliss for that dear child, on whom every hope was placed: and when that dark thought would arise, that an hour would come when a yearning grave must eventually cover them,a thought, that even in the most blissful moments, will shed its influence upon the mind-it was a soothing reflection, that one was left who would stray to the spot where they were resting-who would pluck from the turf the wild weeds that had no right to flourish over the grave of affection—and in whose memory, their names would never perish. alas! the dreams in which our happiness forms the principal object, are the soonest subject to the withering influence of cold reality. Thus it was with them-it was doomed that the cup of anticipated felicity should be dashed from their lips, and that the chalice of adversity should be drained to the dregs; that affliction should bring them to that state,

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when the heart mosed add out involved the wind on beyond the beart Heedeth not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely."

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One winter night, they were gathered around their cheerful fire, listening to the notes of the harp, that rung responsive to their daughter's voice, and forming visions of future happiness. The wild blast roared frightfully past their cottage, and the drifting snow descended like thick clouds on the surface of nature. They feared not the tempest: yet sometimes would the strings of the harp be hushed, and a sigh breathed for the poor traveller, roaming far from his quiet home, who might be exposed to that storm. Suddenly, between the momentary pauses of the gale, a voice was heard, calling for help—it got weaker, and at length ceased. The door was opened, and after a short search, they succeeded in finding the object of their solicitude, stretched apparently lifeless upon the frozen ground. They carried him into their cottage, and by repeated attentions, he was recovered from the state of insensibility into which he had fallen.

It appeared, that in the darkness of the night, he had mistaken his road, and been thrown from his horse, and from the state of his wounds, but for their assistance, must have perished. For some weeks he was their cherished guest, and many, apparently sincere, were his protestations of gratitude. He was heir to a large estate, and his respectful attentions and fascinating manners soon won the heart of the gentle Mary. Fain would I draw a veil over the rest. She loved him with the fervour of a woman's first and only love—loved him enthusiastically—and he— How often, when all around is bright and lovely when the flowers with their fragrance perfume the air—when the birds are singing their sweet music—and when all nature breathes of peace; how often, in such a scene, will the black storm arise, and turn to darkness and gloom, the prospects that a few moments before were so beautiful. Thus, when the fickle sunshine of happiness was on them, and thoughts of the future gave enchanted visions of joy; thus, when their hearts bounded with pride and delight at the possession of such a daughter, ruin burst upon them, like a torrent that in its overwhelming progress carries every thing away. No reproaches came from them—they but saw their poor child lonely and deserted, and the words of comfort flowed from their lips; but their hearts were wounded, and happiness had fled away for ever.

The mother, whose bliss was bound up in her child, had not fortitude to resist the sorrow that had come upon them, and she soon departed for that bourne from whence no traveller ever returned." This was a shock too great for poor Mary; she upbraided herself as the cause of her parent's death, and in a short time her reason passed from her. It was a sad sight to see her, who not long before was contented and happy, sitting on the grave where her mother was resting, and heedless of all around, calling upon her name. Cold and senseless must be the heart of him, who could look on such a scene unmoved; but more devoid of feeling must be the man, who, for a moment's gratification, can give up a lovely female to such sorrow,—one, whose greatest fault is loving too deeply; and whose greater terror, is placing faith on an object the least deserving. Nature could not long support the agitation of her mind, and in a few months, her friends were gathered round the bed on

us, but that their senses are bound ig H lark forgetfulness.

which lay the dying girl, still lovely in her decline, even as a faded rose bowing its beautiful head, when the blighting wind has passed over it. She was arrayed in a white dress, and the pink ribbons on her cap threw a slight tinge on her otherwise pale features. Her soft blue eyes one moment were brightened with the smile of rapture, and the next dimmed with the shadow of sorrow, as in the waywardness of a sickly heart, she sung the following fragment of an old ballad:—

It was a knight, and a maiden fair,

They sat in a sweet and blooming bower,
The songs of birds of the spring were there,
And many a lovely flower.

Her gentle head on his breast was laid, And fondly he vow'd to love her ever; But the knight was false, and the trusting maid— Her peace was gone for ever.

She had touched the chord on which the tale of her own sorrows hung; the tears flowed fast from her eyes, and her voice was scarcely heard, as in a mournful tone, she breathed that, which she knew would soon be her own fate.

The spring is past, and the winter come,
And hollow winds are sighing,
But she hears them not—in the silent tomb
The ruin'd maid is lying.

The tears streamed in sadness from the eyes of those who were gathered around her. But there was one, whose anguish was too great for tears—one, whose last hope seemed to be fleeting from him—and on whom the sun of happiness had once shone so brightly, that when it sunk in the clouds, and the black storm howled over him, its dark scenes appeared even more desolating. He spoke not,—but gazed on the form of his dying child so intensely, that all else was lost to him.

And know—yet dare not own—we gaze in vain."

She knew him not—hurriedly she turned her look on one, and then on another, and then her eyes rested on that heart-broken man, whose arms had supported her in her infancy, and who now bent over her in grief's wild despair—but she knew not that father, whose last bliss was centered in her.

Oh it is sad to sit by the bed-side of those who are near and dear to us, and to gaze on them with the sad conviction, that ere a few hours have passed away, they will be mixed with their kindred dust, and be shut up in the cold—cold grave. To think that we shall trace our footsteps to those scenes in which we have wandered together—recall the delight of that hour, when stealing from the busy world in some retired spot, we have held converse—call upon their name, but hear no reply: but even this conviction, sad as it is, becomes still more heart-rending, when we look upon those who are dying, and they know us not; when in affliction's silence, our eyes rest upon them, but the vacant look, or the wild hysterical laugh, too truly proclaim that they cannot recognize us, but that their senses are bound up in dark forgetfulness.

The door of the apartment, in which the poor maniac was dying, now opened, and a man burst into the room, in whose face the marks of conscious guilt and shame were visible; but he stood as a statue, when he saw the scene that was before him—when he marked that old man, who in the hour of pain and danger had watched over him, with his long grey hairs, hanging near broken-hearted over his dying daughter, that daughter who, till she knew him, was blithe and happy. She had not observed his entrance—she appeared lost to all around her, and again began to sing, in a voice even more faint than before, a mournful strain—

I fain would lay my aching head And throbbing heart within the tomb, Where summer's balmy flowers will shed The fragrance of their sweet perfume.

I wish to slumber 'neath the turf, And softly rest—each wandering o'er—

"Oh, do not, my beloved, talk of dyin" cried the stranger, rushing to her bed-side, "live, live for me, unworthy as I am." Wildly she turned and gazed on him who knelt beside her,—and uttering a faint shriek, sunk insensible upon her pillow. Long did she lay in that deathlike swoon, and when they again brought her to life, her senses return'd, -returned, but to pass away for ever. She passed her hand over her burning brow, as if some dark dream had shed its influence upon her. "I feel," she at length said, in a plaintive voice, "that my senses have long been wandering, and that Heaven, in its mercy, has again restored them to me, that, before I die, I may bless those who have ever been dear to me. I know that the hand of death is on me—that, when a few hours are over, I shall lie within the lonely grave.—Do not weep, my dearest father," she said to her poor old parent, whose tears were now flowing plentifully, "do not weep, for I quit a world of troubles for that place, where they who mourn shall be comforted, and where the weary are at rest."

She called her repentant seducer to her, and reclining her head upon his bosom, and looking with the dying look of affection on him, she said, "I have often prayed that my last breath might pass away in your arms—that when my hour arrived, upon your bosom the last sigh of life might be breathed, and it has pleased Him who rules above to grant my prayer. Do not, when I am no more, forget me,—sometimes go to the grave of her, whom once you called your own beloved maiden,—think of her as she was, pure and innocent,—and recall not her present state, but remember that with her dying breath she forgave you."

"Forgive me! oh, no, you cannot, cannot forgive a wretch like me," cried he, hiding his face in his hands, "say that you curse me—your torgiveness will make my guilt appear still more dreadful." "No, no," she replied, "I do forgive you, and may He even so deal with me, as the words I now utter are sincere. Comfort my poor father when I am gone—and when in future years memory recalls the remembrance of those who sleep beneath the turf—when my name is spoken, one sigh of

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ness, gave up all that is heavenly in her nature."

The shades of death were passing fast over her features, and she knew that in a few moments more, the dream of life would be broken for ever. "I have but one last wish," she at length said, "do not refuse it." She took the hand of her repentant lover, and placing it in that of her father, said, "Forgive him, for my sake." The old man forgot all the injuries he had received, and exclaimed, "I do—I do." She prest his hand to her lips, and giving one last look of affection to her betrayer, just murmured, "I die happy," and fell back upon her pillow—a long sigh was heard,—and then, all was silent—and she lay before them, as fair a flower as ever the desolating hand of death had rested upon.

It is impossible to tell the anguish of him, who looked upon that still lovely form, with the dreadful thought, that, but for his villainy, she had still lived to bless her poor old parent. Far different were that old man's feelings—he was kneeling by the side of the bed where lay his dead child, and praying to the throne of mercy for resignation to support him under his afflictions,—he knew that she was lost to him in this world for ever, but he looked forward to that hour, when in the presence of

the Almighty, they would be again united.

On the next Sunday she was laid in the grave. Many of the village maidens preceded the coffin of her, whom they had all loved so much—immediately after it walked he, whose only child was about to be consigned to her mother earth—his eyes were turned towards heaven, and the look of resignation that was in them, proved that his petitions had been presented to the throne, from whence comfort could alone be given. The minister met them at the door of the church, and when that sacred sentence was said, "I am the resurrection and the life, whoso believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live for ever,"—then that old man knew that his child was in heaven; for though awhile she had wandered from the path of rectitude, she had returned to the fold, where the Heavenly Shepherd watcheth over those who repent.

The beautiful service was gone through, and in a little while they stood round the grave in which the once lovely girl was sleeping, and when, as the sexton scattered a handful of earth over the coffin, the minister pronounced those solemn words, "Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!" the agonized father experienced the awful climax

of irremediable despair.

A few words, such as suited the occasion, were spoken, and in a short time all but one had parted from the grave of her, they never more were to see. He looked into the narrow resting-place of his beloved child—went away—again returned to weep—and when the pit was filled, and the green turf placed over it, he threw himself upon the ground in all the agony of a childless father's distress. Day after day would he come to gaze upon that sad spot; and the villagers, as they saw him lying, would breathe a sigh, while the tear of pity would flow, for the fate of the young and beautiful MARY ROBINSON!

thixe with me, and well not refuse your raits." My dear Madam, you man no mentage THE CAMERA COBSCURA. - NO. III. you saude saude

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hardness of the times, are sted for debt, and the usual train of domestic

It is an adage that is in every body's mouth, that "laws are made for the rich as well as the poor:" with all due respect, Mr. Merton, for the retailers of this opinion, I believe they have heretofore made an exception in regard to such as are denominated, "the mendicity laws;" thinking, I suppose, they regard the poor exclusively, which, in my opinion, is both partial and unjust: for I am very well acquainted with a variety of subjects, among the higher branches of the community, who I consider fit objects for the exercise of the powers of that estimable institution, "The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity," or, more properly speaking, begging; and I hope the committee will take the subject into their most serious consideration at their first meeting.

No. 1, is my dear friend, Mrs. Gad-about, who is one of those kindhearted philanthropists, who prefers every body's business to her own: she takes such an infinite pleasure in affording relief, and (although it may seem a paradox) nothing gives her greater delight than to hunt out some object in distress. A broken-down tradesman, with a sick wife and half-a-dozen craving babes, with her is an object not to be "sneezed at." A widow, with a long tale of domestic calamities, is a prize: and ragged orphans or chimney-sweeps have charms in her eyes, they would not meet with in those of the most benevolent. She is continually prying about for some fresh object, on the strength of whose calamities she may levy contributions on the sympathy, and what is more, the purse, of her friends. When the purport of her perambulations has failed, I have heard her exclaim, with the Roman Emperor, "My friends, I have lost a day." She reminds me of some kind-hearted individuals, who, after taking a long journey to a town where the Assizes were held, enquired whether there was any case of peculiar interest; and when the answer was given, "that there was not a capital crime, nor an offence of any peculiar enormity in the calendar," exclaimed, "Bless my soul! how provoking! to come all this way, and no execution after all!"* I could bring fifty instances in support of my charge, but shall content myself with the following. I was busily employed at breakfast not a long while since, when she came bustling into my room with, "My dear Mr. Clearsight, happy to see you looking so well." "Much obliged to you this early visit is as pleasing as it is unexpected." "Ah! thought I would surprize you—but an affair of grave importance"—"You may leave the room, John,"-" that I could not rest till I had your advice. You, Mr. Clearsight, that are so generous a temper, and whose heart is so feelingly alive to the wants and distresses of another,"—(this is the usual beginning of the politic old lady,) - "I am sure you will sympathize with me, and will not refuse your mite." "My dear Madam, you must excuse my abruptness, but really I have an engagement on most important business, and you see I am still en dishabile." "Ah, but the woes and sufferings of our fellow-creatures,"—and then comes a long rigmarole of a worthy and respectable tradesman, borne down by the hardness of the times, arrested for debt, and the usual train of domestic miseries; the end of which is, that a sovereign must start from my purse in aid of a person I have never seen, and who, for aught I am aware of, may be a rank impostor; as I know that Mrs. Gad-about, in her zeal for relieving the wants of the distressed, when she could not find a real object, rather than remain unemployed, would be satisfied with a fictitious one. I would recommend her to the board, in the language of

the overseers, as "an old offender."

No. 2, is Lady Bridget Meddleton, who is one of the most accomplished professors of the art of begging I have the misfortune to be acquainted with. She does not prepare your mind with a whining tale like Mrs. Gad-about, and then suddenly bounce out with, "please to bestow your charity." No, she looks out for your weak side, and then takes you completely by storm. She has toils and ambushes always prepared to catch her unwary victim; for instance, if you are in her drawing-room, on the mantle-piece it is ten to one but what you will see a little box of very curious workmanship, that of course excites your curiosity; you take it up, and find a sweet painting of the "Good Samaritan," "The Healing of the Sick," or some such appropriate device, and on the top, to your utter dismay, you will find a hole, either to receive a sovereign or a crown-piece. When this discovery is made, the Bible Society, The Distressed Seaman's Fund, or the Opthalmic Hospital, is introduced—and in such a way as speedily to prove the sympathy that exists between the heart and the pocket. If you look on a side table, you will find a variety of nick-nacks, daubs of flowers, cockle-shells and pin-cushions, all the work of some unfortunate artist or deserving family, experiencing the severity of the times, the falling-off of trade, and the low price of manufactured goods. She I hold up, as a very flagrant example.

No. 3, comprehends certain Secretaries of Charities, who are apt to invite their friends to dinner, inclosing at the same time a ticket of admission, on which is very conspicuously stated, "Price One Guinea." This is the genteelest method of extracting money from your friend's pocket that I am acquainted with, and shews to what a pitch of refinement Begging is arrived at. Under this head I would recommend as fit objects, individuals who very kindly send letters of recommendation to their friends, "assuring them that the bearer is a fit object for the exercise of their charity, and that by regarding him as such, they will confer a personal favour on your's, &c." This, to people of limited means,

and with poor relations, is a grievous evil.

These are among the most glaring objects, and perhaps I shall, on a future occasion, point out to the Manager's Committee, a few minor delinquents, among the middle and higher circles.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

YES, smile!—exult in thy morning hour,
'Twere a pity to cloud that sunny brow,
Or blight, ere it blossom, the beautiful flower
Of promising hope: Yet smile not thou
In the pride of thy heart, and thy reckless thought,
At the ruin thy ruthless hand hath wrought.

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Oh! smile not, though haply the hand of spring
Hath scatter'd thy path with its fairest flowers,
And Time, as he flits on his noiseless wing,
Hath swept not a gem from thy chosen bowers;
And ever thy finger be lightly flung
O'er the lute, to pleasure wholly strung.

For why should thy young heart dream of sorrow?

The chalice of gladness is mingled for thee:

Smile on—may the pleasures of every morrow

Look bright in their prospect, nor fade e'er they flee:

And then may their retrospect render them clear,

As a voice we once lov'd, sinks on the ear.

On the streamlet of life, while the beams are playing,
Rejoice in the pride of thy beauty and youth;
Rejoice in the freshness of fancy arraying.
The visions of Hope in the raiment of Truth;
Rejoice in the rays that are softly shed
O'er the past, like the beauty that haunts the dead.

Like the halo that loves o'er the grave to hover,
Of the wise and the brave that have pass'd away,
Like the tints of the west, when the day is over,
Or the hues of the woods that are gone to decay;
Or the ivy, that ever delights to cling
To the tower whose strength is mouldering.

Oh how blest are they, for whom memory treasures
The records of hours they would not forget;
Whose innocent hearts, in recalling the pleasures,
That have vanish'd for ever, have nought to regret;
No sorrow to shadow the scenes that are past,
But only to grieve they have fleeted so fast.

Such boon be thine—When thy youth is over,
Though pleasure at length begins to pall,
Though haply no longer thy heart discover
The delight that is found in the festival;
But given thee still in thy bower alone,
To rejoice in recalling the days that are gone!

The Improvisatrice, and other Poems. By L. E. L. 12mo. pp. 327. London. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 1824.

We have seldom had occasion, in our critical capacity, to question the judgment of our contemporary Reviewers; because, however they may differ in opinion with respect to the merits of particular works, their comments are, in general, remarkable for fairness and candour, and they appear to be influenced only by a wish to afford to their readers a just estimate of the value of such works as have come within their notice: but when we see an instance of open, bare-faced puffing, and undisguised partiality, we cannot too strongly condemn, or too openly expose it. And we feel that this condemnation and exposure are the more incumbent on us, as the critic to whom we shall allude, by some accident or other, stands high in the estimation of the public, and conducts a Literary Journal of talent and celebrity.

The task, which has thus devolved upon us, is not of a very pleasing nature; but, in justice to the public, we shall endeavour to fulfil it. Without farther preamble, we will merely state, that the *Literary Gazette* is the work to which we allude, and that the review, which we cannot sufficiently condemn, will be found in one of its recent numbers, and is occasioned in consequence of the appearance of a poem, called *The Improvisatrice*, which is said to be the production of a very young lady, who has written a vast number of love-sick Sonnets under the initials L. E. L. which, from time to time, have appeared in the pages

of the above-named Journal.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we have sat down to pass a sweeping censure on The Improvisatrice, and its fair Author; far be it from us to wish to repress the outpourings of a fond and youthful fancy, or to check the impassioned accents of a Muse, whose strains are devoted to Love, and all his soft endearments. We are no hermits, nor have we reached that sober decline of life, when the heyday of the blood attends upon the judgment; and, indeed, if we had, the verses of our "English Sappho" would go far in heating us again. Her descriptions are sufficiently warm and luxurious: she appears to be the very creature of passionate inspiration; and the wild and romantic being whom she describes as the Improvisatrice, seems to be the very counterpart of her sentimental self. Her poetical breathing appears to proceed from a soul, whose very essence is love; and seared hearts-withered hopes-broken lutes-blighted flowers-music and moonlight, sing The Improvisatrice, their melancholy changes through all her verses. like the Corinne of Madame De Stael, is an Italian female, who is supposed to be endued with the power of uttering her feelings and fancies in extemporaneous rhyme. Born in Florence, her childhood

Passed mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings:
Statues, but known from shapes of the earth,
By being too lovely for mortal birth;
Paintings, whose colours of life were caught

From the fairy tints in the ralnbow wrought; Music, whose sighs had a spell like those, That float on the sea at the evening's close; Language so silvery, that every word Was like the lute's awakening chord; Skies half sunshine, and half star-light; Flowers, whose lives were a breath of delight; Leaves, whose green pomp knew no withering; Fountains, bright as the skies of our spring; And songs, whose wild and passionate line, Suited a soul of romance.

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Surrounded with such beauty and harmony, she becomes naturally a painter and poet, and breathes in song the emotions of her full heart, or pictures on the canvas her dreams of ideal beauty. As yet, however, love had not crossed her visions:

High thought she nourished, raised a pyre For love to light,—

and the young god accordingly soon sets it on fire. Lorenzo is the happy youth who fills her fond heart with a passion as boundless and extravagant as might have been expected from the combustible materials of which her affections were composed. Under the influence of this passion, she sings her improvised songs with new vehemence and vigour. And many episodes are introduced, all of a melancholy tendency, and leading, by a natural sympathy, to the fate which awaited the fair songstress herself. Lorenzo, while he confesses his love for her, is forced to give his hand in marriage to another, and the Improvisatrice, after witnessing the nuptials of her lover with her more fortunate rival, utters a few farewell verses, and is supposed to die of a broken heart. These are the chief incidents which compose the Poem of the Improvisatrice. The volume, which is neatly got up, and prettily embellished, in addition to the principal Poem, is filled up with a number of Miscellaneous Pieces, of which we shall merely remark, that they are all in the same strain of sad monotony, although the critic in the Literary Gazette takes pains to assure his readers, that they totally differ from each other in sentiment and subject. In fact, the chief fault which pervades the poetry of L. E. L. is its unbroken sameness. Her Muse is always in mourning, and sighs and tears are the food on which she loves to banquet. Her harp has but one note, and that wakes to sorrow only. Stanzas on a Withered Flower, Lines to a Deserted Harp, or Verses to a Faithless Lover, are the chief subjects of her song.

We regret that our space will not permit us to give lengthened extracts from the poem before us. The Death Song of Sappho, however, we will take the liberty to extract entire, not only as it affords a good specimen of the author's peculiar talent, and of the monotonous melancholy which runs through all her poetry, but from the high commendation which the Reviewer in the Literary Gazette bestows upon it. "We are acquainted," says he, "with nothing more beautiful in our language."

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,

Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;

It was not song that taught me love,

But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee!

Long be their light upon my grave—

My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea:

I shall sleep calm beneath its wave.

Now, admitting, as we cheerfully do, that these verses are pretty, we will confidently ask, do they merit a higher eulogium? Are they not, in fact, another version of fifty similar songs, to which we could point in the back numbers of the Literary Gazette? the inference is easily drawn, and the motive for this Editorial puff is sufficiently obvious. L. E. L. as we have before stated, supplies the poetical department of that journal, and thus, in praising her productions, the wily Editor is not unmindful of himself. But this is not the first occasion for our friend in the Gazette to puff his fair correspondent. We remember that sometime since, a report was spread of the premature death of this same interesting young lady, and the Literary Gazette joined in the solemn foolery, lamenting her timeless decease, as if it really happened. How far the humbug succeeded, we have little means of ascertaining, but every honourable mind must despise such a pitiable resort.

We shall now select a few of the extravagant encomiums lavished on the Improvisatrice in the Review, to which we have so often alluded, and regretting that our limits will not permit us to draw more copious extracts from the work itself, we refer it to our readers; and when they have considered its contents, we will ask them in sober seriousness, was the grave Editor of the Literary Gazette in his right senses when he sent the following passages to be printed? "As far," says the Critic, "as our poetical taste and judgment enable us to form an opinion, we can adduce no instance ancient or modern of similar talent and excellence;" and again, in his concluding paragraph, "this volume forms an era in our country's bright cycle of female poetical fame—we can give her the assurance of what the possessor of such talents must most earnestly covet—

In concluding our notice of the Improvisatrice, we hope that, in offering the foregoing remarks, we may not be misunderstood. We love poetry, and we respect the name of poet, as ardently, perhaps, as any of our brother critics; and, whether the lyre is swept by a male or female hand, matters not to us, so as we are affected by the music of its chords: indeed, we are inclined to feel that, in the latter case, we should be more disposed to be soothed and delighted. Of L. E. L. therefore,

we cannot but speak in terms of praise. She possesses taste, sweetness, and a high poetical feeling; and we only regret she should have fallen into interested hands, by which her talents are prematurely thrust upon the world, and rated so far beyond their merits. We will ask this question, and we believe there are few persons who will not give to it a ready answer. Had the *Improvisatrice* been published anonymously, that is, had its author been entirely unknown, would it have been lauded as it has been by the Editor of the Literary Gazette? We love to give merit its due: we love to advance timid and retiring genius, and most strongly do we feel the claim, which a young and gifted female advances to our favour and protection. But we despise the despicable artifices of literary men to advance their own interest. And in our estimation of the works of others we shall always remember that there is an unerring standard by which merit may be judged, independently of self-interest, favour, or affection.

BOLINGBROKE'S CLARA.

Among the ballad-singers in chief repute during the time of Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Steele, &c. (when as yet that tuneful tribe stood high in estimation) there was a young creature, now known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at this time by the sweetness and pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of Black Eyed Susan, and one or two songs, which were afterwards introduced into the Beggars' Opera. But her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her having for many years been the object of Lord Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship had not seen her; and it was after that interval, that, having met her, he addressed to her the tender lines, beginning—

"Dear thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe for once the lover and the friend."

And concludes thus, and of and saw on fall mind and in otate assignments

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"To virtue thus and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored;
Be to thy Harry kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you!"

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges, at the Court of Requests.

celestial beings; or only regarded as executores of life, to show the extent

mind and and and arrection, and parental Love.

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese, of 40 years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends.—"Why do you weep?"—"Alas! things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."

ON WOMEN.

1. In regard to their treatment by the Laws of their Country.

They do take who have the power;
And they do keep who can.

OLD SONG.

Among other superiorities that this country claims above the surrounding nations, that of its treatment of women is one of her proudest, and, in our opinion, one of her least merited. It seems a notion among us that because we do not treat the fairer portion of the earth after the example of the Turks or South-Sea Islanders, where women are either caged as instruments of pleasure, or retained as mere domestic drudges, that our nation gives proof of great intellectuality and more than ordinary generosity of feeling. It will be our object in this essay to prove, that Women, even in this boasted and civilized country, are regarded altogether as inferior beings, and that every advantage is taken of the natural inequality of their sex, by impartial laws, and unworthy judgments of society, when that sex is the subject of their operation.

One of the first principles of nature, is for man to form that combination with his friend which will yield him the greatest advantage or protection. The weak naturally seek the assistance of the strong, for nature never intended that the power of one individual should be enjoyed by him alone, she endowed him with her gifts in trust for his fellowcreatures. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that she made Woman the weaker creature, and gave her the more inspiring charms, for the purpose of calling into life and energy, and exercising the more powerful faculties, of her favoured creature man. How the latter has redeemed the pledge his birth, and the possession of his power imposed, we are now about to examine. Is it by permitting physical power to gain the ascendancy over moral right? Is it by taking advantage of the defenceless state of the thing that he was born to protect, and promoting customs, and enacting laws, that only evince his own superiority, and the female's deficiences? That such has been his performance of the duty that nature imposed on him, an examination into the laws and customs of all the different countries in the world, will in some degree testify: and in none so strikingly as in our "own beloved Albion," that country which is held up as a paragon for the example of the rest of the world, and where Women are supposed to be estimated as nothing short of celestial beings; or only regarded as creatures of life, to shew the extent of the adoration that can exist beneath Heaven; for the best criterion that a nation can afford of its internal worth and character, is the light in which they estimate the female. For the truth of this assertion, let us look around to the world. In a neighbouring nation, they are thought frivolous and heartless beings, as mere play-things, or instruments to display their vanity and conceit. What character does that nation bear, in the estimation of the remainder of that quarter of the world? In

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Turkey, and in the East, where they are caged like singing birds, and treated as the mere toys of sensuality, as we would treasure wine in our cellar, not for its internal worth, but for the mere gratification it affords; where is there a nation that groans so heavily beneath the chains of despotic tyranny, as that "land of the East." In short, whatever country we examine, we shall find, that the higher females are estimated, the greater that country flourishes in its commerce, its internal wealth, its arts, and the world's good opinion; while on the contrary, we shall discover, that the wilder a nation is, the more savage its inhabitants, and the least enjoying of the comforts of life, the worse its females will be found to be treated, and their worth the least estimated in the minds (if we allow them to have such) of the opposite sex.

But we have no occasion to travel from home for examples, a glance at our own laws, and the customs of our society, will prove the fact of our position, that by those Women are regarded altogether as inferior beings; and that these laws and customs, instead of remedying the defect, that nature was pleased to make inherent to the weaker sex, have only shewn their partiality by rendering such inequalities still greater.

To begin with our laws, that boasted bulwark of an Englishman's (for they do not extend in general to females) rights and liberties. The first and most manifest injustice towards the female begins at the moment of her birth, and that is the system of inheritance by primo-geniture, whose leading feature is to prefer all males to females. Thus, if a father dies, and leaves six grown-up daughters, and one son, that son immediately becomes entitled to the whole of the property his father died possessed of;* in exclusion of the whole of his sisters, who perhaps are cast adrift on the world, while he may be still in his cradle. The circumstances from which this law originated, perhaps rendered it at that time a wise and useful one. The time of its commencement, was in the earlier ages of civilization, when the possession of property incurred with it a duty, of serving personally in the wars, and assisting the military strength of the country. The proprietor was styled the lord, and his tenants or servants, the vassals. None of the property came into the possession of a female, it was a physical impossibility that she could be of service to her sovereign, or that she would have that command over her dependents as would compel them. But when the duty has ceased to exist we would ask, why does the law that compelled that duty, still remain?

Another most unjust and unjustifiable distinction, and which thoroughly shews the difference our law allows between the two sexes, by balancing their individual lives, and considering the man the most worthy, and his loss the greatest and most irreparable to society. If a man should take it into his head to kill his wife, it is thought no more of than were he to kill a stranger. But, on the other hand, were the wife to sacrifice the husband to her passions, the crime would be looked upon as so much more heinous, that she would be visited with the severest

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^{*}This it must be understood, only comprehends real property, such as lands, houses, and estates, while the personal property, such as furniture, money, and whatever is moveable, is divided equally among the sisters.—ED.

punishment the law can inflict, the same as if she had murdered the king; the homicide of her husband being, not considered in the light of murder only, but in the darker, and, in the eyes of the law, more heinous crime of High Treason. Till within the last forty years, for every species of treason, that did not approach in magnitude of crime to High Treason, the punishment of the man was to be hanged, while that of the woman, in compassion, we suppose, to her acknowledged mental and bodily inferiority, was to be Burned Alive! This stigma, by an Act of the late King's reign, is fortunately no longer on our national character. Only equal in injustice and barbarity to this law, was that which formerly existed, of denying to all females benefit of clergy, which had the effect of depriving them of life, for those crimes that the opposite sex would be only branded in the hand, or receive a few month's imprisonment for.

All a woman's personal property at her marriage becomes solely her husband's, and what landed property she may possess, he has during their marriage the enjoyment of, and at his death, if he leave a heir, she only receives a partial benefit, by being entitled to her dower, which

she would be were there no heir.

Now though the woman is deprived of every liberty, and every dominion of property, by her marriage, does she acquire any thing by it? We answer,—none whatever. For those restrictions that are put upon her are not to her advantage. A wife, though she gives every shilling to her husband, cannot take one from him. The pittance she has gained by "the sweat of her brow" is his, and no power can wrest it from him. She cannot in any way make him liable, while he provides her with the scanty necessaries of life, with a single debt; nor is she in a situation to be liable to one herself; which renders this latter situation either a blessing or a curse.

Now although the possession of property renders a woman liable to all the taxes and impositions that it subjects the opposite sex to, yet it alters none of the liberties it confers on the favoured subject. It is, as a learned judge observes, "taxation without representation." In proof of which, a woman may have property enough to qualify her as a Member of Parliament, yet she is not allowed so much as to vote for one! We do not wish to see Generals, Lawgivers, and Senators in petticoats,

but really the distinction is too manifestly unjust.

But we have not yet arrived at the grand climax of the injustices that are heaped on this unfortunate sex; there is one, which even the cold, calculating head of the financier, and the hollow-heartedness of the libertine, will allow as fragrant. What recompence has the father bestowed on him for the wilful seduction of his child? What punishment can the unhappy wretch herself call down on the head of her debauchee? The father must first of all bring his child into a court of justice as his servant, prove her having committed menial offices; and the daughter, to obtain justice, must be placed in the witness-box, and confess her own shame! Good Heavens! with the knowledge of this fact, what could Sir William Blackstone be dreaming of, when he asserted, "How great a favourite the female sex is with the laws of England!"

THE BROOK COTTAGE.

An Alpine Tale.

I have but love.

O keep thy faith, my only love!

Without thy love, the world is but a grave!

THE mountains of Savoy, stupendously gifted as they are by the lavish hand of Nature, do not always appear in their majestical beauty, the sublime being often lost in the contemplation of the awful. The terrifying aspect of barren rocks, hiding their heads in clouds, like spectres of a long-vanished race of giants; the eternal snow which the eye discovers every moment on the lofty, and, to all appearance, endless, rising mountains; the echoes, reverberating like thunder, of innumerable water-falls, rushing down to unseen abysses, and spreading, over the path and the surrounding scenery, its angry foam. Such a scene as this, where only the voice of destruction is heard, fills the soul with a sentiment of terror and melancholy.

In the midst of this awe-inspiring picture, the wanderer discovers, to his unspeakable satisfaction, about two leagues northward of the great road leading from Geneva to Chambery, a lonely green valley. Environed by the surrounding snow-clad eminences, its bosom appears, to the charmed eye, like the friendly cradle where the spring of infancy slum-

bers during the storms of winter.

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Three large brooks glide softly down into a small round lake, which reflects, in its clear crystal, the neighbouring hills. The giant tops of the glaciers look down from a greater distance, as if desirous of casting a glance into this beautiful sanctuary of solitude and peace: and they increase by the contrast the charm of the landscape, causing a deeper

enjoyment of its shelter and comfort.

A little hamlet raises its humble habitations on the edge of the lake. Each cottage is surrounded by a small garden, which appears, under the shade of wide-spreading fruit-trees, a friendly and inviting bower of simplicity and content. At a short distance from this peaceful village is seen a residence, rather larger than those in the hamlet. It is delightfully seated on a fresh lawn, nearest the largest of the brooks, and commanding an undisturbed prospect of the whole valley; and, from its situation, was called The Brook Cottage. A large garden extends behind it, and two lind-trees, overshading a rural bench before the door, are its only, but charming ornaments. Long before your steps reach it, your eye rests on it with pleasure. But, alas! on a nearer approach, the happy image vanishes. No friendly form is ready to welcome you at the gate, no smiling children play at the door, no sweet voice sounds in soft love strains—all is noiseless, like the footsteps of Time. The door is closed, as if it was never again to be opened,—the panes of the windows are broken,—the flowers of the garden are withered and destroyed. Here PART IX. 36.

hope throws off her captivating garb of smiles, and assumes the dark robes of disappointment. How melancholy to reflect, that this cottage, a few years back, was the home of happiness. But here is its history. You will not listen to it without a sigh, for only the better feelings of mankind caused its ruin.

Old Anthony, the proprietor of this cottage, had been a farmer, but after the death of his beloved wife, which happened soon after the birth of an only daughter, the honest man, who possessed a small fortune, removed to Chambery, to secure a better education for his child. But after twelve years had passed away, he felt his health decline, and, following the advice of his friends, he returned to the country which gave birth to his Angela. In that village, where she first drew her breath, he wished to spend the remainder of his life; and having purchased the Brook Cottage, he proceeded there with the child of his love. And, indeed, if ever a tender being deserved this name, it was Angela. If this light form, this love beaming countenance, this eye, bearing a world of kindness and affection, had appeared passing the groves of Hebron, the Patriarch would have exclaimed, Holy be this place, for here has passed an angel of the Lord. Her heart was the heart of an angel. To pray and to love occupied all her thought, and as time and nature had directed all this affection to one visible object, was not the happiness of such a love, was not the bliss to be loved by such an angel's heart, more than sufficient to sweeten the bitter cup of grief and affliction?

Frederic was the youth of her choice, and Frederic well deserved her He was the second son of a poor widow. His brother, ten years older than he, married about the time when Anthony had purchased the Brook Cottage. Frederic was then fifteen years old. His gentle spirit, his modesty, his liveliness, and his handsome person, rendered him the general favourite of the surrounding country. The minister of the village, a worthy old man, delighted in instructing this amiable youth, and he soon united the simplicity of rural manners to the accomplishments of a classical education. Such a youth as Frederic, such a girl as Angela, living in a valley of peace and solitude; separated as it were by the guardian Alps from the artifices and corroding cares of the world,should they not love each other? Would they not have loved each other, had they met but for a single moment in the torrent of busy Theirs was a holy and deep affection, originating from their childhood, growing with their strength, and mellowing with their increasing As the blossom unfolds itself to the sweet fruit, so did their minds to the impulses of their hearts. Here there is no room for fiction: their history was-they loved, and loved for ever. How much those words comprehend!—they alone tell a tale of suffering and misfortune.

Six years were passed in bliss and innocence. Frederic was twenty-one, Angela eighteen. The next summer was the season fixed by old Anthony for their union. The fond father looked up to this epoch, as the most cheering prospect of his declining years. Frederic's poverty was no objection in the eyes of Anthony. Frederic was houest, and his heart was like the heart of Angela. Anthony called him his son, and he loved him as such. It was in the beginning of the year 1812, when the

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fury of war had only disappeared from the face of the devastated world, to burst out again with new rage and despair. The campaign of Russia began; conscriptions were renewed with unexampled rigour, compelling every youth, capable of bearing arms, to follow the restless conqueror to the field. Frederic was among them. In vain his widowed mother threw herself at the feet of the commanding officer, praying for the release of her only son. "Your eldest son is married," was the answer: in vain Anthony offered to procure two substitutes for his son-in-law. "Your money is no less the property of the Emperor than your son-inlaw," replied the petty tyrant. The short space of eight days saw the lovers united and separated. No pen can describe their despair-their own words could not express it. "For ever, Angela!" was all he said: but Angela uttered not a word; she only looked pale as death, and stood motionless. The deeper feelings of our nature can never be expressed; genius may reflect them, as the natural mirror of mankind, but they themselves belong to an existence beyond this life; and only when we have stepped through the awful gates of death, when a fresher sun shall beam on us, our tongue will find a language to express the emotions of the soul.

A few weeks after Frederic's departure, his mother died. now a heavy burden to poor Angela; the letters of her lover were the calendar by which she measured her existence. The army entered Russia:—then followed a dreadful pause.—Moscow was reduced to ashes. Heaven sent its frost to destroy the invaders. The army returned—the

war began anew—and still no news of Frederic.

This was too much for the poor girl; a dangerous illness brought her to the brink of the grave, but the vigour of a youthful constitution triumphed over the struggles of her mind, and she gradually recovered. During her illness the news of the death of Frederic arrived, and she reentered life only to depart from all its hopes and enjoyments-in silent resignation, and deep, though unrepining grief, a whole year passed away. It was then that her father, seeing the hopeless condition of his child, entreated her to give her hand to a worthy and affluent young man, who had long and unsuccessfully wooed her. He conjured her, by his grey hairs, to give this comfort to his old age. Angela wept, and remained silent; but the health of her father began visibly to decline, and she trembled at the knowledge of being the cause of his grief, and resolved to sacrifice herself. On a warm summer evening, Angela and her father were seated on the bench under the lind-trees; they were both silent. Anthony fixed his eyes on her, and a tear stole slowly over his cheek .- "Father," said she, "I know your wishes -I will. You may give my consent to the brave Louis. But let it not be now, let the winter pass-when spring comes, I will be his wife."-" God bless thee, my dearest child!" was all the old man could reply. But Angela had already entered the cottage; here her full heart gave way to a torrent of tears. She felt herself in the full strength of her health—there was no flattering voice in her breast which whispered to her of hope and death; she felt all her sacrifice, and this alone gave her strength to fulfil it with a sweet melancholy consolation. She smiled again, but the roses of

her cheek were gone: she was pale and beautiful like a statue of marble, and the bloom of her youth fled, like the scent from the roses of

spring, never more to return.

Time went on, and the winter passed away. Spring saw her Louis's wedded wife. Three years elapsed, and two children played on Anthony's knees, till death came to unite him to his never forgotten wife. Calm and quiet, a smiling picture of resignation, Angela continued her life of virtue, respecting her husband, and educating her tenderly beloved children.

But poor Frederic was not dead. He had followed the army to Mos. cow, and witnessed afterwards the grand retreat. At the cruel battle of the Beresina he had been wounded, and left for dead, with thousands, on the ground. A brave soldier, who had fought by his side, saw him fall; he ran to him, and immediately offered him all the assistance in his power, but he thought he was too late, that his friend had already shared the fate of the brave, and only the rapidity of the flight prevented him paying to the remains the last duty. Through him the news of Frederic's fall had been announced to the regiment, and inserted among the list of the dead. As Frederic recovered from his swoon, he found himself on the silent field of battle. It was night, the moon spread her cold and bright beams over the silent heaps of the slain, lying pale, and gory, and dead, in the snow. He endeavoured to rise, and with unspeakable pain he crawled a short distance to a bush, when he again lost his As he awoke for the second time he found himself on a couch This brave man happened to pass the in a poor Russian peasant's hut. road whilst Frederic was endeavouring to reach the bush. Contrary to the general misanthropy of this nation, this noble-hearted peasant exercised the feelings of humanity even towards an enemy, and carried the young He here met with soldier on his shoulders to his humble habitation. all the care, attention, and solicitude that humanity and sympathy could His wound was not dangerous, and he recovered by degrees. suggest. As spring clothed anew the woods and fields, he felt he had attained sufficient strength to think of his journey homeward. Previous to his departure, he wished to reward his benefactors, and the partner of his poverty, but the simple hearts of these children of nature well felt, that charity and true hospitality were beyond reward. They refused his money, and gave their blessing to the brave youth, who left them mingling his tears of gratitude and affection with their's. He had not, however, made much progress, before he was detected and apprehended as a prisoner of war, and sent with a number of unfortunate fellow-sufferers to Here he passed four years, working like a slave, and shut out from the enjoyments of the world and social life, by deserts of eternal Yet hope and love did not forsake him in all his trials: like two gentle spirits, they watched over him. Resignation followed their footsteps, and exerted her gentle influence over the sufferer's mind, and kept despair at a distance.

At length the long wished for hour of liberation arrived. Two years after the second peace had been concluded, the order for their release gladdened the hearts of the prisoners. As they were to be escorted by

a military guard to the boundaries of Prussia, nearly a whole year elapsed before they reached the desired point. Here Frederic shared his money with his comrades, and proceeded alone through Prussia and Germany. Seven years since he had been forced from the land of his birth, and more than six had elapsed since he had received any tidings of Angela or his home. Grief and slavery could neither diminish his affection nor injure his constitution, and he returned in the full bloom of manly vigour and beauty. Joy, hope, and love, smoothed the difficulties of his journey, and he relied on that Power, who had upheld him in all his sorrows; when the thought of Angela flashed across his mind—not a doubt of her faith entered his breast, for the heart devoted to love, is proof against the attacks of the fiend, jealousy. Every succeeding day brought him nearer to the seat of his bliss, and his heart beat higher, at the thoughts of his approaching felicity; oftentimes he sank down on his knees, and thanked the Father of Mercies for His preservation through

his sufferings, till tears choked his utterance.

After many a day of disappointed hope and fatigue, the mountains of Savoy saluted his eyes in all their majestic beauty. Who can feel what he felt, when one morning he beheld his native village from the top of a mountain? He alternately run, and walked, and only stopped to offer up his thanksgivings to Heaven. At length he made an effort to moderate his impetuosity, till he reached a by-path that led him through the village to the Brook Cottage. It was a Sunday morning. and quiet the silent valley lay in its verdant beauty; no breeze disturbed the crystal of the lake, while the tolling of the village bells invited the rustic inhabitants to the temple of the Lord. Frederic descended the hill behind the cottage. A maid-servant sat playing at the door with two children. Frederic, in his agitation, passed without seeing them. When he entered the room, in which he had passed so many happy hours, he beheld the beloved of his heart in the attitude of devotion. Her cheek and lips were pale, though she still looked as lovely as ever. A serene, yet mournful smile, played around her mouth; and, as she cast her large and melting eyes towards heaven, the yet happy husband thought that time, instead of diminishing, had added to her charms. His emotion became too great for longer silence, and he faintly uttered, "Angela, O my Angela !"

She looked up, and, beholding Frederic, fell back in her chair, as if she had beheld a spirit of the dead; in an instant she recovered, and exclaimed, "Great God! am I married?" At these words, Frederic stood thunderstruck; and after a moment's pause of dreadful agitation, he darted from the room, repeating, with a distracted air, "Married!—married!" In this state of mind he hurried through the village, without casting a glance at the home of his infancy, and disappeared. The children in the street saw him running towards the mountains. The dreadful reception had overwhelmed the powers of his mind.

He never was seen again in the village.

When Louis arrived at home from church, he found his wife in a senseless state. As she recovered, she assumed her former sweet calmness; but, alas! the melody of her voice was gone for ever. Those

eyes, which once dwelt on him with affection and esteem, now rolled wildly and restlessly on every object. She never uttered a word, and after lingering a few days, she resigned her breath, pale and smiling as ever, into the arms of her disconsolate husband. The body of the unfortunate Frederic was subsequently found in a deep brook, where, probably, he had fallen in the distraction of his mind, and now enjoys that home, which, living, was denied him. His remains, and those of his Angela, now rest beneath one sod, under the lind-trees of the Brook Cottage. The Cottage is still pointed out to the traveller as a sad monument of blighted affection; and the girls of the village sing their lays over the grave, while mothers teach their offspring the tale of the tenants' sorrow.

J. GANS.

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FEMALE DEVOTION IN A SAVAGE.

THE following pathetic instance of female devotion to a beloved object, is found in the just-published Voyage to New Zealand by Captain Cruise: -A soldier, in a drunken quarrel, mortally wounded a seaman named Aldridge. A native girl, the daughter of a chief, had lived for some months with the former, and it appeared prudent to remove her from the ship; she complied with the order for her departure with much reluctance. From the time the unfortunate man had been put in confinement till the present moment, she had scarcely left his side or ceased to cry; and having been told that he must inevitably be hanged, she purchased some flax from the natives along-side, and, making a rope of it, declared that if such should be his fate, she would put a similar termination to her own existence. Though turned out of the ship, she remained alongside in a canoe from sunrise to sunset, and no remonstrances or presents could induce her to go away. When the Dromedary went to the Bay of Islands, she followed over-land, and again taking up her station near that part of the vessel in which she supposed her protector was imprisoned, she remained there in the most desperate weather, and resumed her daily lamentation for his anticipated fate, until we finally sailed from New Zealand.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a beautiful French Girl, whose mother was English.

No wonder that her cheeks disclose,
A blush so crimson, and a skin so fair,
England has lent her loveliest rose,
To blend with France's lilies there.

ON THE PRIVILEGES OF LITERARY MEN.

MR. MERTON,

In paying a tribute of admiration to the elegant musings of your correspondent, B.* on the "Fate of Genius," I must at the same time admit, I do not think he has represented the case with that impartiality he ought. This is indeed a heavy charge, but I am ready to make it good, by reminding him of the following privileges which are enjoyed by Authors, and which certainly tend in a great degree to counterbalance

the drawbacks which Genius, in some respects, "is heir to."

In the first place, admitting, with B. that Men of Genius are but seldom properly remunerated, I would tell him, that every allowance is made for an Author; that he has privileges that no other man can claim, and distinctions, which the rest of the world would envy him the possession of. As soon as a man commences Authorship, he may, in the first place, discharge those extravagant (though to the rest of mankind, indispensable) hangers-on, and swallowers-up of income, barbers, tailors, shoe-blacks, washer-women, &c. &c. It is no disgrace for a Literary Man to be seen in a shabby coat; on the contrary, one with the elbows out, is a never-erring distinction of the wearer being devoted to the Muses, those "fantastic mistresses," as some one has called them, with what truth, the reader is best able to judge. As for his hair and beard, a pair of scissors or a razor would be nothing short of sacrilege; should both be neglected, and vie in appearance with the bards of old, it will not be considered as a mark of disrespect to the company he frequents, but rather as an indisputable sign of Genius. For it has become a truism, that wherever there is Genius, there is eccentricity. The ladies, so far from getting shocked at his greasy locks, or shoe-brush chin, will naturally think that something of a very dignified nature must be occupying his mind, to prevent his paying that attention to his person, that decency and civilized society demand. It also shews that his soul is above the common opinion of the world, and he evinces a contempt of all vanity and personal pride.

Another privilege of a Literary Man is, that a cat and a garret is all the household he is expected to keep. It would be the height of folly and ignorance were he to inhabit a respectable dwelling: he would be posted, as the bard was of old, who got sufficient by his writings to build himself a house. Of all the satires that were penned on this occasion, none was thought so severe as that of the simple truth, which was, "A poet hath built himself a house!" This was so severely felt by his brother bards, that the poor devil was glad to pull it down fast enough, and fly once more to his forsaken attic. A garret, independent of its adjacency to the skies, and consequently its elevation above human concerns, is associated both with classical and poetical reminiscences, which, together with its resemblance to Mount Parnassus, makes it a very fit

habitation for a votary of the Muses.

MAYO H

Another privilege is quite sufficient to counterbalance a handsome

^{*} Literary Magnet, page 83.

share of miseries. Wherever an Author goes, he is expected to be witty; and although as dull as a Catalogue of a "Sale by the Candle," or a Lecture on Political Economy, he never disappoints. Like the little girl in the fairy tale, he cannot open his mouth without a pearl or a flower, in the shape of a sentiment or witticism, dropping from it. What would be execrable in an every-day person, assumes a lovelier look and a richer glow, when coming from him.

Neither must it be forgotten to be mentioned, the great liberties an Author is allowed in company. What would be rudeness and incivility in any body else, would be only a proof of the loftiness of the mind of the Literary Man. Should he forget a lady is by his side, or overturn a plate of soup in her lap, or wash his mouth at table, so far from getting him the character of being an absent or an ill-bred men, it would only

be considered an instance of the eccentricity of Genius.

It should also be remembered, that an Author has no occasion to pay his debts: first, on the principle that nobody could trust him with the expectation of payment; and, secondly, should his creditors proceed to extremities, it is understood, that it is only for the sake of procuring him a lodging rent-free, and curbing, by solitude and confinement, the sallies of his imagination.

Quiz.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

Far from the world had Prudence flown,
Weary of all its follies grown,
In solitude to dwell.—
Love and Pleasure then ran riot,
Till Cupid found, a day of quiet,
In turn, might be as well.
To Venus the urchin confess'd, with a sigh,
That Love, without Prudence, must languish or die.

Red sank the sun behind the hill,
The moon-beam glitter'd on the rill,
And Prudence left the grove:
She lock'd her gate—a stranger came—
Prim Prudence cried, "Your name? your name?"—
"Tis only little Love!"—
"Get away, you young rogue!" from window above,
Cried Prudence, "I never give entrance to Love!"

Sly Cupid went—but soon crept back,
In Friendship's garb to make attack,
On Prudence, thus conceal'd!
To Friendship Prudence op'd the door!
Once in, Love dropt the cloak he wore,
And, laughing, stood reveal'd.
Ah, Prudence! poor Prudence! too late you will prove,
Who opens to Friendship, must sure let in Love!
ROVER.

MISANTHROPY AND GOODNESS OF HEART.

Goodness wounds itself, And sweet affection proves the spring of woe.

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The temple of Misanthropy is erected on the ruins of our best feelings: for those minds that are endowed with the kindliest affections of our nature, containing those propensities on which the fairest structure of human happiness is raised, so far from tending to their proper end, when ill managed and abused, they involve their possessors in delusion and misery, and naturally end in a frame of mind, inimical to mankind, and incapable of felicity. There is scarcely a more painful, though more common picture, than a mind, where the glow of fancy triumphs over reason, and the mere impulse of sensibility supersedes reflection and settled principle, in its progress through the world.

To a mind of high wrought feelings, and heated imagination, the entrance of life is fairy ground. The objects which solicit attention, viewed through the medium of that elevated hope which youth alone inspires, shine with a brilliancy of tint not their own. The face of universal nature impresses the soul with a secret influence, a delicious rapture, which gives a new charm to being, and the heart, intoxicated with its own sensations, expands with an unbounded warmth to all existence.

The desert of the world is decorated with the fleeting visions of a raised and glowing fancy, while the eye rests, with unsuspicious wonder, on the splendid prospects which the magic of early expectation calls up on every side. Filled with that strong enthusiasm, which elevates whilst it deludes, the mind soon is taught to feel, that in the crowd of pleasures, which court her acceptance, something is still deficient. The finer and more exalted ideas, which stimulate incessantly to action, are still without an object worthy of all their energy. The powers of the soul languish, and are depressed, from the narrowness of the sphere in which they have yet moved; the master strings of the heart are yet untouched, the higher, stronger passions of the breast are to be roused, before the keenness of expectation can be gratified. The charms of friendship, the delicate and intoxicating sensations which attend the first delicious emotions of the tender passion, rush on the imagination with violence, to which even the energy of youthful ambition is feeble and impotent in comparison. It seems that but a dream of pleasure, a prospect of bliss, has been presented to the view, which friendship and love alone can realize and render perfect.

The enthusiast now looks eagerly around for the objects, which a heart, yet unacquainted with the realities of things, and wound up to its highest pitch, tells him are alone able to fill that void which still aches within the bosom. In the moment of delusion, the connections are formed which are to stamp existence with happiness or misery in the extreme. A blind impulse overpowers deliberation, and the heart expands

paused to ascertain. The measure of happiness is now for a moment ful. The mind, conscious that the energy of sentiment no longer languishes in inaction, feels those wishes completed, which the vividity of imagination had before but imperfectly suggested, and yields without reserve to the novel emotions, which begin to make part of its existence. On every side the heart is cheered by the smile of affection, on every side the arms of friendship are expanded with inviting openness.

The wand of deception creates a little world around, where nothing meets the eye but the mutual efforts of emulative exertion, and the smile of beneficence exulting over its own work. And love! sacred love! who that has truly felt thy first pure, and delicious influence, but learns, even if the object be delusion, that the few moments which thy power can confer, are of more value than whole existences unanimated by thy

holy and vital flame.

But this rapture is not to last. The time is to come when the prospect, which depended on the influence of passion, however noble, and prejudice, however honest, shall melt away from the view. The mind, raised to a pitch of enjoyment above the reality of sublunary happiness, is in danger, when the faces of things appear at once in their proper colours, of sinking to a degree equally below it. He, who in the glow of his earlier feelings, feasted his eye with increasing transport, on the gay and captivating scenery, with which the creative power of an ardent imagination had overspread the barrenness of reality, now begins to find a thousand little deceptions wear away. The insipidity and nakedness of many an object, which, at a distance had attracted his eagerness, and roused the keenness of his passions, press so close upon him, that even prejudice and enthusiasm fail to operate the accustomed delusion.

The little vanity, so often interwoven with the best natures, receives a variety of unexpected and grievous wounds. As the mists which clouded his better judgment retire, on every side he discovers with astonishment, that a dupe to self-deception, he has, like a blind idolater, fallen prostrate before the gaudy images his own hands have formed and decorated. He perceives that he has walked in a world of his own creation, that life and man are still before him to study, and he only recovers his cooler reason to feel the loss of that mental elevation, that brilliant perception of things, which, though ideal, were so dear to

him.

But perhaps this is not all, nor does the discovery, which scourges vanity, and detects the harmless fallacies of judgment, alone await him. Perhaps the hour of deception has treasured up disappointment more heavy and intolerable. What are his sensations, if the truth he now begins anxiously and fearfully to learn, is brought immediately home to his own bosom, and he is doomed to feel that the exalted and glowing ideas of friedship, which first expanded his soul, shrink even in his view, and leave his breast void and desolate. When in the heart, which his earliest ideas had imaged as the residence of that sacred passion, the trial of experience detects hollowness and falsehood. When it is his bitter lot to mark the progress of alienated affection, to watch the sub-

sidence of cooling attachment, to feel the ties, connected in an honest and unsuspicious bosom, with all his first enjoyments of happiness, beginning one by one to untwine. When he is to groan under the pang of the heart, which accompanies the tearing out of the thousand little habits of confidence, the innumerable kindly affections, which long custom had rooted in the soul, and made a part of the pleasantness of existence; or when he is to experience the agony of the moment, when he, in whom the bosom fondly trusted, insults the confidence he has cruelly violated, and aggravates by unfeeling mockery the distress his perfidy has excited.

But if this can be borne, perhaps the last and most fearful shock awaits him; the tenderest strings of his soul are to be more cruelly rent, and the wound, which before smarted almost to madness, is rendered at once incurable. There are finer and more exalted ties, comprehending the best feelings, the dearest relations, of which our natures are capable. Their severing is accompanied by sensations to which the wound of violated friendship itself is feeble, and, to minds of a certain frame, communicates that deadly stroke, to which the power of all other human evils, would have been inadequate. Such are those which unexpected treachery, from that quarter where the soul had gathered up its best and tenderest hope, must call forth; and few are the hearts, round the ruggedness of whose nature so little of the softer feelings are entwined, as not to feel the full keenness of that wound which the tearing of the ties of love inflicts, though its firmness had been inaccessible to the force of common calamities. The distress is more complicated and hopeless from its nature than any other, and the pangs of a thousand discordant passions are crowded and concentrated into that terrible moment which dis covers infidelity, where the confiding heart had fondly rested all its prospects of happiness. Under other strokes of calamity the soul gains force and dignity from the greatness of unmerited misfortunes, and rouses every latent power to combat against evil fate.

In the school of distress the energies of the mind are disclosed, and, learning our own powers, we combat against the impression of adversity till we are able to contemn it. But here the sufferer finds himself, as it were, waked suddenly from a dream of happiness to intolerable misery; with his mind unnerved and weakened by passion, all the resources of fortitude lying dormant, every tender sensation doubly acute, every softening feeling alive. From being the object of tenderness and idolatry to one, who was the world to him, he at once finds himself a deserted and despised being; he sees his best and finest feelings blasted for ever, his honest sources of pleasure and peace cut off at one stroke, with the terrible aggravation that the hand, to which alone he could look for comfort and healing under the wound of calamity, instead of being stretched

out to save him, itself lodges the dagger in his breast. He is now alone. The ties which bound him to existence, cruelly loosened before, are torn for ever by this last, worst stroke. The prospect which before warmed his heart, is narrowed and darkened on every side. The journey of life is before him, dreary, comfortless. The weary path of rugged labour remains to be trodden, when the motives of activity and the rewards of exertion have ceased to exist, when the keenness

of expectation can no longer be stimulated, and the spirit of enterprize has subsided into sullen indifference. While he ruminates with agony on the past, he cheerlessly looks forward to a gloomy futurity, and his foreboding mind sees, in the ruin of his first and fondest hopes, the nothingness of the visions of imagination, the destruction of the thousand little schemes and prospects suggested by an honest ambition, which the exultation of an heart untouched by calamity had fondly and fearlessly indulged. The recollection of those delusions, which cheated his unsuspecting youth, whispers for ever, that safety is alone compatible with apathy, and cases his heart in impenetrable suspicion. A line of separation is drawn between him and his gracies.

ration is drawn between him and his species.

Deceived, insulted, wounded, from that quarter where his heart had treasured up all hope, where his ideas of human excellence had all concentred confidence in mankind, is in his eyes the weakness of despicable folly, or the extreme of desperate madness. The principles of the soul, already unsettled, are soon shaken to their foundation. The milk of human kindness turns fast to gall; while those very passions, that frame of mind, which operated the first delusion, which stamped the features of unbounded friendship, of enthusiastic beneficence, now, all subverted, are applied to exalt the violence of the opposite character. Under this stroke the self-love, which might bear up against the common weight of calamity, receives an incurable and rankling wound, over which the soul gloomily broods. The passions of the misanthrope, still flaming with violence, tend, as to a centre, to the aggravation of abhorrence and distrust of his species, and he hates with a keenness and acrimony proportioned to the strength of disappointed feeling which marked his entrance into life.

SONG.

WOMAN.

What is honour!—glorious arms!
Compar'd to Woman's love?
A throne!—the world!—to beauty's charms,—
All mortal price above!
Woman! balm for every woe,
Of our gross earth the leaven!
Man's only paradise below,
A sweet foretaste of Heaven!

Blest source of life!—our childhood's guard!
Instructress!—solace!—friend!
Young hope's first prize!—the near reward,
Of virtue labour'd end!
Woman!—balm for every woe,
Of our gross earth the leaven!
Man's only paradise below,
A sweet foretaste of Heaven!

ROVER.

THE LAST OF THE COCKNEYS!

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A Cockney was a being born within the sound of Bow-bell, the wind being in any possible direction: he was educated at some Classical and Commercial Academy, in some alley, in some corner of the city; he was placed at the desk or the counter the instant be had finished his education; the boundaries of his peregriuations were Hyde Park Corner, and Whitechapel Turnpike; -and to him London was the world.

Doctor Johnson never gave a greater proof of his sterling wisdom than when he said, "the mind naturally sickens at a new story of Venus and Diana;" and we cannot give a better demonstration of our own sagacity, than in stating our belief, that the mind equally nauseates a new tale of a Cockney. The word is nearly obsolete, and the being which it designates, has no longer an existence beyond the imagination. We do not positively say that a Cockney has not existed since the flood; but we hesitate not to assert, that we have now as little definite knowledge of the Cockneys, as we have of Unicorns and Antediluvian We have heard, indeed, that it is not until very lately the race has become totally extinct; but we leave those who have a better acquaintance, than ourselves, with Cheapside and the regions round

about, to decide upon the correctness of this information.

Many circumstances have doubtless contributed to the extirpation of these quiet, harmless, domestic creatures; and among them may be mentioned a fact, attested by several eminent naturalists, that the male Cockney, frequently took for a mate the female of a very different species, and, in a short time, became instinctively imbued with her habits and manners. Nothing, however, has operated more forcibly towards the destruction of this link in the chain of natural history, than the introduction of "cheap and expeditious travelling" on the high roads, and rapid sailing, or rather steaming, on the high seas. The invention of safety valves, and safety coaches, caused as great a stir among a certain class of beings on the side of the Thames, as the cleansing of the gas pipes caused among the eels at the bottom of it. Away they went, helterskelter, in as many directions as there are points in the compass—some over immense mountains to the interior of the country-others, fearlessly braving the dangers of the mighty ocean,

"Dared, with bold prow, the boisterous main explore," And steered for Margate. Not a town, village, hamlet, or farm, in the whole kingdom, remained unexplored by these enterprising adventurers. Facts were brought to light which had remained hidden since the days of Adam—the most surprising discoveries were made—butter and cheese were found to be made from milk—the very grain from which flour is obtained, was seen growing in many parts of the country—and it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that goslings were never suckled, and that young ducks were actually produced from eggs, similar to those which may be seen in Mr. ——'s window, at the corner of Mr. Squeeze, the grocer, hurried round the country as expeditiously as he had heretofore hurried round the counter.—Mr. Cauliflower, the tailor, dashed through a dozen counties like a needle through a dozen stich-holes. And Mr. Clip, the mercer, flew over a hundred miles of the king's highway, with the velocity of a yard-stick, flying over a hundred yards of high-priced broad cloth. Shooters' Hill was no longer supposed to be the extremity of the world, and Primrose Hill was no more ascended by the good citizen, for the purpose of looking at the West Indies.

The first adventurers soon returned with their heads as full as they went away empty, and their pockets as empty as they went away full. They returned also full with good country fare and their own importance. Each had set out a splacknuck, and had returned a quinbus flestrin. Each had gone forth a Lilliputian—and had come back a Brobdingnag. Every man was a Captain Parry, and had seen more natural curiosities than that bold adventurer, and had encountered more dangers than St. George, St. David, or either of the seven champions of Christendom.

The news of what they had seen and heard, soon spread from Change Alley, to Temple Bar, from St. John's Gate to East Cheap. Every new arrival was announced with as much eagerness as the Morning Post, in these days, announces the arrival of the Lord A. or Sir John and Lady B. or Mr. C. Old Ben Simple, the draper, had scarcely thrown himself once more into his elbow chair, before uncles, aunts, cousins, semi-cousins and demi-semi-cousins, flocked round him, like as

many starving geese round a sack of oats.

In the first place, Master Benjamin proceeded to kiss Miss Biddy Sop, which he did with an eye that said, if ever eyes said any thing, "none but the brave deserve the fair."—He then proceeded to get them all seated—and lastly, he proceeded to recount his travels. He explained to them, how that he had set off on the Comet-had changed horses, first, at the Half Moon, and then, at the Seven Stars-and had finally alighted at the Sun: he told them he had seen hills as high as the top of St. Paul's-and parks ten times bigger than St. James's-and forests as full of trees as the parish of St. Giles is full of Irishmen: that he had seen the sea-that it was as salt as brine-and that the waves were sometimes as high as the shop window; and that he had seen fields as white with daisies as superfine Irish linen-and skies as bright as a piece of new blue riband. This account was received with a respectful number of "la me's!-bless me's!-and oh dear's!" till at length one, being tired of telling, and the other, of being told, the parties separatedhe, to see how matters stood at the counter, and they, to dream of the sights and wonders of the country.

A spirit of adventure was now kindled in every part of the city. Men were determined, as they said, "to see and hear for themselves." Whole families were seen issuing from different houses, like rabbits from the holes in a warren. Some few looked quietly on, thinking of the pleasant hours their neighbours were going to spend in the country—others, thought of the money they were going to spend there. Wondering shop

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boys gazed through the windows, and wished for Wittington's catsome stood at the door, and wished for a coach and horses. Stages flew by in every direction—the streets trembled—Cheapside was electrified -and Bow-bell, in mute astonishment, ceased to perform its hourly duties.

We shall not attempt a particular description of the process by which the Cockney became thoroughly regenerated; the operations having been as various and minute, as those by which a grub is metamorphosed into a butterfly. We shall content ourselves with simply stating, that he had "bathed his brow in breezes of the west," and his body in the sea, at Brighton-he had seen trees greener than those on the scenes at Covent Garden Theatre-he had strayed among the fields and the valleys, and gathered wild flowers-had drank from the mountain stream-and had breathed the pure mountain air; in short, his soul had become as full with the beauties of nature, as an Alderman's paunch is sometimes full with turtle. The dirty streets, the dark alleys, and the smoky skies of London, were no longer adapted to his organs of vision—the eternal ding-dong of dustmen's bells, and the rumbling of hackney coaches, were no longer grateful to his organs of hearing—and the effluvia of glue manufactories and gas pipes, had become an abomination to his olfactory nerves. What was to be done? London must either leave him, or he must leave London. The latter appeared the most practicable expedient; henceforth, villas began to rise, in all directions, as though the ground had been touched with Harlequin's wand, or had been sprinkled with some of the oil from Aladdin's lamp. The Cockney was no longer a Cockney! He had his country house, his garden, and his groundshe kept his poultry, his pigs, and his cow-he brewed his own ale, and made his own butter-or Dorothy did it for him, which amounts to the same thing-he cut his myrtle bushes into the images of ships and peacocks, and his "evergreens into fortifications;" and, like Master Drugget, he had his "ships of myrtle sailing upon seas of box,"—he visited his neighbours, and talked of politics and literature—he began to feel "the benefits of education from the want of it"-he determined that one of his boys should be a parson, and the other a Member of Parliament; and he became as enraptured with the thought, as old Doyle, when he sent to the University for a husband for his daughter, that he might have a grandson an archbishop.

There were still, for a time, a few individuals who dared not trust themselves beyond the limits of their local knowledge. It appeared hazardous, to them, to venture into a foreign country; of the habits and propensities of whose inhabitants they knew nothing, save by the information derived from their neighbours. Many circumstances, at length, conspired to stimulate them to call into action their innate powers of locomotion. The fire of glory was applied to the touch-hole of their resolution, and off they flew with double the velocity of a Chalk Farm bullet. The horses started, the streets shook, the roads smoked, the folks stared, and away to the sea-side passed THE LAST OF THE COCKNEYS.

THE CALEDONIAN ADIEU.

Farewell, dearest Scotia! adieu to thy bowers,
Gay scenes of my childhood, once lovely and fair;
When hope, sweetly smiling, beguil'd the glad hours,
As I thoughtlessly rov'd on the banks of the Ayr.

Farewell. Caledonia! the darling of Nature,
Long, long, shall my mem'ry thy beauties retain;
Shall dwell with fond transport on every lov'd feature,
The mountain, the valley, the grove, and the plain.

Thy bold, lofty mountains, which scale the blue sky,
Thy straths, and thy glens, where I often have stray'd,
In sweet retrospection shall rise to the eye,
And Fancy, gay Fancy, the vision shall aid!

Though the star of my destiny o'er the wide ocean, From friends, home, and country, conduct me afar, Yet still Caledonia shall claim my devotion, And still will I think of my friends 'far awa.'

On the banks of the Ganges, or Plata's broad stream, As I rove all unconscious their beauties among, My own dear native Ayr, still my favourite theme, Shall engross all my praise, shall awaken my song.

Sweetest stream! on whose banks in my childhood oft roaming, I rejoic'd at the prospects, which Hope fondly drew; When the music of morning, the silence of gloamin, Imparted fresh pleasure, and charmed me anew.

Oh blithe were the moments, and canty the hours, When the frolics of boyhood could rapture impart; But rapture is vanish'd, and sorrow o'erpowers, And anguish, and mis'ry, now reign o'er my heart.

Yet still, Caledonia, my warmest devotion,
My heart, my affection shall be all thy own,
Though between us, dear Scotia! may roll the wide ocean,
My vows and my homage are Scotia's alone.

THE PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

"A single drop of ink, will frequently do more injury than a barrel of gunpowder."

From the days of Sir Hudibras, down to our own times, scarcely a week has passed, wherein some poor wight has not had occasion to exclaim, in the language of that testy, valorous, soliloquizing old knight,

"Ah me! what perils do environ The man that meddles with cold iron."

We had certainly thought that, when the mortal elements of Bonaparte sunk into the grave, and his turbulent spirit soared into the regions of eternity, the world would be left in uninterrupted possession of peace and brotherly love. We considered, (for we had been told that such was to be the case,) that the great guns in the tower were to be converted into ploughshares, and the bayonets into reaping-hooks. We waited, with the most sanguine feelings, for the consummation of our wishes; nor had we, for a considerable period, the slightest doubt of the fulfilment of our hopes. Our grandmother had demonstrated, to our entire satisfaction, that such a thing as war would never again be heard of; for, as she learnedly observed, the comets did not visit us half so frequently as they did in former days, and even when one did venture to have a peep at us, it was soon glad to "hide its diminished head" behind some solitary star of the seventh magnitude; whereas, in former times, she had seen them blazing and scampering through the heavens, and flourishing their fiery tails like as many hot-blooded war-horses. thing betokened peace. The hieroglyphics in Moore's Almanacs, instead of being filled with tents and powder waggons, were filled with corn-ricks and flour-carts; and young ladies, instead of working ships and castles upon their samplers, covered them with doves and olive-branches.

Alas! our hopes were formed to vanish like the beautiful creations of a dream. We slept, as we supposed, upon the down of roses, but awoke, and found ourselves still upon gunpowder. The combats of nations had ceased, but the combats of individuals had begun. The red orb of war had set, but the star of honour had risen; and its rays scorched men's hearts with as much fury, as if they had been placed

within the focus of Archimedes' burning-glass.

The draper's shopman began to have as little fear in handling a fowling-piece, as he formerly had in handling a piece of broadcloth; and he trembled as little at the sight of a pistol ball, as at the sight of a ball of cotton. The lawyer's clerk felt as little dread in sending a challenge, as his master did in challenging a jury. The barber threatened to cut off men's heads, as easily as he had before cut off their beards. And it became as dangerous to affront a tailor, as to set fire to one of Congreve's rockets. Oh! that men had attended to honest, prudent Jack Falstaff's catechism of honour.—Oh! that they had ceased to meddle with this PART X. 37.

"villainous saltpetre." But no—swords, blunderbusses, pistols, and pokers, were put as much in requisition as ever, and the poet was still lest to sing,

"Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

Love, too, has had its sufferings from the agency of this (if we may be permitted so to call it,) pugnacious metal. How often has it assisted those, whose hearts have been brimful of affection, to let the whole of it out in an instant. Even Giles Scroggins was aware of the influence which cold steel has upon men's affections. Did he not swear to Molly Brown, with the most impassioned eloquence,

"If you loves I as I loves you, No knife shall cut our love in two?"

And did not Miss Mary Brown pathetically answer,

"But scissars cuts as well as knives,
Which quite uncertains all our lives?"

We think we have said enough to convince any body, who is willing to be convinced, that it is exceedingly dangerous to "meddle with cold iron." We shall proceed to shew, that far greater perils

attend those who meddle with pen and ink.

We contend that the bravest man, is not he who fights most, but he who writes most. The dangers of the former are before him, whilst those of the latter surround him on every side. There are ourselves, for instance, who, in our last number, wrote the most unoffending, harmless, good-intentioned article that ever was written, called "The LAST OF THE COCKNEYS," and yet, that very peaceable article, has brought down upon us the epistolary (thanks to our stars it was not the pistolary) vengeance of at least three-fourths of our worthy neighbours in Cheapside. We have received as many letters on the subject, as a confectioner's shop-girl receives on the 14th of February. There is not a note in the gamut, whose name has not been attached to some one of the notes, with which we have been pestered. They appear to have been written in every possible variety of tone. First came A, rather sharp—then A, natural enough—and the third and last A, was A flat.

We shall now lay one or two of these precious epistles before our readers. The first is from a young lady, whose anger we wish to appease, by printing her letter, and thereby making her an authoress;

which, we presume, is an honour she little anticipated.

"Miss Biddy Sophia Juliana Chubb, presents her compliments to the Editor of the Literary Magnet, and is quite surprised that he should have taken the liberty to use her name in the manner he has done. And Miss Biddy Sophia Juliana begs to say, that she has no acquaintance whatever with any of the Simples; and that she hopes she knows better than to let any body kiss her. And Miss Biddy Sophia begs to acquaint him, that she shall discontinue reading the Magnet; and that

she is sure several other young ladies will follow her example. And Miss Biddy begs that the Editor* will not again take the liberty to pass his jokes on Miss Biddy Sop."

Cheapside, July 26th, 1824.

It will at once be perceived that Miss Biddy Sophia Juliana Chubb, bless her little spirited heart, has altogether mistaken us. We most solemnly declare that we had not the slightest intention to make any allusion to her. Indeed, we should not have known there was such a little Amazon in existence, if she had not kindly favoured us with the out-powering of her indignation. We assure her, that Biddy Sop does not mean Biddy Sophia, but Biddy Sop. Poor Miss Sop has long slept with her forefathers, and all that we know of her is from historical records. Our correspondent has, therefore, no right to complain of our remarks, unless poor Biddy's spirit has returned to the earth, and is now encased in the fair form which the world calls Miss Chubb. We hope Miss Biddy Sophia will acknowledge that we have given her proper satisfaction—if she suppose otherwise, she has only to name time and place, and we shall be most happy to answer every demand she can make upon us.

The next is a most awful epistle, the very ink turns pale in our pen as we transcribe it.

"SIR,

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in

Bow Lane, July 27, 1824.

"My name is Benjamin Simple, and I should like to know what business you had to make me a public character. I'd have you to know, that I am not so simple as you take me to be—and I intend to see my Attorney, and if there's law in the land, I'll make you suffer for laughing at me in your Magazine.

I remain, Sir,

To the Editor of the Literary Magnet. Your very humble Servant,
BENJAMIN SIMPLE."

^{*}This note is, in a measure, misdirected; but we suppose the mistake has arisen, in consequence of the printer having omitted to annex our signature, to the article of which Miss Biddy complains. We are not the Editor; though we are sufficiently in his favor and confidence, to be permitted to use his omnipotent We. Many of our labours, indeed, are so very similar to his, that we frequently lose our personal identity, and become, in an abstract sense, the being whose duties we are performing. We are not, however, in our outward man, the real Tobias.—We must, notwithstanding, beg the reader to consider that gentleman responsible for all our articles—that is to say, the faults of them; the beauties of them, if there are any, belong exclusively to ourselves. If, therefore, the reader, at any time, discovers, in our writings, aught to admire, let his smiles light upon us—if he find any thing to condemn, let him shake his head at old Toby.*

J. H. H. that you speak of us in more reverent terms. We can permit you to laugh at every body else, but we cannot suffer our own dignity to be affected by any such levity. Then, as to taking your faults upon us—"Your sins be upon your own head."

We honestly confess, we could not read this letter without committing the offence with which we were before unjustly charged. We have now in reality laughed at Benjamin Simple; though we beg to assure him that he is not our Simple. We really feel distressed that we should have given Mr. Benjamin a moment's uneasiness. The flood-gates of our heart are nearly forced off their hinges by the stream of sorrow which rushes through them. We know "it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."—We remember that in our youth we were fond of clipping the wings of butterflies, and of impaling cock-chafers; but we have long since resigned these evil propensities, and assure Mr. Benjamin Simple, that we have not the least desire

to indulge in them now.

The next letter is of a still graver character than the former, inasmuch as the writer actually presumes to doubt the omnipotence of our opinion. He contends, and not altogether unlearnedly, that there are still some cockneys in existence. We have, however, stated our belief to the contrary—let that suffice. We consider that in our writings we have a sort of kingly prerogative—we can say no wrong. We therefore command our loving and liege readers, as they respect our high authority, to abstain entirely from the use of the word cockney, there being no such a creature in existence. We likewise command, that such of our tried and faithful supporters, who may at any time, and in any place, hear any parties guilty of a breach of these our Royal commands, to "wait for no orders, off with their heads," and this shall be their sufficient warrant. We further command, that if any obstinate, illiterate, irreverent, and undutiful reader, attempt at any time to oppose our Royal opinions, such reader is to be forthwith summoned to appear at the "ROUND TABLE," there to be dealt with as we, in our Royal judgment, may be pleased to determine.

We will now descend from our throne, and unfold the meaning of the two mystical words in the last paragraph. The Round Table to which we allude, is in no way connected with Prince Arthur's; it is the name of a meeting which we hold for the purpose of deciding upon various mat-

ters connected with our Magazine.

At these meetings, which are held monthly, we likewise enter upon various discussions connected with passing events. We seize upon the follies of the day—and we sometimes decide upon the claims which various candidates offer to the honour of appearing in our pages; and it is proper to state, that in attending to these duties, we do not overlook our own comforts. Our appetites are as keen as some men's wits. We can cut up a capon with as much delight as a new publication—and over our bettle we are as blythe as "Willie, Rab, and Allan." In fine, if any body will take the trouble to fix one end of a cord, which is a mile long, to the centre of our Round Table, and with the other extremity describe the circumference of a circle, he will find, we are the jolliest dogs within it. We have some serious thoughts of giving a regular account of these monthly meetings to our readers. Whether or not we shall do so,—time and our subsequent pages will determine.

J. H. H.

EMILY, or TRAITS of PRINCIPLE. By a Lady. 8vo. Sams. 1824.

THE distresses of the softer sex are never indifferent, even to the "untutored savage;" and when the dark shades of melancholy, vexation, and grief, are burnished with the bright beams of female innocence, the heart that does not melt with pity for the beauteous sufferers, must be more impenetrable than the flinty rocks. The griefs of Emily, who resigned every anticipated hope of future happiness, affection, and independence, to lighten the sorrows of a prodigal parent, are painted in glowing colours, and we congratulate our fair author on this (we presume,) maidenish performance. It may be read without the slightest danger to the passions, and with certain improvement to the minds of our gentle

countrywomen.

Emily, the daughter of Mr. Benville by a former marriage, becomes possessed of property to a large amount, through the bequest of a relative with whom she resided; and hearing that her father was at that time surrounded by distress, occasioned by the inordinate extravagance of his present wife, generously resolves to resign the whole of her property in favour of his creditors, she being then on the point of marriage with the only child of Sir George Delmour, a banker of immense wealth. consequence is, that Sir George compels his son, under pain of threatened disinheritance, to banish all further hopes from his heart of an alliance with Miss Benville. Emily, fired with indignation at this mercenary dictum, immediately repairs to the Continent, and obtains the situation of governess to the family of Lady Finchton, then residing near Naples. Sir George, however, endeavours to repair Delmour's loss in the person of Lady Euphrasia, the daughter of his friend the Earl of Dormain, but whom his son had merely viewed in the light of a platonic acquaintance. Delmour in a short time determines to follow in search of his mistress, and in his tour round the Continent accidentally meets her at a masqued festival in Naples, accompanied by Lord Courdown, an unsuccessful suitor of Lady Euphrasia, who, in revenge of that lady's apparent partiality for Delmour, proceeds to seek out Emily, for the purpose of supplanting him in her affections, and by an accidental circumstance becomes a visitor at the mansion of Lady Finchton; but never having seen Emily, he remains in ignorance of her real character, from her having assumed a feigned name ever since her departure from England. this situation Delmour feels convinced she is actually the wife of Courdown, and accordingly gives himself up to all that bitterness of feeling which such a circumstance naturally inspires.

On the other hand, Emily has learnt by report, that the marriage of her lover and Lady Euphrasia had long since taken place. Upon this dou ble misconstruction of circumstances, the principal incidents of the tale rest; and till our heroine unexpectedly meets her father at Naples, who had likewise come in quest of her, and subsequent arrival in England, the agitation and perplexity is mutually kept up. The first meeting of the lovers after that event removes all embarrassment, and the happy ter-

mination is effected.

Such is the mechanism of this tale, in which the amiable and feeling

writer discovers infinite tenderness of heart, connected with some brilliant powers of imagination. Her thoughts and sentiments are ardent, original, and often peculiarly splendid and sublime. The tale she tells is artless, and not complicated by a swarm of unmeaning fanciful characters; nor any where interrupted by a crowd of preposterous incidents. To the bulk of readers Emily may probably appear defective in both these respects; in our opinion, the whole is more natural and affecting from The business is carried on as it should be, without emits simplicity. ploying more agents than is necessary. All the episodes, which are not numerous, hang by the story, grow out of it, and are calculated to facilitate the conclusion. Thus the prying malignity of Lord Courdown, the false hauteur of Lady Finchton, the determined propensity of Lady Delmour, and the self-deception of Lady Sarah, are all master springs in the multifarious machinery by which the catastrophe is accomplished.—Thus far and in all these respects Emily has the most indisputable claim to our suffrage; but that we may not be chargeable with filling our account with indiscriminate praise, there are also a few small deductions which we shall now beg leave to state. In more places than one, the detail is so minute, as to lose much of its interest. All the trifles which seem of importance to lovers, ought not to be stated circumstantially, unless the writer expected no readers but such as are in love; that is, groups of figures or features not essential to the general design, which give an overcharged appearance to the picture. While every thing is brought forward, the powers of imagination are left unoccupied; and that plan in which the fancy has no play will never very strongly attach, or through any succession of events, invariably fasten the attention.

Our authoress, whose eloquence flows from the abundance of the heart, commands, on all occasions, a beautiful and luxuriant diction. Her powers of expression are, indeed, elegant and inexhaustible. We regret that her precision is not equal to her fluency, and that she is so frequently more brilliant than clear, and more diffuse than apposite. Fond of verbose soliloquies, they press themselves into her service in great superfluity. This sometimes shades the progression of her tale, and is not always consonant to the feelings of readers seriously interested in the issue. These prettinesses are pleasing enough abstractedly; but in a work of this kind, have always the effect of very agreeable windings in the path of a traveller, chiefly anxious to be at his journey's end.

In conclusion, we beg to remark, that upon the whole we are so well pleased with this production, as to wish that many years may not transpire ere we find our fair author engaged upon a more important matter. She evidently appears, from the present instance, to have read the world; and from the purest sources of reflection and recollection, written for its

instruction.

E. C.

^{*} Since writing the above, a Treatise on Botany, which we learn is from this Lady's pen, has been put into our hands, under the acknowledgment of "A. Selwyn."

"WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES."*

By Clement Clearsight, Gent.

I.

A Caution to Flatterers.

THE worst compliment you can pay a woman, both to her person and mind, is to tell her she is handsome. If she is so, she knows it already, and believes you give her credit for nothing else; if she is not, she must believe you think her a fool, by endeavouring to make her vain of what she does not possess.

II.

An Infallible Rule.

When you hear a man bragging of his honour, or a woman of her virtue, depend upon it, such must have been frequently put to the test, and the conquest cost much self-denial, in order to make the owner vain of it.

III.

An Upstart.

The most biting mortification you can inflict on an upstart is, to take no notice of him.

IV.

Lethe not Fabulous.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," says Pope: if he had added, to forget, he would have approached nearer the rays of divinity. Lethe is not a fabled spring, it exists in every man's mind, if he would endeavour to trace its source.

A Glorious Revenge.

If you feel inclined to exercise your vengeance against one that has deeply injured you, take the first opportunity of doing him a service. If he has any feeling, you will wound him to the quick.

^{*}The above are, as well as I can remember, original, but yet I will not vouch but what some may have appeared in print before, though in a different dress. As all knowledge is acquired from reading and observation, it is more than possible that many of these maxims may have passed through the minds of others; and to whom I am indebted for them. In defence of any anticipated plagiarism, I can only say, that they are either original thoughts, or transcripts of forcible impressions left on the memory.

C. C.

VI.

Studying to Advantage.

Never pursue a study as a task; if you cannot make it a pleasure, it will never render you any profit; remember the proverb, about bringing the horse to the water-side.

VII.

Disappointment the Source of Happiness.

Blighted expectations are a source of constant lamentation. The grumblers forget, that the anticipation of a pleasure is in general sweeter than its reality; and if we were always guaranteed against disappointment, enjoyment would have no charms. It is the uncertainty of our expectancies, that causes the chief happiness of life.

VIII.

An Infallible Guide.

If you wish to discover the weakest side of your opponent, get a knowledge of his strongest passion.

IX.

A Difficult Question.

Which is the most selfish man—the miser, or the profligate?

x.

A Dangerous Enemy.

The tongue is the agent of the head, and the pander of the heart.

XI.

Satire.

He who indulges in satire or invectives, sets himself up as a target for the arrows of the rest of the world.

XII.

A Hint to Young Authors.

If you wish any one to imbibe a good opinion of your merits, keep them in the back ground: you only mortify the man you wish to please, by reminding him of his ignorance or inferiority.

XIII.

A True Estimate of Gravity.

Some author has said, "The gravest beast is an ass—the gravest bird, an owl—and the gravest man, a fool." Of all fools a learned one is the most insufferable.

XIV.

External Appearances.

A fine appearance is an index of internal poverty. Nature gave the peacock his plumage in consideration of his voice, while she withheld beauty from the nightingale, thinking she had done her part by bestowing on that bird so mellifluous a note.

XV.

A Liar's Invariable Resource.

If a man take his oath, or protests strongly, rest assured he is deceiving you; as he is conscious himself he is unworthy of belief.

XVI.

Mental Exercise.

The mind is like a watch, a useless incumbrance to its owner when dormant, and only of service when its powers are in exercise.

XVII.

Man is Man.

The rose hath its thorns—the diamond its specks—and the best man his failings.

XVIII.

A Mental Antidote.

Those who are afraid of infection, wear an Antidote about their persons; it would be as well if some people were to take as much care of their minds—the soul is as likely to be infected as the body.

XIX.

He who triumphs over a woman, would over a man—if he durst; he only proves by doing so, that he is both a fool and a coward.

A CRITIQUE ON THE NEW OPERA.

DER FREYSCHUETZ, was performed the 22d of July for the first time in England. From the bill we were led to expect a literal translation, and the full contents of Von Weber's delightful composition. But we were very much disappointed. We heard indeed Weber's music; but here only half of a tune, there a Trio arranged as a Duetto, here omittances, there additions, mistakes of time and expression, and a want through-The whole however went off extremely well, save out of animation. the spirit of the composition, this was deficient of all its life, all its energy. Those who have heard this Opera at Berlin,* or any other capital of Germany, will not find our judgment too harsh. Even the book, by no means a favourite in Germany, is so strangely altered, that in its present state it will be hardly understood. In the original, the Demon is not so stupid as to direct his bullet against one who cannot escape from him—but our intention is not to criticise the book, but the performance. We only shall remark, that instead of the animated opening of the scene by dancing and singing, here is introduced a gloomy dialogue as a substitute; also in the original there is but one, huntsman, who is in league with the devil; here we find an additional one Rollo (by the bye, neither a German nor a Bohemian name.) The part of this huntsman wants an actor as well as a singer—this appears to have been the cause for the living addition: for Rollo cannot play, and Caspar cannot sing; so he, if there is a song to be executed, calls Rollo in to do it for him.

Now to the performance.

The overture was undoubtedly the best executed part of the whole, although the orchestra was neither strong enough nor competent to so great a task. The big-drum in the last Allegro should not be so strong. The first Chorus was well sung, but the second, which is called the laughing or mock chorus, failed throughout. Here the laughing, according to Weber's notions, under whose directions we have often heard this Opera, should begin piano, and finish by a gradual increase in fortissime; in that case the irony would appear, but here they burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which excited and deserved another from the spectators. Why Weber's music has been altered we do not know-but we know very well that the alteration does no credit to the judgment of the arranger. It is always dangerous to alter the productions of genius-but if those productions have already victoriously overcome the trial of public criticism, why then introduce instead of them a doubtful alteration? This is even foolish, besides almost a sacrilege, to spoil by an arbitrary arrangement the most sacred and only property

^{*} Der Freyschütz, was performed for the first time at Berlin, (and not at Munich as the Times states) in the summer of 1821, under Weber's direction, who came for this purpose from Dresden.

of the artist. The spirit of Mozart would not frown with a heavier gloom on Bishop's profanation of Figaro, than Weber would if he knew him, who did him the dishonour to make of his composition, (which is a whole, and where one tune is calculated to prepare the ear for the other,) un ragout de fantaisie! But worse than the omissions are the additions. For instance the young girl, Ann, is represented both by the poet and composer, a lively gay character, in opposition to the pious, soft Agatha, (here Agnes.) Now in the second Act, Ann sings a sentimental Duetto, which does not belong to der Freyschütz, and is certainly not by Weber. This single example, where the whole poetical existence of a character is annihilated, may suffice to show the want of judgment in the arrangement. What would the public say, if Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, were to recite, "to be, or not to be?"-And what is the use of these additions? Is there not music enough in der Freyschütz? The Romance, "good night," and the first Cavatine of the third Act, both exceedingly well sung by Mr Braham, are also additions.

Mr. Braham was the only singer, who went honourably through his part; he was however not in good voice, and altered even (we presume on this account) some bars, which he sung an octave deeper than they are set down. The flourish in the recitative at the wolf's glen was misplaced. Mr. H. Phillips is not able to sing the part of Rollo—Caspar. The drinking-song, which of all the airs is regarded as the most original in Germany, and is always received with enthusiastic applause, passed off unregarded; it wants an animation, almost a wildness, which Mr. H. P. is neither able to conceive nor inspire. This is no merry song, it is the despair of a wretch masked under jollity, which is the cause of its striking effect. The female parts were a perfect failure. Miss Povey sung sweetly, but Ann is a lively, gay, even amorous girl; and Miss P. is full of sentiment, but possesses not the playfulness this part requires. She would have sung better the part of Agnes. Miss Noel performed Agnes, but we are sorrow to state—she has neither talent, nor art, nor judgment, for such an important task. The Cavatine in the last Act, (she sang only the half of it) which should be sung throughout Legato, was quite spoiled; and the grand Scena in the second, the triumph of Weber, was lost. The upper notes were sometimes half a tone too deep, and the whole executed without art or sentiment. The want of judgment was visible, for instance, at the words,

> While the widow'd nightingale, Softly tells her piteous tale;—

which are composed recitative, almost speaking; and having such a simple accompaniment, that it is very plain, the composer would avoid every painting or imitation; and rightly, for the imitation of a nightingale would not suit the pious, calm, and grand character of this scene: and just here, in a fine imitation, Miss Noel shakes for two minutes. But she is not to be blamed, only those who give her a part, which would require all the power of the first living singers. The part of the

lively Ann, we would fain hear by Miss Paton. Why do the ladies appear "in silk attire?" Do they believe the daughter and the niece of a Bohemian ranger of a forest, walk about like fashionables? Of the fault of the execution, none was more striking than the first chorus of evil spirits at the Wolf's glen. Here the word Uhi should he sung pianissime, like an echo, and then it would communicate a thrilling feeling of awe and secret horror. But it was howled fortissime, and the effects was, fits of laughter. The last celebrated chorus of huntsmen was badly executed, there was nothing to be heard of its original beauty. The bridal song, the greatest favourite of all the popular songs in Germany, was well sung, but did not take:—so much for national taste. The scenic arrangement deserves great praise. It was much superior to what could be expected from a small theatre. We never saw a finer representation of a waterfall on any stage, than that at the Wolf's glen.

The applause was loud and stormy, although not without some opposition. We conclude our remarks, fully determined, that had der Freyschütz been represented in Germany in its present shape, it would never

have obtained any popularity whatever.

J. G-Ns.

MOMENTS OF DELIGHT.

I LOVE to look on the rising sun, When light and life from his beams are shed, But better I love, when his race is run, The glory that circles his golden bed.

Gladly I hail the spring's return,
When earth is gay, and the heavens are bright:
But my heart still loves, though mine eyes may mourn.
The fading glow of the Autumn light.

Oh bright as the rays of the rising morn, And joyous as earth, on the smile of the spring, Are the regions through which the spirit is borne, On Fancy's ever unwearied wing.

But the grief, wrought charm of memory's power, Is far more touching, and soul-subduing; 'Tis hallow'd, and calm as the sun-set hour, Though mournful as Autumn, the yellow leaves strewing.

Yes! Memory's mirror, though dimmed by tears, Must ever be dear to the heart of feeling; For its visions recall our happier years, When Time's dull mist o'er their beauty is stealing.

MARY.

THE EDITOR

A Sketch from behind the curtain.

O magna sacer et superba umbra.

Stat. Sylv. I. 2. Carm. 7.

"Hail to thee, in awful concealment and unconscious pride; great is the shadow of thy name."

What is an Editor? is he "a creature of earth," or of the imagination. He is certainly a non-entitity, for although he appears present, yet he is neither seen, heard, or touched. His thoughts, his sentiments, his very words, become familiar to us, so much so, that after a long acquaintance we know him so perfectly, that we frequently anticipate him, and are acquainted with his feelings and opinions on any subject, before he describes or expresses them. And yet, where do we imagine they spring from? we can hardly picture a human being like ourselves: who ever thought of giving an Editor "a local habitation and a name," or of dres-

sing him in the garb similar to which we ourselves wear?

How frequently do we feel as intimate with him as if we had known him from our own childhood; and if we really esteem his sentiments, we feel the impulses of our heart drawn as warmly towards him, as if he had mingled with us in the communion of social life. So perfectly does he become identified to our fancy, that if another were to occupy his office, and write in the same style, and adopt the same sentiments, we should detect the counterfeit, and regret the absence of our old friend. But the wonder of all this is, we do not think of him as one in the form of a human being; if you are in correspondence with John Smith, or Thomas Brown, you are apt to imagine them as men, although you never saw them, and debate in your own mind whether they are fat or lean, young or old; and generally come to some conclusion, which leaves an impression on the mind: but with an Editor such fancies seldom occur, his words proceed as if from a being without substance, and you hear not " whence they cometh, or whether they goeth."

Nor is this affection on one side only; an Editor, as he becomes experienced, regards that "many headed monster," the public, as a friend, with whose sentiments and feelings he is intimately acquainted: he never, except in a preliminary address, writes in the tone of a stranger, but rather, even in his loftiest moods, with that familiarity which immediately identifies him to the reader's mind. He bids them farewell with that yearning solicitude which indicates a friend; and makes his re-appearance with such apparent cheerfulness, as make his readers joyful, with viewing his own "gladdened face." The sentiments of gratitude, and even affection, that prefaces, &c. indicate, should be considered as springing from a sincerity of heart and warmth of feeling. An Editor, whose heart (for here we must imagine him in a human form, or at least

possessing the attributes of humanity,) is open to the social realities of life, will not be obtuse to those aerial connexions, that are productive from writing to the public. He feels attached to them as a body—and yet he neither cares or fancies who or what his readers are—he knows well their different tastes and peculiarities, and yet never gives himself the

trouble of imagining who possesses them.

The intimacy between the public and the Editor of a periodical, is like that of the lady and the sylph, who believed she was holding commerce with a being without substance, and who was, after all, nothing more or less than a creature of flesh and blood. There is but one distinction between him and an Author, but that is a wide one; by his continually using the pronoun I, the Author becomes before the mind as if he was speaking to us; the Editor on the contrary, is always wrapt in a cloud, by his thoughts and sentiments being conveyed as if from a body of individuals;—we cannot give him a definite form. He is therefore not less singular, from speaking in the plural number.

To put at rest, therefore, all doubts on the subject, we proclaim the Editor as being a creature of life, and not holding a metaphysical existence, but having the common feelings and failings of mankind; and as the mystery of his concealment is the cause of a secret gratification to

the reader's mind, &c.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

We will not bare ourselves in the open glare of day, but leave it to our readers to consider us in such a form and figure, as our sentiments have created in their mind.

TO -, WEEPING.

LOOK up, my love!—thy tears are far
Too precious to be thus all wasted;
For each, more bright than falling star,
Must dim the heaven from which it hasted.
Let me, at least, then, see the light
Thou'rt shedding now, though nought can save it;
That the sweet sheen may not be quite
So lost, as selfish grief would have it.

Still they but feed a thankless earth,
Which drinks them fast as I would fainly;
Yet there they give no floweret birth!
My lips would catch them far less vainly.
Kiss me then, love; and the soft shower,
Down my flushed face and bosom quickening,
Shall freshen in this heart a flower,
Which now from very warmth is sickening.

G. N.

LYRIC POETRY.

A Collection of Poetry, chiefly Amatory, by 1. MYRTLE LEAVES. T. W. Kelly. Sherwood & Co.

2. THE WANDERER, and other Poems, by J. Wallace, late of the 27th

Regiment of Foot. Knight and Lacey.

3. IL PASTORE INCANTATO, POMPEH, and other Poems, by a Student of the Temple, &c. &c. Robinson and Co.

Now that the poet, who once rose above the earth, and soared in the regions of immortality, "slumbers in the dust," we shall want the assistance of a few of those aspirants who rise somewhat above mediocrity, and are scrambling for a niche in the temple of fame. The dainties with which we have been fed, and the strong meat with which we have been nourished, has, perhaps, led us to be too vain of our own taste, and to feel too little dependent upon the intellect of those, who have in vain endeavoured to ascend to the lofty eminence, so long and indisputably occupied by the mighty son of song, whose hand is now cold,—whose heart is laid still in the dust,—and whose harp has ceased to vibrate those chords, that irresistibly awakened the most powerful feelings of our nature. But he is gone, and we are fair to confess, with the wisest of men, that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." Not that we would apply the sentiment to any one of the authors before us, by any means; on the contrary, there are evidences in each of these works of a wild and lively imagination, combined with a depth of poignant feeling, and an elegance of diction, that are not the pretensions of every day aspirants.

The first laid on our table, is "MYRTLE LEAVES," avowedly a juvenile These little pieces are evidently the production of an enthusiastic and poetical mind, and display much warmth of sentiment, and delicacy of humour, couched in elegant and chaste language. They are principally on amatory subjects, and if our author's muse sometimes becomes luxuriant, she does not degenerate into grossness; and considering them as specimens of youthful talent, we hail them as calculated to excite a brilliant expectancy of the author's more finished and matured efforts.-We

shall take an early opportunity of giving an extract.

From Captain Wallace's WANDERER, we must not withhold our meed of praise. If there is one who, of a naturally romantic turn of mind, and who has had that excitement kept alive, by a tissue of vicissitudes that seldom or ever occur to one individual, -whose life has been chequered with sunshine and sorrow—that man is the author of the book we now claim attention to. He therefore, beyond all others, having the spirit of poetry within him, and having that spirit nourished by solitude and romance, is more eminently qualified to excite the sensibilities of our nature, and throw a charm over the harsh realities of life. That Captain Wallace has succeeded in this proud object, a glance at the WANDERER will prove, as well as the following extract, which although resembling one of Lord Byron's earliest poems, "Loch na Garr," is by no means an imitation, but indicative of an original and poetical mind.

THE ROCK OF COLEAN.

AH, well I remember the Frith of the Clyde,
And the rocks that hang over that far distant sea;
But of all that I prize by its sweet-rolling tide,
The Rock of Colean is the dearest to me.

For the days of my youth and my childhood were pass'd Not far from the high-towering crag of Colean, That frowns at the wave and the wild-moaning blast, As they war at its base with fury so keen.

I have sat with delight, and have gazed on that deep, When tinged with the rays of the far-setting sun, And rosy and hushed like a babe in its sleep, Ere the wild storm of passion its course has begun.

I carelessly roamed on its gay pebbled shore, With the friends of my youth all so happy and free, Or clambered with them where the wild eagles soar, And look from their homes on the dark rolling sea.

Oft too have I ranged through Colean's fairy cave, In quest of sea-fowl, or its gay coloured shells, And smiled at the spray as it dashed from the wave, And whitened the roofs of its mystical cells.

And well I remember the castle that stood
In beauty and pride on the Rock of Colean,
And her beautiful daughters that gazed on the flood
From their lattice on high with their heaven-smiling mien.

That time is long past, and the scene is afar
From this land of the vine and the sweet orange-tree,
Yet still I remember Colean—like a star
Shining lovely and bright o'er that far distant sea.

The last that at present claims our attention is, "IL PASTORE INCANTATO," or the Enchanted Shepherd; which, although not a lyric poem, is in the same volume with many of that description. It is a drama on the model of Comus, and in many instances the unknown author has caught the spirit of the original. We cannot do the author justice by extracting from the larger poems; but we are sure he will not find fault with us, in quoting the following charming Sonnet, as a fair specimen of his lyrical powers:

TO A VIOLET.

"Boast of our rural spring, meek child of May!
I see thee, though thou veil'st thy sweet blue eye
Beneath'a shadowing leaf's green canopy,
Seeming to shun, yet court more close survey—
Open thy lid, and let the sun's warm ray
Feast on the nectar of that treasured tear,
Which mourns thy sister Snowdrop's early bier,
For whom young Crocus wept himself away!
Or do I thus mistake—perhaps the gem,
In matin glee, the' enamoured linnet shook
From the fresh blowing whitethorn's dewy stem,
For that like thee o'erhangs the rippling brook.
I will not pluck thee—though thou might'st despair
To find a lovelier home than Anna's hair."

The book is not without its faults, there are a few imperfect rhymes and false metaphors. On the whole, it is such as we can most cordially recommend, with the hope that its Author will shortly renew our critical task, by the exercise of his poetical abilities.

THE STRANGER

It was one of spring's divinest evenings—an evening such as those which, in our youthful days, call forth our tenderest sympathies from their mysterious seclusion.—It was an eve, whose soft and holy light stole upon the heart, like the declining loveliness of fading beauty. The daisy had closed its snowy lashes, the bee had ceased from its honied labours, and the zephyr was abroad in search of his favourite young wild-rose. The sound of the mill was no longer heard, and the silver waters were as still and as clear as the skies above them. There was a smile upon the face of nature, like that of some beautiful being, when she prepares to retire to the curtained solitude of her slumbers. The merry gurgle of a little stream which flowed beside me, the tremulous lay of the nightingale, and the echoless stir of an occasional falling leaf, were each in unison with some chord that vibrated in my bosom. My heart was swelling with indefinable emotions, and my spirit was lost in its wanderings, amid the cheerless vacuity of my past existence.

It was in this state of mental agitation that I slowly ascended Ashdown Hill, from the top of which, I was aware that I should once more behold the village of my birth, and the seat of my innocence and child-hood. The scenes of my younger days, and the recollection of joys which then inspirited my guileless bosom, passed confessedly across my imagination; and the remembrance of her, whose early fate impelled me to quit the spot to which I was returning, seemed to dissolve the long years which had elapsed since I beheld her in the pride of

her innocence, and the majesty of her loveliness.

Her history and my own are brief. Her father had been an officer in the British army, and had fallen upon the field of battle, during the revolutionary war in America. Upon the news reaching England, his widow, together with her only child, a lovely girl of fifteen, retired to the peaceful seclusion of the village of Ashdown. Our families soon became intimate with each other, and henceforth I was a frequent visitor to the widow's cottage. At first, I believed my visits were so often repeated, from the delight with which I listened to her tales of camps and battles; but I soon felt that the real enchantress was her daughter, the beautiful Mary. We were nearly of the same age, and were each open to those feelings which create a paradise around the hearts that nourish them. I accompanied her in her evening walks, and her voice was sweeter to me than the twilight's holiest sigh. I met her in my morning rambles, and hailed her as the day-star of my happiness. The very ground on which she trod seemed sacred to me, and the flowers in her little garden were so bright and beautiful, that I fancied it an Eden; and she was the angel for whom it was preserved. Often, in that garden, did I listen to the sweet tones of her voice and her guitar, till my soul, filled with rich fancies, became a heaven; and the silver echoes of her warbling were the music that filled its chambers.

We soon discovered, though each long thought it a secret confined to a single breast, that we were formed for each other; and a few years of happiness that passed by us, seemed only to strengthen our mutual PART XI. 38.—Fourth Edit.

affection. But, alas! the destiny that reigned above us, came darkening on with the foreboding gloom of the thick thunder-cloud, and my beloved Mary fell a victim to the never failing bolt of heaven. She perished like the rose-bud, that falls beneath the blight ere half its beauties are disclosed; and the cold earth claimed one of the loveliest forms that man e'er looked upon. I shall not attempt to describe my anguish at the reflection, that every hope was blasted—that all my joys had vanished like the fairy illusions of a vision. I perceived that a life of activity could alone soften my sorrows, and I determined upon leaving my native country. I bade a long farewell to all my friends, and departed with the blessing of my nearly heart-broken parents. My destination was India: thither I arrived, and immediately entered the Company's service.

In about three years I received a letter, bearing the sad intelligence of the decease of my father; and the next packet, brought me the heart-rending information, of the dissolution of my dear mother. My soul became steeled against misfortune, and I felt that, to me, the world was a wilderness. Fearless of death, I rushed on amid the fiercest of the battle, and participated in actions that subsequently led to my promotion. At the expiration of twenty years, I retired from the service, with a handsome income; and after a few months of peaceful indolence, determined upon returning to my native land. On my arrival, my first object was to visit Ashdown. For this purpose, I drove to the nearest town; and from thence, the distance being but three miles, set off on foot for the village.

I have before described my agitation in ascending the hill, which overlooked a spot, with which I had so many afflicting associations. Though the wide waste of time had absorbed the current of my gentlest affections, the image of my beloved Mary still haunted my imagination,—she was still the director of my destinies—and her spirit seemed to hover above me with the influence of a protecting angel. Other thoughts, likewise, stole upon me, that were tinctured with melancholy. I had met with a few friends in my youth, whose memories I ever cherished: they were beings who could sympathise with me; whose souls had never felt the impulses which direct the selfish and the mercenary. That I should again meet them, or that, perhaps, they too were inhabitants of the misty charnel-house, was a most painful uncertainty.

On arriving at the summit of the hill, the broad, red sun was sinking fast into the western horizon; a few clouds of gold and burning crimson gave a grandeur to his departure, and his rays, darting from between them, fell upon the romantic village of Ashdown. Yes, there it stood—my own dear, dear native village—the spot where I had first breathed, and where I had passed the sweetest moments of my existence.

My first glance was directed to the roof beneath which I was born; and never shall I forget the sensation which that glance brought with it: my blood froze at the thought, that it was a dwelling which had no longer an inhabitant to welcome me. The parting tears of my dear parents, and their fixed gaze upon me, as I left them, burst upon my recollection;

and their agonizing sighs still hung upon my ear, like the breathings of an accusing spirit. "But," said I, "we shall meet again in heaven and the same sun, which is now casting his last look upon their cold

graves, will, ere long, shed his evening smile upon my own."

My eye soon passed on to other objects. The village I perceived was much larger than when I left it; and in many places, where there was formerly a mud cottage with its thatched roof, there now stood a brick built house, roofed with glaring red tiles, or smooth blue slates. It delighted me, however, to behold its venerable church and flint tower, in all the roughness of their antiquity. There were also its rugged old bridge, and its market-place, just as I had left them; and on the green, were the same pool and the same old sign-post, round which I had gam-

bolled in my days of boyhood.

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There was, I remembered, a path to the village through the churchyard; and, having descended the hill; I walked musingly between the rows of elms which led to it. It was here, that on a summer holiday, my little school-mates and myself, freed from the chilling frown of our tutor, assembled for our afternoon's enjoyments—it was here, that my young heart beat high as I vanquished them—and here, that I felt the dawning of that ambition, which imagination told me led to high-wrought destinies. I very shortly approached the church-yard, and entered it with feelings of reverence and awe. My soul sunk within me at the thought, that I was standing, perhaps, within a few yards of that spot, where all that remained of those who gave me birth, reposed in eternal silence and solitude. The dock and the nettle are waving over them, and, perhaps, the snake and the adder are winding their folds along the

grassy furrows of their graves.

During the time that I was absorbed in these melancholy reflections, a short, elderly person approached me, and very civilly enquired if I wanted the vicar, as he had just left the church and had gone towards the parsonage. I replied in the negative, and told him I was a stranger to the village. At the same time, I enquired of him, whether there was any respectable inn in it, where I might repose for the night. He mentioned the White Lion, where, he said, I should be sure to meet with good accommodation. I soon found, from this man's conversation, that he was a son of old Mark Jenkins, from whom, it appeared, he inherited the office of sexton; and, as I discovered him to be very communicative, I observed that I should go on to the inn he had mentioned, and that if he were not engaged for the evening, I should be very glad if he would call on me, and we would drink the Vicar's health. He promised to do so, and we parted. I hastened across the green, and on arriving at the church-door, and perceiving it open, I entered.

I had scarcely passed the porch, when a few villagers, who were in the gallery, began to sing the evening hymn. The solemnity of the time and place, in some degree soothed the agitation of my feelings; whilst the music, that stole upon my ears, appeared like the harmony of spirits speaking to me from another world. The beloved images of my departed friends flitted across my imagination, and I felt as though their voices were whispering to my soul, that they were gladdened at my return.

Yes, if it be given to the pure beings that inherit you starry heaven, to hold communion with those they love upon this grosser sphere, surely, in that holy moment, did the spirits of my dear parents, and my angel Mary, breathe into my heart their fond remembrance and affection.

As soon as the hymn was finished, the singers quitted the church; and I was left alone, in a place, with which were associated the sweetest

pleasures of the spring-time of my existence.

It was the same venerable looking hill that I had left it. Its high oaken pews, its painted tablets, and carved pulpit, were things that I could have spoken to—they were my earliest acquaintances, and I had known them in the purest hours of my innocence and happiness. The inexorable figure of decay had slightly passed upon them, but still they were identified with by-gone years. At every step I was met by objects that seemed to claim my recollection. The simple wooden font—the altar—and, on a marble tomb near it, the relics of armour, and the old rusty steel helmet, which had so often excited my boyish wonder.

As I pondered upon the scenes, which these objects recalled to me, the shades of evening enveloped the aisles in a misty gloom, and the tolling of the curfew reminded me that it was time to hasten to the village. Here, the good people gazed at me, with that eager look of curiosity, which travellers so frequently experience on entering a hamlet to which they are strangers. Labour, with folded arms, reclined against the door of his humble cot; and the rosy-cheeked village maid, could

scarce restrain her smiles as I passed her.

In a few minutes I was at the door of the White Lion, whose landlord, in reply to my inquiries, very civilly told me that I could sleep there. My next desire was to be shown into a private room, and after leading me to the other end of the stone passage, I was ushered into a snug little parlour.

I soon found, from the low bows, and rustic civility of the landlord, that I was considered by him as no ordinary personage. And indeed, I will not pretend to say, that the thoughts of returning to my birth place so much richer than I had left it, might not have induced me to

assume an air of importance.

Having ordered some refreshment, I seated myself by the fire-place, and fell into deep reflection upon the mutable life I had passed through. I could scarcely believe that the scenes of the last few hours were other than the illusions of a dream. Was it possible that I once more breathed the same air that gave me existence? And was it possible that I was so near the very spot, where I could once call a being by the sacred name of mother?——I was aroused from these reveries by a soft tap at the door, and the entrance of the landlord's daughter, a sweet, laughter-loving, blue-eyed girl of sixteen, who introduced to me my new acquaintance, the sexton. He had exchanged his old dusty brown jacket, for a well-brushed blue coat, that reached nearly down to his ancles. Its immense pockets, and broad gilt buttons, showed that it belonged to the workmanship of other days; and his yellow leather breeches, and deep-red spotted waistcoat, were of a pattern that might not have feared to emulate the antiquity of his upper garment. He entered the room with his

hat in his right hand, whilst the other was busily employed in smoothing his long black locks over a brow, on which nature had fixed the stamp of honesty. There was so much good-nature in his eye, and such a friendly familiarity in his smile, that cold indeed must have been that heart, which could have felt a reserve in the presence of such a benevolent looking being. I thanked him for his attention to his promise, and sent to the landlord, to desire him to bring us a little of the best liquor he could find in his cellar. This was soon brought, and, to the honour of the host of the White Lion be it spoken, it was as sparkling as the eye of his pretty daughter, and as smooth as his own civility. My companion and I soon became intimately acquainted. I found that he had a perfect recollection of most of my friends, and that he had some remembrance of myself.

I soon discovered that most of my relations, and many of my early friends, were sleeping the long sleep of eternity. The mention of them seemed to shed a light upon my heart, like to the joys which had once illumined it; but the recollection of the rich harvest which death had gathered, flashed upon my mind, and that holy light vanished for ever.

J. H. H.

THE PLAGIARIST AND THE POETASTER.

Mr. MERTON,

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Seeing in a small publication, in the form of a half sheet of paper, a very pompous letter, affirming that some lines, that were published in a former number, belonged to the writer, and not to the person who set his name to them, and the subject of the dispute reminding me very strongly of the old rule, Focci, nauci, nihili, &c. the following Impromptu suggested itself.

To levy on the rich—to bestow on the poor,
Robin Hood declared was not stealing;—
But deprive him of his crust, who's starving for more,
Shows a want of all honour and feeling.

A FAIRY SONG.

My veil is made of the mountain top's mist,
My robes of the sunny rays,
That at op'ning of dawn on the ocean plays;
Of dew, are the spangles that spark in my crest,
And I shed all around me a silvery light,
Like the moon, on a cloudless night.

My form is derived from the foam of the sea,
My voice, from the gentle breeze,
Enrich'd with the odour of myrtle trees;
The blue of the heaven's the blue of my e'e,
And the glow of my cheek's, the redden'd ray
Of the sun, when he fades away.

L. W. Y.

ADDENDA TO THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE following is an original letter of the late Sir John Dalrymple, Bart. (author of the Memoirs of Great Britain, &c.) to the late Admiral Dalrymple, the contents of which we are inclined to believe will form a handsome Addenda to the Miseries of human life.

"You ask me what I have been doing? To the best of my memory

what passed since I came home is as follows:-

"Finding the room of my house in a bad condition, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and

made thirty themselves.

"I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer: but now, that winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again, that it cost me to take them down.

"I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall to throw the passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle from the over-size of the room: upon which I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of summer.

"I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut down, destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing that the carpenter I employed, had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed, when, upon examining his bill, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me out of twenty per cent.

"Instead of saddle-horses I bought mares, and had them covered with an Arabian. When I went, some months after, to mount them, the groom told me I should kill the foals; and now I walk on foot, with the stable full of horses, unless, when, with much humility, I ask to be

admitted into the chaise, which is generally refused me.

"Remembering, with a pleasing complacency, the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pigs. My wife starved them. They ran over to a madman called Lord Adam Gordon, who distrained them for damage, and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage.

"Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more: she soon learned the way to market for their produce; and I have never got

a bowl of cream since.

"I made a fine hay-stack, but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire; by which I had the mortification of losing my hay, and finding that my wife had more sense than myself.

"I kept no plough; for which I thank my Maker, because then I

must have wrote this letter from a gaol.

"I paid twenty pounds for a dunghill, because I was told it was a good thing; and now, I would give any body twenty shillings, to tell me what to do with it.

"I built, and stocked a pigeon house; but the cats watched below, the hawks hovered above: and pigeon soup, roasted pigeon, or cold

pigeon pie, I have never seen on my table since.

"I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house; but I hit upon the tail of a rock, and drained the well of the house, by which I

can get no water for my victuals.

"I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers, to give me land off his own farm. But when I went to take off the ground, he laughed, said he had choused the law-yer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits, for breach of bargains which

I could not perform.

"I fattened black cattle and sheep, but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere economy we eat them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits. I bought two score of six years old wethers for my own table; but a butcher, who rented one of the fields, put my mark upon his own carrion sheep; by which I have been living upon carrion all the summer.

"I brewed much beer; but the small turned sour, and the servants

drank all the strong.

"In one thing only have I succeeded. I have quarrelled with all my neighbours, so that with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I

stalk alone like a lion in a desert.

"I thought I should have been happy with my tenants, because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me. But they paid me no rent; and in a few days I shall have above one half of the very few friends I have in the country, in a prison.

"Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring

in London.

"Your's, always, My dear Jack,

"JOHN DALRYMPLE."*

^{*} Sir John Dalrymple was the author of the Memoirs of Great Britain, &c. The above Letter was directed to his brother, the late Admiral Dalrymple.

THE FORSAKEN.

ALLURING as ever young maiden deceived,
Were the face and the shape he came in;
Yet she knew not how much had his tale been believed,
Till she learnt 'twas of falsehood's framing.

She breathed not a murmur, she dropt not a tear,
And her bosom less heaved than trembled,
When they told her that all she had held most dear,
Was lost—that he had but dissembled.

She turned an eye of benign complaint
On the bearers of truth so deadly;
She was pale and mute; but she did not faint,
Though her lip was quivering dreadly.

And she drew from its hiding, full near her heart,
A love-pledge of his who had riven it,—
'Twas a bracelet enwoven with seemliest art—
Like the vows of him who had given it.

And she said, as around her chill white arm,
In frantic haste she bound it,
"This bauble, at least, never wrought me harm,
As its first look showed, I have found it.

"Sole relic," she cried, "of a love now dead—
To me, though it live for a fairer—
Thou never shalt leave me, though he be fled,
Who made me thy once glad wearer.

"I hoped at my death, a more precious embrace
Than thine, however pure and sparkling."
They heard her, but vainly they strove to trace
The thoughts through her dim words darkling.

But the next grey morn fell over her cheek
Through a brook, though clear, so stifling,
That not one rose, which of life might speak,
Had escaped the rude wave's rifling.

Her arms may cross'd on her faithful bosom,—
With the chain still fast united,—
And thus lay with'ring as fair a blossom,
As ever despair has blighted.

TO TOBIAS MERTON, CENT.

On reading the Paper entitled, "THE PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP."

AYE, now, Mr. Merton, you begin to talk like a sensible man. I should like to carve a capon with you at your Round Table hugely, better by half than reading your Alpine Tales,* and your Rosalie of Venice,† (the little witch) who made we weep whether I would or no. And, now, if you'll take my advice for once, you will favour your readers, next week, with a rich, savoury, well-got-up article on good-living; one that they can turn to, as the voluptuary to his glowing amatory epistle, or love-exciting picture; till he can feel his half-requited or wasted passion, reviving again on the ruins of its enjoyments.

If you will comply with my suggestion, our club alone (for we have a club, too, as jolly fellows as ever ran day and night into one;) will be enough to keep your bark handsomely afloat, and you may reckon yourself, from this time, as one of us; and I will take upon myself to introduce you at our bean-feast, which takes place next Tuesday. But do, as you value yourself as a gourmand, whenever you discourse upon the subject of gastronomy, drop the use of that silly plural personal, we: for however applicable on other points, it can never be used judiciously

or with effect in this.

Dr. Kitchener is our chairman: and a merry Greek he is. Talk of that, what sort of a figure do you think the literary world would cut

without his Oracle?

By the way, I began to think your Mag. a sad litter-ary affair, till the closing of J. H. H.'s sprightly epistle indicated a chance of something more to my palate: and, like the grateful devil, after a banquet, excited my thirst to see the 38th No. (which, by the way, could you not manage to get out a day or two sooner,) with the first article of a series of essays on the culinary and other belly-gerent sciences: with practical hints how to cure the bile without removing the cause; and to make oil and pastry as innocent as water-cresses.

There is yourself, Mr. Merton, could give us as charming an essay upon the rise and progress of good living in all nations, from the first grant of vines and animal food, to the present day. For my own part, the names of Apulius, Heliogabalus, "and then a long et cetera," are as

familiar to my mouth as household Gods.

Of all your old philosophers—another term for old fools,—commend me to those merry sages, who used to crack their wine and their jokes, (the former, if we may judge from what remains of the latter, by far the

sprightliest of the two,) at the Corinthian Solomon's expence.

Antiquity, my dear fellow,—the idea of conviviality gives one an easy familiarity,—has made the subject of this letter venerable; the practice of a host of great names—not a few of the literary giants, has made it respectable; and any infraction of its privileges, so long settled by custom, could not fail of being considered as not only highly indecorous,

^{*} Literary Magnet, vol. ii. p. 113. † Literary Magnet, vol. ii. p. 49.

but manfully withstood with a high stomach, as an innovation of dan-

gerous tendency.

What good did ever your turnip-eaters do? just one in a way, that would have acted the same, had he "boarded roast beef in the smoak," or fed on turtle-soup and calapee. And, here, let Englishmen not forget to boast the possession of so highly a respectable body of unbending corporations—the court of Common Council: sworn enemies alike

to Spartan black broth, and Devonshire dunch-dumplings!

Oh! Mr. Merton, for a pic-nic article, say turtle-soup, from the pen of Sir W. C——, or an exquisite and highly seasoned treatise on a haunch of venison, by the worthy Alderman of ———! I should reckon upon at least 10,000 watery pair of lips hanging over Saturday's dish served up by Mr. Wright. Instead of like Alderman ——, whose name is alone sufficient to scare away all the school boys of London, from his calves-head jelly, and his raspberry pies.

Just a word or two from the poets; do but listen to that uncouth fel-

low Lucretius-rough as he is-

"When juices flowing from the tender meat,

Bedew the palate, when they spread all o'er The spungy tongue, and stand in every pore."—CREECH.

And with what zest does Lucian rush from the tomb of Pompey, to sing

the entertainment of Cæsar, by Ptolemy and Cleopatra.

As for Homer and Virgil, they cannot describe a sparring match or a set-to, but out comes the "bread and cheese;" the latter, in particular, makes a sad rout because at one time Æneas—the Trojan fellow, who, had he been tried for the death of his wife, would have come hard off at circumstantial evidence, was obliged to do, what many better fellows have done since—eat up his plates and table-cloth.

But, to conclude, let me advise whoever of your readers, should feel himself so far confident of his subject, as to undertake the entertainment of our club, just to read over the bill of fare of the best dinner that was ever got up by a black,—not to say a man-cook, in the beautiful description of "the table richly spread," in Par. Reg.* where he may meet with every deliciously seasoned dish, from common black pepper to currie and gris-amber, all served up in most delicious verse.

Only think of the gris-amber steaming! I feel the delicious vapour stealing over me, and entering at every pore; and now in its grateful

steams I sink,

Unhart amidst the war of mingling smells, The wreck of roast meats, and the crush of pies.

J. A. G.

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^{*} Methinks I hear you, Mr. M. exclaim with your hearty old namesake, Sir Toby.

[&]quot;What, man!
"Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan:
Hang him, foul collier!"

The DEATH of URIAH, a POEM.—By KENNETH BRUCE, Esq.—Sherwood and Co.

It is a favourite doctrine with those traders in literature, booksellers and publishers—that poetry is quite a drug, and that of the poems now published, nine-tenths pass quietly to the tomb of all the Capulets: the conclusion to be drawn is, that these unfortunates are abortions, who die in the birth, only because they are not worthy to live. It is never doubted that the public taste is always correct, or that that many-headed

monster is the only judge whose decisions are always infallible.

Our opinions, we confess, are quite the other way. We do not believe that the major part, or even any considerable proportion of the reading public, are adequate judges of poetical merit, or give always a just award; and we hold that the present age surpasses, in the number and excellence of its poetical productions, the Augustan age of Rome. Aye! and the Augustan age (as it has been called) of England too. Even the fugitive pieces which constantly meet the eye, from the diurnal and periodical press, are blossoms so fair to the eye, and so sweet to the sense, that past literature appears, in the comparison, to be like a desert to a flower-garden. In speaking of the number of poems which are published, only to perish—we forget the much greater number of prose works which share the same fate: nor reflect that, of the mass of critics, who point, or who pervert public taste, not one of a hundred is himself a poet, or can compose a line of poetry. -all the world reads prose, and almost all the world writes it; but it is another taste which relishes—it is a finer spirit which inspires—poetry. You may dig clay from any hole with which to fabricate a critic—it is a vein of finer mould which enters into the composition of a poet.

We are led to these reflections from long observation, that while some poems are puffed to the skies, and have what is called a run—others of

far higher merit are neglected, or never heard of.

It is with these remarks that we choose to introduce to our readers, one of the most promising poems we have lately met with, because our attention was attracted to it only very lately, It had till then escaped our critical eye, but we do not find our omission singular, as we hear it has also escape the notice of almost all our contemporaries. We are not fond of prophesying. We only say for ourselves that we admire it, and if it is not generally read, the public taste is not ours. We regard it indeed as a curiosity, because, considering that the subject is hackneyed, and we may say, has been so for ages, that it is surrounded with apparent difficulties, -and encumbered with real prejudices, which we do not think it very easy to encounter—the manner in which the author has gone through his task is bold and original. The ground he treads, is beset with snares and pit-falls, but he does not seem aware of it, yet he never tripsobstructions present themselves on this hand and on that, against which you are sure he must run his head every moment, but he doubles these projections with the greatest naivete, and threads his way through brakes and briars without a scratch. From its title we expected to find it a stale and tasteless diatribe on the character of David, if not on the authority of the scriptures. It is not so. He, on the contrary, adheres steadily to the Sacred History, not only in all his facts, but in all his reasonings—his details are curious, his inferences new; yet so natural, as to command immediate belief. The crime of David is indeed presented in hideous features, but not more hideous than it undoubtedly was; and there is a tone of virtuous indignation and pure morality running through the whole, as creditable to the author's heart as head. Sympathy with the injured husband—horror and indignation against his destroyer—loathing and disgust with the faithless Bathsheba, are the feelings kept up from beginning to end, with an intensity of interest we have not often felt. Our attention never for a moment flags, and we follow the plot to its final denoument, when the violence of the excitement has become so great, and the conflict of our feelings so oppressive, that we fetch a long-drawn breath to restore respiration.

The form being a continued narrative throughout, it is not easy to give extracts. But we shall take one or two almost at random, while we point out, without remark, in the order in which they lie, some of the

principal beauties in the work.

The Proem-Evening, in an Oriental city and clime, is a delicate

picture:

It was in Judan!—that delightful clime
Renown'd in story,—sacred through all time:
'Twas evening,—and the glowing Orb of day,
In azure skies, sank gloriously away;
And living Nature—from the fervid heat
Respiring free—seem'd all abroad—to greet
The ambient air so soft, so fresh, so calm,
Inspiring renovated life—and there the balm
From grove and garden,—tree,—and fruit and flower,
In arbour,—gay parterre, and blooming bower,
Begemm'd with trembling drops of diamond dew,
Loaded the sense,—with odours ever new.

The feelings of the parties after perpetration of the crime, which eventually is the cause of so much misery—

Alas! there was a tremor at the heart,
And each was cold,—and both were glad to part;
Uriah's voice—was heard in every sound;
Uriah's footstep shook the palace round;
Uriah—seem'd to glide at every door;
Or stood where mortal never stood before:
And ev'n whereon the guilty pair did lie,
All underneath the Royal canopy,
Uriah—drew the glittering hangings by!
Each had some secret ponderings within;
Both fear'd—but neither dared to say—'twas sin;
'Twas not repentance, but they felt just then,
Though once—they could not that night sin again.

The state of David's mind, is a true picture of guilty remorse-

Through the dark atmosphere, the live-long night, In David's palace,—gleam'd the taper's light, For he was wakeful;—Sleep nor sought, nor found, But, restless, paced the Royal chamber round. Shame,—lust, and conscience,—held disputed sway; He wish'd—paus'd—ponder'd—but he did not pray;

Uriah's journey from the camp, and anticipating of connubial affection and welcome from a fond and faithful wife is another gem—

How would she welcome him, from dangers past,
How would she pray, that they might prove the last!
How would she round the gallant soldier twine!
And oh! her tears of joy, how sparkling shine.
And how, with importunity express—
Hopes, fears, and wishes, in each fond caress,
And feel no shame—and feel no feeling less:
And wash his weary feet, and chafe his brow;
And say,—"How shall we part again? oh! how?"

Joab's character and fate—the death of Uriah—Joab's recognition of the body—Sepulture of the dead in the field of battle—the King's second message to Joab—

"More strong against the gates,—against the wall Advance fresh legions,—for fresh succours call: Which, when at length proud Ammon faints before, Fam'd RABBAH then,—shall famous be no more! Raz'd to the dust, her palaces shall lie, And not one column catch the trav'ller's eye; And of her stately towers, the topmost stone Shall be a tomb, to rest—her dead upon; Her wall impregnable—a ruin'd heap, 'Neath which her slaughter'd sons in death shall sleep. Her sons! ah! who shall tell their cruel fate, The unknown pains, which on my fury wait? Cleft to the heart, the iron axe shall swing-The sinews start—the flesh in torture wring— The iron harrow tear it from the bone, And drenching floods of crimson, flow anon; But chief their hated limbs to grind and gnaw, And rend the quiv'ring nerves—the sweeping saw. They boast of arms! and deep into their soul Shall armour enter in-hor that the whole;-For through the fiery kiln shall Ammon pass, Fann'd to the temperament—of burning brass: By molten furnaces, the gauntlet run.-Too happy in the race, if Death be won, Where glowing pavements underneath him lie, And gleaming overhead, th' ignited sky, Like as when,—by the elemental blast, Charg'd with electric thunder, there is cast Sulphuric vapours, whose fermenting breast Hangs-a dark cloud of ruddy amethist; So, wrapp'd in fiery atmosphere around, Sublimed intensely,—and in slavery bound To pain, in this epitome of hell, Servant of servants—shall proud Ammon dwell!" So spake, ferocious, the Barbaric King; Let not the hideous tale raise wondering, For the same man, who melts at Beauty's eye, Pierc'd with a glance, and soften'd with a sigh; And woo'd to gentleness,—th' intestine storm Hush'd to serenity, by some fair form; Shall instant turn, and glut himself with pain, Feast on a pang, and riot 'mid the slain Now Blood, now Beauty ;-madd'ning in his brain. For Lust and Cruelty, are near of kin, Twin branches of the ancient Stock of Sin.

We have left ourselves no space to remark on the notes or introduction which accompany this Work, though they are not the least valuable. The composition is nervous; the reasoning close and powerful, the information curious, and often original. We particularly refer to notes A, B, E, H, L, N, Q, R, and to the introduction, the leading idea of which, touching the use of sacred history, is to us entirely novel.

To conclude, the characteristics of this author, are force, feeling, and originality. We believe this will be admitted by every genuine lover of poetry, and are of opinion that, the "Death of Uriah" will be read; when many of the more pretending and ephemeral and butterfly productions which catch the public ear, are forgotten.

POETIC SCENES .-- No. III.

The following Scene is after Appius has seen Virginius first.

SCENE IV .- HALL IN APPIUS'S House.

Applus and Punctilio entering.

App. Good Morrow, Punctilio, I rejoice to see you. Well, have ye seen the mighty multitude?

Punc. And shar'd the grace of their dread sovereignty.

I've scatter'd threescore ducats in your favour.

App. The rogues would run them in arrears to truth

In my behalf. The Gods are merciful.

Punc. Their thirsty gullets jarring, roar'd out "Appius," Who, but the breath before, cudgels a-tilt, Belouted me, and bellow'd out "Dentatus."

App. Who cannot guide, must humour his proud steed. So we must humour well the guideless mob. But hence these heavy thoughts; of them anon. Punctilio, I'm in love.

Punc. My lord—in love!

App. Aye, to the chin immers'd: but yesterday I had a heart that would have brav'd the world To move it at the peril of my peace; That proudly scorn'd the subtlety of charms, Despising love, as a frail libertine. That heart—a maid, in sooth, a very girl, Has robb'd me of, and mocks me with the theft; For she did simply tell me, that "Julius Was her betrothed husband," and did smile Most pitifully too, to hear how much I loved her.

Punc. 'Twas all deceit, be sworn.

App. Nay, say not so, or perish honesty.

Know ye Virginia, the centurion's daughter?

What rose-bud, peeping through the pearly dew,

Smiles sweeter?

Punc. If Fame, but seldom known to err, Speak true, she is indeed the paragon Of every grace that may adorn a woman. But can you condescend to honour, nay, to love, A mere plebeian?

App. Oh! I love her—I cannot say how much. Beyond the measur'd limit of conception; Far, far beyond the compass of a thought, Or the capacity of tongue to tell. He who has lov'd like me can only know.

Know ye love, Punctilio?

Punc. I know the boy, -pouting honey-bubble. In tender age he is the ladies' toy, Their lap-nurs'd cur, elf of their dreams, And idol of their fancy. Born in conception, The chub puts on a thousand natures, but, E'er a little month of statute-wooing Hath rounded in a dimple on each cheek, He scowls beneath a tyrant's surly frown; Then, like most creatures of female tutelage, His will is absolute. Virtue he knows not, Vice he owns not; and in his antic sports, Roguery to him's instinctive revel. Sometimes, as humour works, he'll wanton with The coy affections of a May-day maid; Perhaps betray them to some worthless clown, Bedizen'd in his Bavaray! Maybe Some portly knight o' city corporation, Or antiquated parish pedagogue. Sometimes he will infatuate fourscore, And send the crutched dotard hot a wooing. Sometimes again he'll act th' incendiary, And, lurking in the purlieus of the brain, Diffuse of plots and jealousies among Th' unwary senses: next, by advantage Of the consternation, a thief he'll be, And mulct you of your wits; then, to be merciful, Turn cut-throat! Such a rogue is Love! App. Then, by Love's God, I'd slice a thousand throats,

Were they array'd between me and my love.

Punc. But does my lord forget the Roman law
Of interdict, fram'd wisely to secure
The noble vein from vile contamination
Of plebeian blood? You would not marry her?

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App. Marry, old fool! I tell ye I'm in love, Even to the very schism of my senses. Men do not love to marry, nor marry Where they love. Virginia a matron! I—hold such excellence in housewife's drab? No. no. not I!

Punc. We must even own 'tis true.
Yes, marriage is the limit of our love;
Root of caprice;—shoal in pleasure's ocean,
And roadsted of the rake. He who marries,
Has neither wife nor home to call his own.
His house resembles a confection-shop;
His sweet spouse a sugar-plum, surrounded
By swarms of greedy insects—myriads
Of idle atomies, that only move
I' the gay bask of sunshine. Some come to feed,
Some to display their plumage; all have their end,
Yet endless are they all, for mushrooms are
The growth but of a night.

App. In faith, Punctilio,
You'd make more bachelors than war makes widows.
And, for Virginia's sake, I too will be
A bachelor.

Punct. There's old Lucette, who'd baffle, Aye, experience' self at plain chaffery. He must win her, who would Virginia woo.

App. 'Tis said she holds herself in good esteem.

Applaud her thoughts, she'll not be formidable.

Punc. She's the giant, yet the gentlest of her sex.

The rapid flow of her discourse distrils

So pure and unadulterated from

The ever-steaming cauldron of her wits,

That one might think two souls dispute the sway

Of her elastic faculties, so mild,

And yet so mighty can she be.

App. Bear to her straight the sum of my good wishes.

Say, in such words of grace and sentiments,

Graced in such words, as well may relish

A maiden's clammy appetite at fifty,

That Appius would profit by her presence,

At her convenient hour.

Punc. My lord, your pleasure bears me hence,
And I your lordship's pleasure, with lighter step,
That, as my profit, 'tis my pleasure too. (aside.)

(Exit Punctilio.)

THE DEJEUNE; OR, COMPANION FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

No. I. New Series.

Ecce iterum Crispinus .- Hor.

In the Autumn of 1820, a little daily publication, bearing the title of "The Dejeune," was projected and "perpetrated"—to borrow a phrase from the Old Bailey-by some aspiring literary maranders of Russel Street. At that primitive period, Messieurs Gold and Northouse, Bibliopolists and Yorkshiremen, were in the habit of enlightening the neighbourhood of Covent Garden through the monthly medium (peace be with its ashes) of the London Magazine. The Dejeune was the child-the only child of this respected periodical. As it made its daily appearance at the companionable hour of Breakfast, "the asperity of first thoughts, the little roughnesses of extempore ideas, and so forth, were" (in the language of its original Prospectus) occasionally discernible in its pages." Still it sold, and sold with a rapidity proportioned to its appearance. Why, then, the reader will ask, was it discontinued? From a downright deficiency of matter, is the sincere, unsophisticated reply. Pursuits of more vital importance called off the attention of its contributors, indisposition crippled its Editor, and, after a brief, but mercurial existence of five calendar months, The Dejeune "slept with its fathers, and was not."

Four years have since elapsed, and "Richard's himself again." Dejeune is re-born. We know not how many of its original subscribers -those fortunate thousands, who, let the world frown as it might, could still calculate upon twopenny-worth of extacy at breakfast—may still live to welcome its resurrection, but this at least we can assure them, their old favourite's improved by experience, and, desirous as ever to amuse, will again appear on the arena. Variety of style and subject, sentiment combined with humour, and information relieved by anecdote, will, as in the days of old, abundantly gild our pages. But, good gracious! what a difference between that time and the present. were boys, now we are men. Then we were sometimes (blushing we confess it) intolerable, occasionally absurd, and more frequently bombastical; now we are interesting, gentleman-like, and well-informed. We mention this in order to show our modesty, for nothing, as Blackwood would observe, is so insufferably tedious as egotism. Mr. Hume's speeches are even preferable.

With these additional claims on their attention, we hope once more to find our original subscribers restored to us. Those who are deceased can, of course, have no will of their own, save through the medium of their descendants; and can there be a more gratifying and imperious duty, than for children to tread in the steps of their fathers? We anticipate the reply: virtue still flourishes in England, despite the Society for the Suppression of Vice; and the same literary Dejeune, that transported the fancy of the parent, we may reasonably hope (for the honour of human nature) to see ravishing the bosoms of his posterity. Thus much by way of introduction; or, in the words of Horace,

Tam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia Lippi Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.

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THE EXILE.

(The Subject of the Plate.)

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seiz'd his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tun'd his farewell in the dim of twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he poured his last "Good Night."

"ADIEU, adieu!—my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seame v.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

"A few short hours and He will rise
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.



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And fleeting shores receded from his sight. Thus to the Elements he pour'd his last good Night '

Published by W.C. Wright. 65 Paternoster Row. 1824.



'My father bless'd me fervently, Yet did not much complain; But sorely will my mother sigh Till I come back again.'—

"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;

If I thy guileless bosom had, Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman, Why dost thou look so pale?

Or dost thou dread a French foeman?

Or shiv'rest at the gale?"—
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall, Along the bordering lake,

And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,

Thy grief let none gainsay; But I, who am of lighter mood, Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs Of wife or paramour?

Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave

"And now I'm in the world alone, Upon the wide, wide sea:

But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,

Till fed by stranger hands;

But long ere I come back again, He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go Athwart the foaming brine;

Nor care what land thou bear'st me to, So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!

And when you fail my sight,

Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!

My native Land—Good Night!"

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LONDON IN AUGUST.

August-a season of Ices, Soda Water, and cold baths-when even the church-steeples look thirsty, and one is tempted to think, with Gray, that paradise must consist in lounging on a sofa, and reading novels! August-when altars to Pomona are erected in every street, and hot curds-and-whey look refreshingly sour from innumerable tin-kettles !-Month of white hats and whiter inexpressibles—of Lilliputian bonnets and Brobdinagian veils! Who, that could help it, would encounter thy almost tropical sun on a London pavement? To be sure, the fashionable winter is hardly over: my Lady Betty and my Lord John still cut capers at Almack's-the Opera still boasts quality audiences-but, then, Rossini presides, and Pasta sings! Folks of ton still saunter in Hyde Park in the mornings, that is, about five o'clock P. M. There are still plenty of pigeons to be plucked in the St. James's Hells, and the country is still voted a bore by every body that is any body. Yet London has few charms for the million. Madame Catalani has ceased to sing between the Acts of Farces at New-Old-Drury, and Manager Elliston has made his last speech for the season. True, the Luges may repair to Vauxhall, the lungs of the metropolis—gaze on green lamps and green trees -listen to the tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum of sundry cat-gut scrapers in cocked hats—admire the wonders of the Ballet—chuckle with delight at the Pyrotechnicals, and eat ham at a sovereign a pound.

Or there is real water (rather muddy) at Sadler's Wells, and a shower of fire (vastly refreshing) at the Lyceum. Then, at the Haymarket there is Liston, coining his face into a thousand good jokes, and making you weep with irrepressible laughter. But, alas! the thermometer is above summer-heat in the open air,—think what it must be in a playhouse. What a situation, to be packed in the pit, between a gouty butcher and a dropsical fishmonger, the gas glaring, and the gods shouting; or to be pent in a side-box, filled to fainting, with feathers, flowers, silks, muslins, and women-kind; a chandelier staring you out of countenance, and your eyes asking for the green curtain, which they are not to see! If the Manager would convert the theatre into a shower-bath, and irrigate his suffering audience between the Acts, it might be endured; but at present, a prudent man, unless he is particularly fond of his apothe-

cary, will hardly trust himself within its precincts.

"Prodigiously hot this morning, Ma'am."—"Very, it makes one shockingly nervous!"——"How oppressively sultry, Sir."—"Yes, Miss, I think we shall have thunder!"—Such are our every-day salutations—and if you have fortitude enough to follow the stream of traffic from Aldgate to Charing Cross, it will be as good as a comedy to observe the various groups of smoking and panting pedestrians as they pass, exhibiting the different degrees of fatigue, from listlessness to absolute exhaustion. Nothing is to be expected in the more Eastern line of streets, but business in its multiform moods—all is bustle and money-gathering; the wrinkled brow, or smile-puckered face, of the wealthy cit, indicates

the rise or fall of stocks. Yet the portly old gentleman totters under the load of fifty turtle-eating years, and, sighing for the close of the dog-days, wishes himself at Ramsgate, and "lards the lean earth as he walks along." The hurrying importance of the dapper warehouseman is highly ludicrous; he is a moving price-current, and he wipes the accumulated moisture from his forehead with the air of a Prime Minister. Yonder would-be sprig of fashion, from whose blue surtout peeps his black book of office, affects to move with the easy nonchalance of a Bond Street idler; but banker's clerk is more legible in his countenance than coxcomb, and even the pastry-cook's nymph, while he swallows her ices,

detects his want of gentility.

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In Change Alley the bond-holders comfort themselves with soda water, and in Bartholomew Lane the fruit-women triumph over their diminishing heaps; while in Cheapside the gilded dial of Bow Church, like a warming-pan protruded from a garret-window, afflicts the eye with its painful brightness. Then comes St. Paul's, looking in tranquil magnificence over the vast extent of the modern Babylon, London. The buildings which surround, seem perishable as the beings who raised them; while that sublime edifice seems built for eternity. Here, perhaps, you meet with a minor canon, lounging to the performance of his daily task, as if it were indeed a task; or a country bumpkin, reeking with his haste to see the monuments, yet pausing for a moment to gaze at Queen Anne, whose restored nose assorts but ill with the rueful visages of her attendants. Passing down Ludgate Hill, the mercer's shops, and Everington's in particular, blaze with all the splendour of braziery and plate-glass. Shades of the silkmen of former days, if ye can revisit the haunts of your past lives, how great must be your astonishment!

Fleet Market, it seems, is to be removed—at present it flourishes in its pristine glory; and the effluvia of putrefying meat, and stale vegetables, is truly edifying. A walk through this delightful arcade at noon may be imagined, but can hardly be described. Fish and flesh broiling beneath an August sun-fruit rotting into garbage-"things to dream of, but not to tell"—the blue-aproned lords of the shambles and the shrill-tongued syrens of Billingsgate clamour in rivalry! Woe to the hapless pedestrian, whose nasal organs are delicate, or whose sense of hearing is acute !- Proceeding westward, the Inns of Court offer their samples of legal wisdom. The incipient barrister, dignified in his own opinion by a smattering of unconnected authorities, stalks to his coffeehouse, longing for the fall of the leaf, and his first essay in public life. The Doctor, black to the neck-cloth, all pulse and patients, pants with heat and vexation, as, about to ascend some dark stairs, in search of the hapless invalids, whose poverty makes their maladies tiresome. Hard by, moves, with mincing gait, the newly-imported French Dancing Master, who walks to the measure of his favourite waltz, and despite of the almost vertical sun-beams, pursues his course with the alacrity of an upharnessed colt. Then comes the beau, dressed to a miracle! His cravat adjusted in the newest fashion—his cambric handkerchief diffusing its musty sweetness from nose to nose—and his rouged cheeks shin-

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ing through hair-gathering moisture. -- At last, the Equestrian Statue of the second Stuart, in all its melancholy dignity, its majestic sadness, its monarchical sorrow, meets the eye; and but that use renders the most interesting object unmarked, we might pause to shed a passing tear to the memory of the unfortunate Charles .- And now red coats and blue-grey coats and green, belaced and be-buttoned by the indefatigable hands of many a fashionable snip, claim our notice at every step. Heroes, whose hottest service has been at a Review, strutting with the assurance of thorough-bred Waterloo-men, and making a merit of their regimental panoply, though its glaring colours were never besmeared by the stains of war. Yet we may meet with better things than these-the unassuming veteran, whose scarred brow, eloquent in silence, tells of many a hard-won field; and whose bright grey eye, unquenched by the chills of age, still looks in recollection over the scenes of his youthful The promising Tyro in the martial art, whose yet green years have still been nurtured in the arena, where the two greatest captains of their day strove for the laurel—and the wounded subaltern, whose medal speaks powerfully of the past, recalling to our imagination that terrific combat, where the blood of the brave moistened the earth like rain, and the valiant fell in their strength, under the red arm of slaughter, as the ripened harvests fall beneath the sickle of the reaper.

London is classic ground—Greece and Italy cannot, even in their Rome and Athens, furnish more spirit-stirring thoughts to the soul of genius or patriotism, than the libelled city of the cockneys. When we talk of our renowned shop-keeping town, a thousand ridiculous ideas necessarily present themselves. Gog and Magog appear in their gigantic hideousness—Whittington and his feline favourite—and Johnny Gilpin on his journey to Edmonton, are reasonable provocations to laughter: but, degraded and soul-less must that man be, who does not hallow in his imagination the birth-place of a Milton, the time-honoured spot where

Shakspeare wrote and Sydney bled. A truce to these prose heroics—the weather is too hot for moral reflec-An August day spent amid the dust and smoke of a great town, would have made Diogenes himself unphilosophical. How palled is the appetite-how languid are all the organs of sense-a hot joint is an abomination—the "smoky column" from the "bubbling and loud-hissing urn," makes one feverish—and nothing is tolerable in the way of a meal, but cold meats and sallads. Bed, where, in winter, the indolent or invalid luxuriate in full content, has become a punishment. The aged and the infirm turn from side to side through the twilight hours, and long to be up again; while those who are weary from the want of occupation, can no longer take refuge in sleep, or enjoy in their dreams active pursuits, on which they have no courage to enter while waking. Breakfast is announced—the boiling tea is as bad as a chapter of the Terrific A walk is proposed, a drive to the Bazaar, or some fashionable exhibition—but the company are too peevish to be amused, an ice or a glass of soda water is a better thing just now, than the noblest production of art. Dinner is laid-but fortitude is wanting to attack the

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red-hot delicacies; and the cook's choicest efforts are regarded with as much aversion as if they were the vehicles of poison. Then the wine-coolers burn one's fingers, and the dessert looks as if it had been roasted; a draught of spring-water, if fresh from the pump, is excellent. But then, what a weary road of eating and drinking must be passed over, ere we can arrive at a quiet moment. "London, I love thee;" I triumph in thy grandeur and thy genius, for I am a cockney; but with all my pious regard for thy bricks and mortar, I would fain pass my August in the country!

MAGLIABECHI.

This extraordinary character, whose extensive learning and vast memory has been noticed, (vide Portfolio, page 153,) according to the accurate Fabronius,* was born at Florence in 1633. He was placed, when a boy, as servant to a dealer in fruit, in which situation he discovered such a propensity to letters, that a bookseller took him into his employment, where his talents and memory made him so much talked of, that the Grand Duke appointed him his librarian. He lived in the midst of his books and spiders, nor could he be persuaded to leave his old apartment for one more commodious, which the Duke had provided for him. A thread-bare cloak served him for a gown in the day, and a coverlid at night; and the only luxury in which he indulged was smoking. He died July 14, 1714,

TO L. E. L.

Strancer! whoe'er thou art, thy plaintive lyre
Hath sooth'd the sorrows of an aching breast;
When Hope's fair dreams in sorrow's dawn expire,
'Tis thine to lull a care-torn soul to rest.
For thou dost weep the visions that in Fancy's hour
Rose to the eye, and cheated the young heart.
Delusive dream! which, like a faded flow'r,
No charm, save recollection, can impart.
Though disappointment oft hath chill'd thy tale,
And sear'd a heart, to love and sorrow prone,
Yet, as thy soften'd murmurs expire i' th' gale,
And speak of loves forgot, of joys for ever flown,
Lady, I mourn thy griefs, forgetful of mine own!

B.

^{*} Fabroni (Angele) vitæ Italorum Doctrina Excellentium quæ Seculis, xvii, et xviii. Floruerunt. 20 vols.

MY FIRST BORN.

Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail
On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—what a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's güileless pleasures, and its griefs profound,
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail,
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail;
Or if thy voyage must be rough—mayst thou
Soon 'scape the storm, and be—as blest as I am now!

It was a dreary morning, my child, when those blue eyes of thine first beheld the bright glare of heaven's light; and though the wind howled fearfully through the air, and the night-owl had not ceased flapping her wings, ere the rays of the lingering sun had driven her to her home; and though all was gloomy and desolate without, there was nought but fearful joy, and joyful fear, within; for 'twas a day that anticipation had painted in its most glowing colours, and which were not subdued by the cold gaze of reality. That was a day, which, while the warm blood that now runs freely through my veins, and gives energy to its remembrance, will ever be present to my memory, while reason exerts her sway. There was but one day more joyous, or that created more wild and novel feelings. 'Twas that day when thy mother, with cheeks burning with conscious error, though her eyes glowed with more than earthly love, hid her face blushingly in my breast, and told the dread, yet joyful tale, of thy expectancy. Oh! that was a moment, when love and hope, and joy and sorrow, reigned so equally within our bosoms, that neither knew which predominated.

The world will look coldly on thee, my child. Thy father must be hold thee but in secret, and thou must be hid from a mother's doating eyes, as if thou wert a thing of shame on the face of the earth. Thou must bear, with an unrepining spirit, the contempt of the world; and, when the finger of scorn is pointed at thee, the tongue, which should be alive to thy redress, must be silent, and the arm that should be first to strike the blow, must remain nerveless. Thy parents' error must be thy

shame, and thy shame the target for the arrows of the world.

But shall the cloud round thy birth obscure the light of thy father's affection! No,—no more than it does the beauty which those dazzling eyes display. Though a mother's tear may dim them, though a father's repentance may cast a shade over their gaiety, though the unpitying sorrow, or the smarting pity, of the world, be upon thee, the prayers of thy father, and the tears of thy mother, shall ascend to the throne of Heaven, that it may scatter its brightest rays over the path of My First Born!

ON SHAKING OF HANDS.

"GIVE me your hand," was the conciliating exclamation of Cassius; "and my heart, too," the passionate reply of the noble Brutus: and they immediately grasped each other's hands as firmly (I have no doubt,) as Spring and Langan before a set-to. And here (without profanity) I cannot help noticing, that, even in the antichristian practice of prize-fighting, the placable disposition of our excellent religion, puts to shame the splendid barbarities attendant on the much-boasted games of gladiators, where all was stern, unrelenting, and ended but in death. Though were we to discuss (a la Fontenelle,) the real sentiments of the above named gentlemen, L. & S. we should not, perhaps, discover much of the amicableness that exists in appearance; but as this is a digression from the path I had trod out for my subject, and as I carry not my wits, as those gentlemen do, at my fingers' ends, I will dismiss them from my paper, without further ceremony; satisfied of their being game, and of the inutility of challenging them on my own ground.

At the same time I have as little intention of entering into a dissertation on salutes in general; but, certainly, of all others, give me the hearty shake of the hand from a friend; and, as the sailors have it,

"a long pull and a strong pull, &c. with a pretty girl I love."

I have not phleghm enough in my constitution to sit for half an hour together rubbing noses, when I know there are two pair of lips ripe for a conjunction beneath. I would much sooner fall into the oriental custom of kissing the eyes; certainly a much more intelligent as well as genteel mode of salutation; and of which, by the way, we may, at times, in some love-sick romance, or would-be natural novel, meet with an attempt to keep up the eye-dear: as when some old nurse, or go-between, exclaims, "bless her sweet eyes," &c. and the Poets—ah! the Poets! how often do they "kiss away a tear of pearly dew."

But I think I hear you, Mr. Merton! crying, "Francis!—Anon, anon, Sir;"—and now to my subject,—The manner of using that digiterial (excuse the phrase,) appendage to our wrists, which we possess in common with the monkey tribe. Remember that, O man, and be humble! 'tis for us authors alone to retain a modicum of pride unhurt; since, however they may approach common men, yet shew me when they

have handled the "grey goose quill!"

Upon some little observation, Mr. M. I think I have discovered that this mode of gratulation may be divided into four distinct kinds, viz. the shake social, the affectionate shake, the indifferent, and the interested; the last will sometimes proceed from such complicated springs of action, that I cannot pledge myself to infallibility in its description, and this at once opens to me the idea of naming it the artificial shake.

To begin with the shake social, or every-day shake; this I hope is known to every one, for though it is distinguished in its essentials from the affectionate, yet is there some little show of affection in it—it keeps up the tone of sociality, and prevents the milk of human kindness from curdling in the bosom.

You may witness such every day, between friends meeting fifty streets from their respective residences; it is generally given in an horizontal direction, without the right-down, knocker-shake heartiness of two long parted friends: and is usually accompanied with a—how d'ye do Mr. C.? what brought you so far from home? It is, likewise, the fellow tradesmen's neighbourly salute, on opening shop together after the relief that Sunday has afforded, to enable the entering with spirit into the affairs of a new week. How hapless were the fate of the shopkeeper without it!

"Had no divine command that day design'd,
To rest the limb, and sooth to prayer the mind;
Still would I honour with the meed of praise,
The man who rescued from life's stormy days,
Those welcome intervals of rest and peace,
When labour sleeps, and cares and bustles cease."

Bounden's Deserted City.

But this mode of friendly salute is attended with the pleasantest emotions, and the nearest bordering upon the affectionate, when the companions of the desk meet on the Bank steps, or within the handsome gates of the India-house, from their different suburban retreats, at Hackney, Kilburn, or Kentish Town; and chatting for a few minutes over the events of the preceding day, or the last night's literary party, before the commencement of their official duties. And begrudge them not, ye who are severe against joint stock monopolies, and expensive establishments! envy them not, their unoffending plans and literary leisure—they rob ye not. But I tread on hallowed ground! Elia has trod it before me.

Proceed we, then, to the affectionate shake—but then, who does not know the warm grasp-the almost wring of the hand, on meeting a much-loved relative or absent friend: when the soul appears in the eyes, and "my dear fellow!" is uttered, or rather escapes with the full burst of feeling? oh, no! I will not insult you, Mr. M. or your readers, by supposing you have not felt these. There is no mimickry here! though you may sometimes encounter a surreptitious violence of the hand-wrist on meeting three or four young bloods of your acquaintance, from whom you have endured an absence of-five or six hours: who, by their blustering, and the manner in which they surround you, not unfrequently lead passengers to suppose they are securing a pick-pocket, till, on perceiving separate and continued assaults upon your digits, they compassionate your situation, collect their countenances, and walk on. may occasionally meet with something approaching to the class which this paragraph goes to describe, if, perchance during a storm, it be your good fortune to reach an archway, like that to which we are indebted for your clever essay on outward appearances: in such a situation to encounter a friend, or a casual acquaintance, gives a tinge of mutual satisfaction to your countenances, which becomes more tangibly apparent by means of a cordial address to each other's hands, which, as the storm rages with more or less violence, partakes of a greater or lesser degree of warmth; but I fear I get tedious. But let me warn my friends against that anti-social

custom of presenting a finger, as if they could not shake hands with all

The indifferent, or what may, perhaps, be more properly termed, a mere dropping of hands, takes place when a person meets another whose company he would wish to cut in a genteel way; or when two that have been friends, and would still retain the exterior, fall into each other's company, this ceremony is performed with the most most frigid indifference, just touching the hands; not the vital heat of a closed grasp, to warm the blood to a reconciliation; but the limb drops as if loosed by death. This mode of handling another person's glove-stock, may be advantageously called into requisition, to get rid of a bore that would force his company with impertinent familiarity.

But as I feel the subject cooling, I will go on at once to the interested, which, as it is the most extensive, (according to the best judges,) as it

cannot be treated fully, it cannot be treated too briefly.

Of this kind is the meeting of debtor and creditor; when, if there be no reason to doubt the substantiality of the former, or the fair dealing of the latter, the sensation and salute are mutual. Of this class, likewise, are all the menial welcomes, where obligation is the ground-work of the

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When it reaches its highest pitch of feeling, is at the half-yearly meeting of the country factor in town. There being, in this instance, the adventitious aid of time's lapse, and a remote country between. Its heartiness, however, varies according to the sum of the account due, and the promptness of the debtor in his payments. It sometimes takes the appearance of a genuine country squeeze, but if you consult the eye, you will immediately perceive that 'tis done to order. Mention a bill of long date, and you will find a very perceptible difference in the muscular pressure; and at last a general indication of the cool let-go-ism.

But to conclude,—there is one application of the fingers which falls under the general term: but, alas! how inadequate is that or any other to describe it. It is, in fact, instead of words, and only where language fails; and when this is felt, nothing else is thought of. A soldier may "squeeze the red blood-drop from the nail"—a farmer may dislocate your wrist;—but a young lady's hand!—'tis like Cowper's rose, not to

be shaken too rudely!

I cannot better describe this than by example. Some six short months ago, I happened into the company of a young lady—well, says some cynical old gentleman, what is that to us, or Mr. Merton?—nothing, Sir, but 'tis something to me. It was my happy fortune to see her to the stage, the afore-speaking gentleman knows how lightly we walk on those occasions—how tender the conversation for a time: and then, again, how silent provokingly, perplexingly silent, to be the fruit of after vexation, as to its effect on the opinions of the beloved object. We reached the coach too soon! then came the parting scene—our hands gently clasped each other;—love, true love, even in the lowest stations, is refined. We did not shake them—no, nor drop them coolly—no, but such a soft velvet pressure, and a look—that seemed to say, "Adieu! but, ah! forget me not!" I must conclude, or I shall run riot here.

Twas thrice repeated, and O! could you, Mr. Merton, procure me a fourth, O how pleased and grateful would I concede to you the real, affectionate, warm-hearted pressure, that is every thing (short of that vital, thrilling touch reserved for the softer sex,) which your generous nature desires of a friend in hand.

J. A. G.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF BOOKS.

A LIBRARY is one of the finest monuments a person can leave behind him, especially when the books are chosen with taste, and are such as may be of use to religion and our country. But the misfortune is, that the multitude of writers, who are ambitious of gaining themselves a reputation, is the cause that some of our libraries are crowded with repetions, trifles, and absurdities. Each one eager to publish his singularities and his dreams, has contributed to the formation of that chaos of works, which exists this day in the world. The catalogues alone of our libraries are immense, requiring no inferior memory to call them to mind.

A learned and good man had reason to say, that "nothing was better or worse than books; and that, when he reflected on the great number and production of all kinds, which are an insult on morals and truth, he found nothing more humiliating to the mind of man, than the greatest part of libraries." And true it is that they contain the extravagant systems of, I know not how many, pretended wise men, who have made themselves illustrious only by their follies; that they are the receptacle of an infinity of opinions, as dangerous as they are whimsical; a depository of errors, of hazardous maxims, and of impieties, of which the perversity of the human heart alone is capable of forming any idea. 1 know that this is, in some measure, cancelled by the excellent books we enjoy, but how affecting it is to reason, to see so much bad intermixed with so much good! Thus our immense libraries may be compared to those wild gardens, where some few flowers are seen among a multitude of weeds; where a few shrubs are discovered through briars and heaps of stones; or to those dispensaries, wherein are found the health-bestowing drugs and the death-dealing poisons.

Would authors be at the pains to reflect, for a few moments, on the baneful and lasting consequences of a work contrary to religion and morals, they would see that it is a seed of death, which will produce the most bitter fruits; and the more elegant the composition, the more hearts it will corrupt. Man is irregular enough in himself, and not to be excited by the perversity of others, to follow the bent of his own evil inclinations. But to say nothing of such works as are pernicious, how many frivolous, how many superfluous books, are every day issuing from the press. Our forefathers made dissertations on the least interesting subjects; and we treat the gravest, and most deserving our attention, as if we were writing romances. People in these days are in a hurry to become authors, and give not their thoughts time to ripen, or even to bud

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They are thrown out almost as soon as hatched: they are deformed children, who for want of food perish the moment they are born.

After all, a public library is a treasure to a country. The having easy access to books is a grand preservative against idleness, the indulgence of which, stifles the naturally fine parts of many, and hurries them into the greatest irregularities; when, on the other hand, time well employed gives new zest to life: and it is an acknowledged truth by many great personages themselves, that they owe the regular conduct of their youth, and the love of study at that early age, entirely to the public libraries. They there spent those critical hours, which otherwise might have been given to dissipation and pleasure; and never leaving them without feeling ardour for study. At the same time, it would be very proper that the librarian should pay attention to the not lending indistinctly all sorts of books. Prudence requires great circumspection in this article. There is nothing in the world which does not present itself under those different aspects. Abuses are always near the best of things; wisdom consists in keeping, not what is without any inconvenience, (for inconvenience is every where to be found) but what contain the least, and libraries are an infinite resource: So men must be totally devoted to ignorance, not to feel the advantages of them, and use them accordingly.

It would be advisable that readers made choice of such books only, as were relative to their profession, contributed to their happiness, and agreeable to the good taste they naturally ought to have for order and truth: but, unfortunately, there are to be found too many, who read indiscriminately whatever falls into their hands, indulging their fancy, rather than consulting their judgment, as if there were in life, a multitude of days and years, which they might sacrifice, at liberty, to folly and curiosity. They little think, while reading, that what they read will take root in their minds and hearts; so that after reading for fifteen or twenty years together, if they enter seriously into themselves, they will find their minds no longer the same, but an aggregate of all the works they have run through. Hence that general confusion of ideas we find in the same man, and those inconclusive and opposite ways of reasoning, which make him change (like the plate hung upon a pin) with every wind.

Reading is the food which forms the juices of our mind, just as our corporeal aliments form the chyle, which contributes to our preservation. The soul requires food as well as the body, although in quite a different manner: and when it is nourished with proper reading, it goes to seek subsistence in business and conversation. Languished souls are generally such as feed on mere nothing: whereas health and vigour are remarkable in those, who are fond of good reading. To a soul that knows its own wants, and is desirous to be satisfied, good libraries are as delicious tables, where it tastes and relishes the genius of famed writers, and is penetrated with them. There are some works, which, when a man, who has a taste for the sublimer sciences, has read, detach him from all that is terrene.

The Belles Lettres to the understanding are no more than a delicate morsel, but the sublime sciences are meats, substantial and relishing; and in order to satisfy both the soul and the understanding at the same

time, a person does very well, when in his power, to read, both books of amusement and such as are profound. A writer who is barely profound, is not pleasing; and a writer who is merely pleasing, is no more than superficial. We must join the agreeable to the essential, in order to be beneficial: unity and harmony, are synonymous turns—we must unite in every thing. Like the elementary fire, the particles of which are oppressively heavy, or vapidly light, no sooner strike and unite their powers, than all around is illuminated, producing in one moment health, life, and animation.

The operation of the soul which catches the thoughts of others, in order to digest them, and makes them pass into their own substance, is, I apprehend, absolutely unknown to the greatest part of youth, they know not that a good book is made to be relished, and to feed both the Thus a life may be spent in reading without immind and the heart. provement. It is a very useful science to be able to read with profit; so as to continue one's self, and not to become as many individuals as the authors we have studied, for a man in that case would be a whimsical melange of all the sentiments and ideas which he might have picked up here and there. Reading, to be useful, must be subordinate to a well exercised understanding, so that it may judge of what it reads by comparing it with the lights of reason and religion, the two pillars on which every judgment we form, must rest. Our soul, although spiritual, is like a river constantly flowing, and carrying with it, not only foam and sand, but sometimes also a few grains of gold.

A REMARKABLE SUPERSTITION.

Acobard, Archbishop of Lyons, in the reign of Charlemagne and his son, has the following passage in his book, "De Grandine."

"In these districts almost all persons, noble and plebeian, townsmen and rustics, old and young, believe that hail and thunder may be produced by the will of man; that is, by the incantation of certain men, who are called Tempestarii." He proceeds :- "We have seen and heard many, who are sunk in such folly and stupidity, as to believe and assert, that there is a certain country, which they call Magonia, whence ships came in the clouds, for the purpose of carrying back the com, which is beaten off by the hail and storms, and which those aerial sailors purchase of the said Tempestarii." Agobard afterwards affirms, that he himself saw, in a certain assembly, four persons, three men and a woman, exhibited bound, as if they had fallen from these ships, who had been kept some days in confinement, and were now brought out to be stoned in his presence, but that he reserved them from the popular fury. He further says, that there were persons who pretended to be able to protect the inhabitants of a district from tempests, and that for this service they received a payment in corn from the credulous countrymen, which payment was called canonicum.

If air-balloons had been invented in that period, what a confirmation of their superstitious notions would the arrival of one of them in that country have been to the inhabitants!

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PRISON REMINISCENCES.

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(From the French of M. Jouy.)

It is well worthy of remark, that history records, at the distance of two centuries, an event exactly similar, though under different names; and it reflects no small share of honour on woman, that these are traits of conjugal heroism.—The following account is given, in an ancient chronicle, of the devoted tenderness of the wife of Grotius. "The celebrated and illustrious Grotius was released from a prison, and its sufferings, by the advice and industry of Marie de Kegelsberg, his lawful wife. This important plan was first suggested to her from the circumstance of a large chest, filled with books and linen, being regularly sent from Louvestein to Gorcum, and from Gorcum to Louvestein, till the gaolers had ceased to consider it necessary to open it, turn over its contents, and examine them with the scrupulous nicety originally observed. From these observations she conceived the design of concealing her husband in the above-mentioned trunk, having first skilfully perforated it with a gimlet, so that by turning his head in this direction, he could respire freely. Grotius acceded to the contrivance, placed himself in the box, and was carried without any difficulty to Gorcum, where he lay concealed at the house of one of his friends some time, passed on to Anvers, from whence he easily proceeded at his pleasure, clothed in the costume of his province, and carrying a joiner's rule in his hand. Meanwhile the wife pretended that her husband was extremely ill, and that she would herself watch him in his prison. Nor was this farce discontinued till she had no longer the means of supporting it. Then, smiling in contemptuous derision at the guards, she observed, that the bird had indeed forsaken its cage! The utmost confusion and surprise was displayed by the Judge, who, at first, wished to proceed criminally against her, and some even proposed her perpetual imprisonment in place of her husband; but by a plurality of voices this noble-minded woman was acquitted, and loaded with the praise of all around her.

Might we not suppose ourselves reading the history of Mad. Lavalette, though with far less interest? Grotius required only the abridgment of his imprisonment, whilst the scaffold of M. Lavalette was actually prepared. If the basis of these two adventures was the same, how different were their results! The wife of Grotius found, in the liberty which she had restored to her husband, the happiness and glory of the remainder of her life. When Mad. Lavalette again saw her husband, the effort of her courage had destroyed her reason, and her wandering senses did not even allow her the consolation of recognising the object of her heroic devotion. A great part of the history of Europe is buried in her prisons; it is a work in which we are deficient, but which would carry with it the deepest interest. The reigns of Louis XIII. XIV. XV. would be nearly comprised in the records of the Bastile. Henry IV. contented himself with causing the public treasure to be consigned to its keeping. In 1790, a complete copy of the Encyclopedia was discovered in one of the

dungeons of that prison, after having been shut up there five and twenty The Duke of Guise, in 1588, becoming master of Paris, seized upon the Bastile, and appointed Bussy la Clare governor of this state prison; and Bussy, who was Attorney General, conducted himself within its walls all the members of the French Parliament, who refused to release the French from their oath of allegiance to Henry the III. in favour of Guise. Judges and counsellors, in full robes, were allowed only bread and water, and one week of this regimen exhausted their constancy and fidelity. It is known that there existed at Bicetre, before the Revolution, four damp, gloomy, and infectious dungeons, six feet in length, and four in breadth, the very cells of death, where the air entered with much difficulty through oblique openings; the very torches became extinguished for want of aliment, and the unhappy beings brought down into these horrid tombs, were loaded with chains of sixty pounds On his accession to the ministry, M. Necker caused the only condemned criminal, who had survived two years of this frightful punish. ment, to be set at liberty. When drawn up to the surface of the earth, this unfortunate being tottered at every step like a man overcome with wine: a word from the Minister proved, that he had mistaken his emotion; "Alas! Sir," said the wretched man, "for the last two years! have drank only putrid water, it is the pure air which intoxicates me!"

The pacific Cardinal de Fleury, in the affair of la Bulle alone, signed thirty millions of lettres de cachet !— How many unprincipled fathers, after a life of infamy, have themselves become the accusers of their sons, guilty of some youthful indiscretion, and have obtained against them lettres de cachet. How many shameless wives have, by the same iniquitous means, rid themselves of their husbands. M. de Saint Florentine had, for fifteen years, the sole monopoly of these letters. Bacon, who might have cited himself as an example, asserts, that there is no state of fortune possible to be attained without persecution, "We must," said the Romans, "devour the serpent, if we would become a dragon:"* and yet how many exceptions are there to this rule; how many persecutions have had only their sufferings for their reward. I know not to what prisoner of St. Pelagie we are indebted for this maxim, which I found inscribed on one of the walls of the red gallery,-" That I may know a man, condemn him to a month's imprisonment, if he be fortunate; and to a month of prosperity, if poor. I could wish, that in the same instant, one might know all that is passing in the heart of men who inhabit Then would be seen on two sorts of edifices, palaces and prisons. which side existed meanness in pride, ambition in idleness, the most immoderate desire of enriching ourself without labour, the most profound aversion for truth, flattery, treason, contempt for the duties of a citizen, hatred of virtue, love of vice, and ridicule extended over all that is good, just, and upright."-"This will be met with in palaces," replies Montesquieu, from whom I borrow these lines: he adds, "this has been in all places, and in all times, the character of the inhabitants of palaces, and we must agree, that though a judge, this Montesquieu was a clever man, and an enlightened philosopher. S. R.

^{* &}quot;Serpens nisi serpentem comederit not fit draco."

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

A German popular Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TALE, DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Many a century back, if we can give credit to the old Chronicle, an old wandering bag-piper settled at Neisse, a small town in Silesia. He lived quietly and honestly, and at first played his tunes in secret for his own amusement; but it was not long, as his neighbours delighted in listening to him, and would often in the calm of a warm midsummer evening gather round his door, whilst he called forth the cheering sounds of harmony, before Master Wilibald became acquainted both with old and young, was flattered and caressed, and lived in content and

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The gallant beaux of the place, who had near his door first beheld those lovely creatures, for whose sake they had written so much bad poetry, and lost so much more valuable time, were his constant customers for melting songs, while they drowned the softer passages with the depth of their sighs. The old citizens invited him at their solemn dinnerparties; and no bride would have deemed her wedding-feast to be completely celebrated, had not Master Wilibald played the bridal dance of his own composition. For this very purpose he had invented a most tender melody, which united gaiety and gravity, playful ideas and melancholy feelings, forming a true emblem of matrimonial life.-A feeble trace of this tune is still to be found in what is called, the old German Grandfather's Dance, which, as far down as the time of our parents, was an important requisite of a wedding feast, and is even heard now and then in our days. As often as Master Wilibald played this tune, the prudest spinster would not refuse to dance, the stooping matron moved again her time-stiffened joints, and the grey-haired grandfather danced it merrily with the blooming offspring of his children. This dance seemed really to restore youth to the old, and this was the cause of its being called, at first in jest, and afterwards generally, the Grandfather's Dance.

A young painter, of the name of Wido, lived with Master Wilibald; he was thought to be the son, or the foster-son, of the musician. The effect of the old man's art on this youth was lost. He remained silent and mournful at the most mirth-inspiring tunes Wilibald played to him; and at the balls, to which he was often invited, he rarely mingled with the gay: but would retire into a corner, and fix his eyes on the loveliest fair one that graced the room, neither daring to address, nor to offer her his hand. Her father, the Mayor of the town, was a proud and haughty man, who would have thought his dignity lessened, had an unknown limner cast his eye upon his daughter. But the beautiful Emma was not

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of her father's opinion: for the young girl loved with all the ardour of a first and secret passion, the backward, though handsome youth. Often when she perceived the expressive eyes of Wido endeavouring to catch unobservedly her glances, she would abate her liveliness, and allow the youth of her heart to have the undisturbed view of her beautiful and variable features. She easily read afterwards, in his brightening face, the eloquent gratitude of his heart; and although she turned blushingly away, the fire on her cheeks, and the sparkling in her eyes, kindled new flames of love and hope in her lover's bosom.

Master Wilibald had for a long time promised to assist the lovesick youth in obtaining his soul's dearest object. Sometimes he intended, like the wizards of yore, to torment the Mayor with an enchanted dance, and compel him by exhaustion to grant every thing; sometimes, like a second Orpheus, he proposed to carry away, by the power of his harmony, the sweet bride from the Tartarian abode of her father. But Wido always had objections; he never would allow the parent of his fair one to be harmed by the slightest offence, and hoped

to win him by perseverance and complacency.

Wilibald told him, "Thou art an idiot, if thou hopest to win, by an open and honourable sentiment, like thy love, the approbation of a rich and proud old fool. He will not surrender without some of the plagues of Egypt are put in force against him. When once Emma is thine, and he no more can change what has happened, then thou wilt find him friendly and kind. I blame myself for having promised to do nothing against thy will, but death acquits every debt, and still I shall help ther in my own way."

Poor Wido was not the only one on the path of whose life the Mayor strewed thorns and briars. The whole town had very little affection for their chief, and delighted to oppose him at every opportunity; for he was harsh and cruel, and punished severely the citizens for trifling and innocent mirth, unless they purchased pardon by the means of heavy

penalties and bribes.

After the yearly wine-fair in the month of January, he was in the habit of obliging them to pay all their earnings into his treasury, to make amends for their past merriments. One day the tyrant of Neisse had put their patience to too hard a trial, and broken the last tie of obedience, from his oppressed townsmen. The malcontents had created a riot, and filled their persecutor with deadly fear; for they threatened nothing less than to set fire to his house, and to burn him, together with all the riches he had gathered by oppressing them.

At this critical moment, Wido went to Master Wilibald, and said to him, "Now, my old friend, is the time when you may help me with your art, as you frequently have offered to do. If your music be really so powerful as you say it is, go then and deliver the Mayor, by softening the enraged mob. As a reward he certainly will grant you any thing you may request. Speak then a word for me and my love, and demand my beloved Emma as the price of your assistance. The bag-piper laughed at this speech, and replied, "we must satisfy the follies of children, in order to prevent them crying." And so he took his bag-pipe

and walked slowly down to the town-house-square, where the rioters, armed with pikes, lances, and lighted torches, were laying waste the

mansion of the Worshipful head of the town.

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Master Wilibald placed himself near a pillar, and began to play his Grandfather's Dance. Scarcely were the first notes of this favourite tune heard, when the rage-distorted countenances became smiling and cheerful, the frowning brows lost their dark expression, pikes and torches fell out of the threatening fists, and the enraged assailants moved about marking with their steps the measure of the music. At last, the whole multitude began to dance, and the square, that was lately the scene of riot and confusion, bore now the appearance of a gay dancing assembly. The piper, with his magic bag-pipe, led on through the streets, all the people danced behind him, and each citizen returned jumping to his home, which shortly before he had left with very different feelings.

The Mayor, saved from this imminent danger, knew not how to express his gratitude; he promised to Master Wilibald every thing he might demand, even were it half his property. But the bag-piper replied, smiling, saying his expectations were not so lofty, and that for himself be wanted no temporal goods whatever; but since his Lordship the Mayor had pledged his word to grant to him in every thing he might demand, so he beseeched him, with due respect, to grant fair Emma's hand for his Wido. But the haughty Mayor was highly displeased at this proposal. He made every possible excuse; and as Master Wilibald repeatedly reminded him of his promise, he did, what the despots of those dark times were in the habit of doing, and which those of our enlightened days still practise, he declared his dignity offended; pronounced Master Wilibald to be a disturber of the peace, an enemy of the public security, and allowed him to forget in a prison the promises of his Lord the Mayor. Not satisfied herewith, he accused him of witchcraft, caused him to be tried by pretending he was the very bagpiper and rat-catcher of Hameln, who was at that time, and is still, in so bad a repute in the German provinces, for having carried off by his infernal art all the children of that ill-fated town. The only difference, said the wise Mayor, betweeen the two cases was, that at Hameln only the children had been made to dance to his pipe, but here young and old seemed under the same magical influence. By such artful delusions, the Mayorturned every merciful heart from the prisoner. The dread of necromancy, and the example of the children of Hameln, worked so strongly, that sheriffs and clerks were writing day and night. The secretary calculated already the expence of the funeral pile; the sexton petitioned for a new rope to toll the dead-bell for the poor sinner; the carpenters prepared scaffolds for the spectators of the expected execution; and the judges rehearsed the grand scene, which they prepared to play at the condemnation of the famous bag-piping rat-catcher. But although justice was sharp, Master Wilibald was still sharper: for as he once had aughed very heartily over the important preparations for his end, he now laid himself down upon his straw and died!

Shortly before his death, he sent for his beloved Wido, and addressed him for the last time.—"Young man," said he "thou seest, that in thy way of viewing mankind and the world I can render thee no assistance. I

am tired of the whims thy folly obliged me to perform. Thou hast now acquired experience enough fully to comprehend, that nobody should calculate, or at least ground, his designs on the goodness of human nature, even if he himself should be too good to lose entirely his belief in the goodness of others. I, for my own part, would not rely upon the fulfilment of my last request to thee, if thine own interest would not induce thee to its performance. When I am dead, be careful to see that my old bag-pipe is buried with me. To detain it would be of no use to thee, but it may be the cause of thy happiness, if it is laid under ground with me." Wido promised to observe strictly the last commands of his old friend, who shortly after closed his eyes. Scarcely had the report of Master Wilibald's sudden death spread, when old and young came to ascertain the truth. The Mayor was more pleased with this turn of the affair than any other; for the indifference with which the prisoner had received the news of his approaching promotion to the funeral-pile, induced his Worship to suppose, the old bag-piper might some fine day be found invisible in his prison, or rather be found not there at all; or the cunning wizard, being at the stake, might have caused a whisp of straw to burn instead of his person, to the eternal shame of the court of Neisse. He therefore ordered the corpse to be buried as speedily as possible, as no sentence to burn the body had yet been pronounced An unhallowed corner of the churchyard, close to the wall, was the The jailor, as the place assigned for poor Wilibald's resting-place. lawful heir of the deceased prisoner, having examined his property, asked what should become of the bagpipe, as a corpus delicti.

Wido, who was present, was on the point to make his request, when the Mayor, full of zeal, thus pronounced his sentence: "To avoid every possible mischief, this wicked, worthless tool shall be buried together with its master." So they put it into the coffin at the side of the corpse, and early in the morning pipe and piper were carried away and buried But strange things happened in the following night. The watchmen on the tower were looking out, according to the custom of the age, to give the alarm in case of fire in the surrounding country, when about midnight, they saw, by the light of the moon, Master Wilibald rising out of his tomb near the church-yard wall. He held his bag-pipe under his arm, and leaning against a high tomb-stone, upon which the moon shed her brightest rays, he began to blow, and fingered the pipes, just as he

was accustomed to do when he was alive.

Whilst the watchmen, astonished at this sight, gazed wisely on one another, many other graves opened; their skeleton-inhabitants peeped out with their bare sculls, looked about, nodded to the measure, rose afterwards wholly out of their coffins, and moved their rattling limbs into a nimble dance. At the church-windows, and the grates of the vaults, other empty eye-holes stared on the dancing place: the withered arms began to shake the iron gates, till locks and bolts sprung off, and out came the skeletons, eager to mingle in the dance of the dead. Now the light dancers stilted about, over the hillocks and tombstones, and whirled around in a merry waltz, that the shrouds waved in the wind about the fleshless limbs, until the church-clock struck twelve,

and and the world I can render thee no

when all the dancers, great and small, returned to their narrow cells; the player took his bag-pipe under his arm, and likewise returned to his vacant coffin. Long before the dawn of the day, the watchmen awoke the Mayor, and made him, with trembling lips and knocking knees, the awful report of the horrid night-scene. He enjoined strict secresy on them, and promised to watch with them the following night on the tower. Nevertheless, the news soon spread through the town, and at the close of the evening, all the surrounding windows and roofs were lined with virtuosi and conoscenti of the dark Fine Arts, who all beforehand were engaged in discussions on the possibility or imposibility of the events they expected to witness before midnight.

The bag-piper was not behind his time. At the first sound of the bell announcing the eleventh hour, he rose slowly, leaned against the tombstone, and began his tune. The ball-guests seemed to have been waiting for the music; for at the very first notes they rushed forth out of the graves and vaults, through grass-hills and heavy stones. Corpses and skeletons, shrouded and bare, tall and small, men and women, all running to and fro, dancing and turning, wheeling and whirling round the player, quicker or more slow according to the measure he played, till the clock tolled the hour of midnight. Then dancers and piper withdrew again to rest. The living spectators, at their windows and on their roofs, now confessed, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The Mayor had no sooner retired from the tower, than he ordered the painter to be cast into prison that very night, hoping to learn from his examination, or perhaps by putting him to the torture, how the magic nuisance of his foster-father

might be removed.

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Wide did not fail to remind the Mayor of his ingratitude towards Master Wilibald, and maintained, that the deceased troubled the town, bereft the dead of their rest, and the living of their sleep, only because he had received, instead of the promised reward for the liberation of the Mayor, a scornful refusal, and moreover had been thrown into prison most unjustly, and buried in a degrading manner. This speech made a very deep impression upon the minds of the magistrates; they instantly ordered the body of Master Wilibald to be taken out of his tomb, and laid in a more respectable place. The sexton, to show his penetration on the occasion, took the bag-pipe out of the coffin, and hung it over his bed. For he reasoned thus: if the enchanting or enchanted musician could not help following his profession even in the tomb, he at least would not be able to play to the dancers without his instrument. But at night, after the clock had struck eleven, he heard distinctly a knock at his door; and when he opened it, with the expectation of some deadly and lucrative accident requiring his skill, he beheld the buried Master Wilibald in propria persona. "My bag-pipe," said he, very composedly, and passing by the trembling sexton, he took it from the wall where it was hung up: then he returned to his tombstone, and began to blow. The guests, invited by the tune, came like the preceding night, and were preparing for their midnight dance in the churchyard. But this time the musician began to march forward, and proceeded

with his numerous and ghastly suite through the gate of the churchyard to the town, and led his nightly parade through all the streets, till the clock struck twelve, when all returned again to their dark abodes.

The inhabitants of Neisse now began to fear, lest the awful night. wanderers might shortly enter their own houses. Some of the chief Ma. gistrates earnestly entreated the Mayor to lay the charm, by making good his word to the bag-piper. But the Mayor would not listen to it; he even pretended that Wido shared in the infernal arts of the old ratcatcher, and added, "The dauber deserves rather the funeral-pile than the bridal-bed." But in the following night the dancing spectres came again into the town, and although no music was heard, yet it was easily seen by their motions, that the dancers went through the figure of the Grandfather's Dance. This night they behaved much worse than before, For they stopped at the house wherein a betrothed damsel lived, and here they turned in a wild whirling dance round a shadow, which resembled perfectly the spinster, in whose honour they moved the nightly bridal-dance. Next day the whole town was, filled with mourning; for all the damsels whose shadows were seen dancing with the spectres, had died suddenly. The same thing happened again the following night. The dancing skeletons turned before the houses, and wherever they had been, there was, next morning, a dead bride lying on the bier.

The citizens were determined no longer to expose their daughters and mistresses to such an imminent danger. They threatened the Mayor to carry Emma away by force and to lead her to Wido, unless the Mayor would permit their union to be celebrated before the beginning of the night. The choice was a difficult one, for the Mayor disliked the one just as much as the other; but as he found himself in the uncommon situation, where a man may choose with perfect freedom, he, as a free

being, declared freely his Emma to be Wido's bride.

Long before the spectre-hour the guests sat at the wedding-table. The first stroke of the bell sounded, and immediately the favourite tune of the well-known bridal dance was heard. The guests, frightened to death, and fearing the spell might still continue to work, hastened to the windows, and beheld the bag-piper, followed by a long row of figures in white shrouds, moving to the wedding-house. He remained at the door and played; but the procession went on slowly, and proceeded even to the festive hall. Here the strange pale guests rubbed their eyes, and looked about them full of astonishment, like sleep-walkers just awakened. The wedding-guests fled behind the chairs and tables; but soon the cheeks of the phantoms began to colour, their white lips became blooming like young rose-buds; they gazed at each other full of wonder and joy, and well known voices called friendly names. They were soon known as revived corpses, now blooming in all the brightness of youth and health: and who should they be, but the brides, whose sudden death had filled the whole town with mourning, and who, now recovered from their enchanted slumber, had been led by Master Wilibald with his magic pipe, out of their graves to the merry wedding-feast. The wonderful old man blew a last and cheerful farewell tune, and disappeared. He was never seen again.

Wido was of opinion, the bag-piper was no other than the famous Spirit of the Silesian Mountains.* The young painter met him once when he travelled through the hills, and acquired (he never knew how) his favour. He promised the youth to assist him in his love-suit, and he

kept his word, although after his own jesting fashion.

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Wido remained all his life-time a favourite with the Spirit of the Mountains. He grew rich, and became celebrated. His dear Emma brought him every year a handsome child, his pictures were sought after even in Italy and England; and the Dance of the Dead, of which Basil, Antwerp, Dresden, Lubeck, and many other places boast, are only copies or imitations of Wido's original painting, which he had executed in memory of the real Dance of the Dead at Neisse! But, alas! this picture is lost, and no collector of paintings has yet been able to discover it, for the gratification of the conoscenti, and the benefit of the history of the art.

J. G—Ns.

STANZAS OF WAIL.

A SUMMER without a summer sky,
But a dusky pall of clouds instead,
Hung over blossoms that childless die.
And under the vaulted branches lie,
Leaving no rosy progeny,
For ripe fruits weeping above their bed.

A festival wanting one festive cheek,

To smile in the light of a thousand lamps,

That now but quench the pale hectic streak,

Which oft, upon visages that speak

Of inward anguish, flitting and weak,

Burns like the night-breath of putrid swamps.

These are things full of grief and gloom,
But oh! they are bliss to the thoughts that rack
His heart, who hath fed, through a wintry doom,
On the hope that pleasure might once more bloom,
Might one day his eye with delight relume,
And has found nor flowers nor beams come back!

G. N.

^{*} The Spirit of the Silesian Mountains plays a great part in the German popular tales. He always appears full of mirth and whims. The people know him best by his nickname Rübezahl, (the turnip-counter.) The accident which gave rise to this nickname, has been related in a masterly manner in Musaus's German Popular Tales.

RONALD STUART.

A Tradition of the Isles.

RONALD STUART has ridden away to the war,
And fights in the Saracen field,
Ronald Stuart has ridden from Helen afar,
And sworn, that the Paynim shall yield.
Ere his falchion he'll sheathe,
Or his true love he'll see,
"By Peacock and Lady,"
Holy Land shall be free!

The Isles' fairest flower, in Macdonald's bower,

Now banishes grief from her sight,

Droops with grief, like a lily surcharg'd by the shower,

And hastens to follow her knight.

In weed of the pilgrim,

Over mountain and main

Through deserts of sand,

Unto Palestine's plain!

In the fierce Soldan's dungeon young Ronald lay chain'd,
No fay whisper'd, Helen was nigh,
But the Lady with jewels his centinel gain'd,
To vow, with her Ronald should fly.
At dread noon of midnight,
By the dark postern gate,
In Moorish garb shrouded,
Did fair Helen await!

Wak'd from wild warring slumber, the rash captive rush'd,
On him that to freedom would lead,
Seiz'd his dagger—one blow!—forth the life-stream hath gush'd
—The murderer fled from his deed!
Through the postern he sprang,
Found the Moor at his side,—
Struck his Helen's fond heart!
Heard her voice!—sank—and died!
ROVER.

THE MISERY OF A SHAME-FACE.

MR. MERTON,

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear, but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by

which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subjects of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the University, and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies. This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which, he used to brag, would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me at the age of twenty five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds (in what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is coveted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered frindship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward.

resolved to try again to-morrow.

However I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manners left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Edward Feignfriendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a Baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I had purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Edward's, at Feignfriendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrum of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity in the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I was; ut my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Feignfriendly, but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Edward, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear in perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar that of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve, my sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Edward to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics,

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in which the Baronet's opinions exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Edward saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the books, which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly, but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by the leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Edward assure me there was no harm; and some of the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, I attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived, that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments, to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Feignfriendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fermentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but, recollecting how Sir Edward had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down the salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second

course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Feignfriendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceive my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Edward and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised different applications; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by

accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already pealed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor started through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes, and I was saluted by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Edward reprimand the servants, and Lady Feignfriendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torment like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready,) trust you will excuse the

haste in which I subscribe myself,

Your's, &c. &c.

ERASMUS CACOETHES.

AVE MARIA.

AIR .- Sicilian Mariners' Hymn.

On! divinest, Oh! benignest, Purest virgin, pray o'er us. Though we be not worth thy care, Prove how strong is virtue's prayer,— Holy woman, pray o'er us.

By thy kindness, By our blindness, Mary, mother, pray o'er us. Thou, beneath whose maiden eye, Slept an infant Deity, Ne'er canst vainly pray o'er us. which out resident Visupos set then to the for our to the . G. N. o.

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I HATE your moody fellows, who creep about "as melancholy as a jib-cat"—those "kinsmen to grief and comfortless despair"—those cold, meagre, half-starved wights, whose blood is always below zero—those breathing anatomies—those fag-ends of mankind—those pale, spiritless, congelations of water-gruel, that live upon herb-tea, broth, and vegetables. Give me the man that is "fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning after supper." Give me him, who is such as Falstaff described himself, "a goodly, portly man and corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage." I'm for none of your fellows, who can "creep through an alderman's thumb-ring."

There is something awful in being in the company of men of spare bodies and pallid countenances; they seem like so many beings who have eloped from their coffins. They appear to me penurious and selfish, and destitute of those sympathies which unite mankind in one common brother-hood. Their eye is cold and calculating, and their

hearts appear as closely buttoned as their breeches pockets.

On the other hand, the man who is a goodly assemblage of meats; whose bulk is so regularly made up of fish, flesh, and fowl, that, in all but size, he may be taken for a turtle; who seems one vast store-house of soups, fricasees, and ragouts, who carries roast-beef in his cheek, and champaigne in his eye, is good nature personified. He is a magazine of venison and virtues. His mind is as capacious as his body, and the fancies of the former are as rich as the juices of the latter. His passions are gentle, his disposition liberal, his manners frank, and his habits social. He takes you by the hand with a fervour that bespeaks his friendship for you; and you free yourself from his iron grasp, with an activity that bespeaks your friendship for yourself. He will eat with you, drink with you, and joke with you. In short, he is the prince of good fellows, and his motto is, "laugh and grow fat."

Such a man is Mr. Merton; and whatever ridiculous notions men may have formed of that mysterious being, an Editor—notwithstanding their vitiated imaginations may have pictured such a being as calf-less, thighless, bodyless, and all but headless—although they may fancy him a spirit destitute of the substantiality of the flesh, I do assure them, that Mr. Merton is as solid, substantial, and tangible a being, as any man in the kingdom of Great Britain, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed.

With these, outward and visible signs, it will at once be perceived that my friend Tobias is one of the most good-natured, hearty, beefeating, sack-loving, friendly fellows in his majesty's dominions. To sit an hour or two with him, whilst he cracks his jokes and his walnuts, and to listen to his conversation, which is as bright as his Maderia, is to renew the lease of one's existence. And when you leave him, it is a matter of doubt, whether you are not more intoxicated with his wit than his wine.

In speaking thus openly of Mr. Merton's merits, I am not without good and sufficient proofs of my assertions, if they should be called for.

I hesitate not to say, that as a man and a critic, the world "will not look upon his like again." His judgment is most profound, and his good nature unequalled. In proof of the former may be mentioned the fact of his having engaged me to write for his magazine; and the latter is shewn in his causing me to be elected a member of the Round Table. I have likewise his permission to visit the Round Table, when its festivities are past, and it appears in all the "pomp and circumstance" of

its literary duties.

I always enter the room, on these occasions, with similar feelings to those which I have experienced on visiting the plain where some great battle has been fought. "Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," and "peace puts forth her glive every where." The strife is past, and the last shout of victory has died away with the hushed whirlwind. The lately contending parties have separated, and the plains that were spread with carnage are now covered with sweet wild-flowers. The stillness of the room haunts me like a spirit, and I frequently imagine that the echoes of its former clamours are again stealing upon me. Sometimes I throw myself into good old Toby's easy velvet-bottomed elbowchair, and give the reins to my fancy; and away it goes, scampering and curvetting, like a witch upon her midnight rambles. A host of grim phantoms follow it, and in a few minutes the chairs, tables, and walls, dissolve around me, and I become lost amid the wild and unearthly regions into which my imagination has ventured. Sometimes I take up a penswear by Pegasus that I will write an article that shall astonish the readers of the Magnet-pull my chair to the table-turn up my eyes towards the ceiling-hit upon a subject-and-put down the pen again. Sometimes I amuse myself with looking over a few of the delectable epistles, which are weekly forwarded to the Editor, by unfledged poets and embryo essayists. One forwards an "original essay" on truth, or friendship, "and hopes it will have the honour of appearing in the next Number of the Literary Magnet." Another introduces a poem in favour of Matilda's eye, or Peggy's nose, or Susan's "alabaster neck!" A third sends an Ode to Spring, which very probably begins thus:

O thou! the maid, whose lovely eye
Is brighter than the bluest sky;
Whose cheeks are like too blushing roses,
Whose lips are cherries, and whose nose is—

A fourth complains of the dulness of the Magazine, and encloses an article on "the State of Society in the Days of Confucius, and the Rise and Progress of the Mechanical Arts." And a fifth eulogizes our efforts,

and encloses an order for a dozen copies of the next Number.

In turning over some of these letters a short time ago I perceived one, upon the back of which was placed the mark, which Mr. Merton always attaches to papers intended for publication. My curiosity was instantly excited, as Master Toby is exceedingly cautious in the use of that important symbol. The paper was soon unfolded, and presented to my view the letter which appeared in a late number of the Magnet, with the signature I. A. G.

The writer of that letter, who appears to be "a grand gourmand of the first magnitude," will perceive that his hint, on the subject of good-living, has met with that attention which he must have been very certain his humorous epistle would ensure. There is a sympathy between the stomachs of epicures, which unites them as firmly as certain nods, and winks, and squeezes, unite the Rosicrusians, and they feel equally bound, with the latter, to contribute to the comforts of each other. It must not be supposed that, by an epicure, I mean such a man as he who swallowed, at one meal, "eighteen yards of black-pudding, London measure!" or he, whose gustatory nerves can only be excited by "the brains of peacocks, the tongues of nightingales, or the teats of a lactiferous sow." No: the only genuine, scientific gourmand, is he whose gastronimic exercises are such as, to use the language of Apicius Calius the younger, "excite him, as an animal, to the vigorous enjoyment of those recreations and duties, physical and intellectual, which

constitute the happiness and dignity of his nature."

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Dr. Kitchener is, without doubt, the greatest man in this country. Tell of your warriors, and your poets, and your philosophers! are they to Dr. Kitchener? Where is there one of the first can handle a blade with him? or one of the second, whose fancy is so rich as his? or one of the third, who knows so much of the qualities of bodies as he? Well, then, Dr. Kitchener is a great man, and he says, "a good dinner is one of the greatest enjoyments of human life;" and taking this as an axiom, he has built upon it one of the sublimest sciences that can enter the human mind. No time should be lost in forming an institution for the encouragement of culinary students, and for the prosecution of further discoveries in the important science of Gastronomy. Men of genius, of all nations, should be invited to join it, and the city Aldermen might be elected honorary members. The Governor of the Bank of England might be requested to take upon him the office of treasurer, and John Epps, Esq. be appointed secretary. Dr. Kitchener would, of course, be the head of the belly professors; and his name might be deservedly immortalized by calling the institution KITCHEN COLLEGE. My good friend Tobias will be delighted with the plan; he will, I am confident, instantly begin a course of meals for the purpose of taking a degree. With what dignity he will appear on the pink wrapper of the Magnet when "Tobias Merton, M. A. C." or Magister Artis Coquinaria.

In contemplating the progress of society, from a state of barbarism to its present elegance, refinement, and mental superiority, it must be allowed, that the great cause of these advances towards intellectual eminence, has been the superiority of modern, over ancient cookery. I have, for a considerable time, been engaged in a series of calculations, whereby to determine the exact ratio, according to the times in which these advances have been made; but a few errors having crept into some of the fractional quantities, I can only, at the present moment, present the reader with the final proportion, which came out thus: as black broth is to turtle soup, so is the state of mind two thousand years

ago to the state of mind in the present day.

Had Dr. Kitchener lived in the days of Lycurgus, the expence of the

monument to Watt might have been spared; for the Lacedemonians would, of a certainty, have discovered the steam-engine. Great discoveries are the result of good-living; and I have not the least doubt, now that Captain Parry is so well provided with every requisite for the purpose, that his hazardous voyage will be crowned with success. He certainly failed in his last attempt, by at least half a ton of portable soup.

Good-living makes men friendly, generous, and brave. A good dinner and an additional pint of grog, have won hundreds of our sea-fights. An Englishman must eat and drink, or he can do nothing. Our very existence as a nation, depends upon it; for at the head of the charter of our monarchy, stands the coronation dinner. The Lord Mayor is regularly eaten into and out of office—the Templars eat themselves through their probation, so do the Oxford and Cambridge collegiates; and the managers of public societies, regularly eat their respective institutions into notice. That good-living contributes to a man's bravery is a fact which cannot be disputed. Sir Sidney Smith was well aware of this, and therefore very wisely said, that with "ten thousand Irishmen half drunk, ten thousand Scotchmen half starved, and ten thousand Englishmen well-fed," he would conquer the world.

It may sound very fine for your poets to sing about

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul;"

but give me the feast of venison, and the flowing bowl, that "the quick blood, spirited with wine, seem not frosty." I have always admired the custom of the ancient Persians, of consulting about their most important affairs when they were heated with the juice of the grape. Even Cato, if Horace may be believed, frequently indulged in this generous liquor; and who will dispute that it was the nurse of his eloquence and valour? Montaigne says, "Drinking is the last pleasure which man is capable of enjoying;" for, as he shrewdly argues, the natural heat first takes place at the feet, and rises regularly to the throat, which is its last stage, and where it settles for a considerable period. Hence, the deduction, that so much heating requires little drinking.

In eating, every sense is brought into action, with the exception of one. The eye gloats upon some savoury bit that lies in a corner of the plate; the olfactory nerves vibrate in ecstasy at the fumes that arise from it, the masticatory apparatus delights in turning it over and over and compressing its juices; and the gustatory vessels absorb the whole of its savour. The auricular organs alone lie dormant. In order, therefore to, make a feast complete, it is necessary that the sounds of music creep into our ears; and it will be none but such old-fashioned, musty fellows as Plato, who will say, "it is only men of shallow understanding who call fiddlers and singing men to their feasts."

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carr lived in the slays of Lycorgue, the expense of the

J. H. H.



A FEW WORDS CONCERNING OURSELVES

With a vanity inseparable from great men, we take for granted that the inside of our magazine admits of no improvement; and hence an attention to the neatness of its outside, is the only means left us, whereby to evince our gratitude for the great and increasing patronage which we PART XI.—41.—Fourth Edit.

O VOL. II.

continue to receive from the public. The embelishment which stands at the head of these remarks, will, therefore, be found on the covers of our future numbers. Our little publication may, thus, be compared to an intelligent and beautiful female, who, on her first appearance in society, places all her hopes upon the sweetness of her natural charms; but, at length, the delicious poison of flattery is poured into her ears; and she endeavours, by the aid of artificial ornaments, to heighten the adoration which she receives from her enraptured admirers.

This is strong language; especially when it is considered from whom it proceeds, and to whom it applies. But, we despise the sneaking process of seeking for applicate by a pretended diffidence of our own merits. It may serve your dunces to fill one half of their books with apologies for the other half; we are for no such mawkishness. We are confident that we possess a giant's strength, and, by the lord, it is our intention to use it like giants—so, good Messieurs Public, look to ourselves.

"Vanity," says Dean Swift, "is rather a proof of humility than of pride;" and he proves this by arguing that those, who continually boast of their own talents, have a modest consciousness that it is doubtful whether any but themselves perceive them. Upon this principle, silence is the greatest act of vanity a man can be guilty of; inasmuch as it may be inferred that he supposes the world to be already conscious of his merits. We are determined to have no such accuastion brought against us. It may seem, from these observations, that we are deficient in modesty and humility; but we beg to assure those, who may come to such an erroneous conclusion, that we are fully in possession of those, as well as many other christian virtues, which we take care to exercise on all suitable occasions.

In recurring to the embellishment, we shall not pass such a libel upon the taste of our readers, as to suppose it necessary to dilate upon the talent which our artist has displayed in its execution. There is, however, a necessity to say some few words on the subject of its design. This is, to us, rather a difficult undertaking; for we honestly confess it appears to us as obscure as the hieroglyphics in an almanack. Indeed, so little talent have we for allegory, that, but for one fortunate circumstance, we should have been obliged to content ourselves with some such description as would be given of it, by those itinerant exhibitors of miniature panoramas, who display their pictures and their oratory in Bartholomew fair. The fortunate circumstance to which we allude, is no less than an opportunity to present to the reader an extract from a letter we have just received from our artist on the subject.

* * * * "I was sitting a few evenings since by my fire side, (the evenings really get so cold that I am obliged to keep in a fire,) I was sitting, I say, sipping my glass of brandy and water, (you know, Mr. Merton, I always take a little before I go to bed,) when, from the heat of the fire, or from the strength of the liquor, or from the softness of my easy chair, I say, from one or other of these causes, I fell asleep and dreamed — a dream.

I had, during the evening, been looking over a few of the late numbers of the Literary Magnet, and had read with much satisfaction an

announcement of the about-to-be-continuation of the Dejeune in your magazine, (my eldest daughter, Peggy, used to take in the Dejeuné.) I had been looking over the Magnet, I say, and I now fancied that I perceived a luminous appearance about its pages, which continued to increase with much rapidity. The brightness became at length so great, that the book itself was indistinguishable; and from amidst the splendour in which it was lost, there came forth a figure, which I recognized to be Apollo. At a distance, a great multitude of persons had been beholding the dazzling light which proceeded from the Literary Magnet; and their numbers continued to increase until they covered the whole world, which began to revolve round the bright figure which had stolen upon my vision, (you know I was dreaming, Mr. Merton:) I say, the whole world began to revolve about it, as a centre of attraction. At this instant the graces"-Stop a minute, Mr. Artist, how could the world revolve, when it was held fast by the graces, as you have represented it?

Artist. Ay, there's the devil! from that mouth, would count like a numery tune from the organ in

- man to tribute at the HALF-PAY OFFICER, at businessed the Month

Paul's. Yet there is nelling manday or grainal about him-suffice would not fear to out were the orms about the ceck-a respect mention

nion with his kind, if the common sinces of the world have no clame for

In this piping-time of peace, when the political ocean is still, and we are only aware of the wrecks it has made, by discovering here and there a tell-tale fragment of the ruin, on its now peaceful shores-when the Gazette has nothing to record, save the translation (not to Heaven,) of some courtly Bishop—the Knighting of a modern Midas, or the promotion of a carpet hero—and a list of bankrupts, interesting to few, except my Lord Chancellor. In these halcyon days, with many sweets we have some bitters, and the evergreens of our prosperity are not without their canker-worm. The glories of war have passed away like the dazzling, but distracting, images of a troublesome dream. Heroes, like Banquo and his spectre Kings, have strutted their little hour, and oblivion has swallowed them up. We read through the feverish years of the late awful contest with listless inattention, even though the colossal shade of Napoleon stalks before us, like the diademed ruler of Hades, " with regal port, and faded splendour wan," warning us of sublunary insecurity; and the "heart's blood and tears," which have fallen as rain to consolidate the altar of our country's freedom, dry on the graves of the dead, and the wounds of the living, with stinted reward and cold praise.

The Half-Pay Officer-he is not introduced as the subject of idle mirth; poverty and eccentricity are often respectable, and he who redeems his threadbare coat and strange manners by justly-founded claims on a nation's gratitude, surely deserves to escape the sneer of ribaldry, and the laugh of folly. The worn-out veteran, whose profile is now to be sketched for the reader's amusement, with the same feelings with which we contemplate some ancient structure, which, though tottering into decay, is made venerable by the recollection of its former glories. There are worse things than munching toast and sipping coffee in a quiet and gentlemanly saloon at the West-end, when all one's dear friends are out

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of town, and we have no convenient uncle to visit in the country. Imagine, then, your anonymous, humble servant, established in a green-curtained box, one of some twenty or thirty, seemingly engaged in poring over a file of *The Times*, but in reality scanning the peculiarities of the little world of loungers around him. Passing without notice the butter-flies of fashion, who court our attention for the handy-work of their tailor, we pause to read a chapter from the volume of Human Life at

Box, No. 6, the most obscure in the room.

There he sits-tall, thin, pale, a man of iron, all bone and muscle, over whom sixty years and forty campaigns have passed, leaving fewer wrinkles than wounds. He is bald, and that temple of thought, his lofty. expansive forehead, terminates in shaggy black eye-brows, which partially conceal the bright, keen, inquisitive orbs, that roll beneath them. You can find little, in the expression of his face, of sympathy with the affairs of others; his features are moveless and bust-like. You would start, were those lips to mould themselves into a smile, and a joke from that mouth, would sound like a merry tune from the organ in St. Paul's. Yet there is nothing morose or cynical about him—an infant would not fear to entwine its arms about his neck—a ragged mendicant would not be afraid to solicit his charity. If he has no spirit of communion with his kind, if the common-places of the world have no charm for him, if the amusements of the young and the gay excite no corresponding emotion in his bosom, it is not misanthropy, but disappointment, which has ossified the surface of his heart—for that heart is still tremblingly alive at the core to every call of pity, to every tender and generous impulse; and the man, whose looks you might fancy would "freeze Spitzbergen," has often earned the blessing of him that "was ready to perish," and called from heaven a beam of joy to lighten the mansions of despair, though the soul-healing ray was never to visit his own breast. We will not enter on romance in real misery, and a monotonous narra-Suffice it to say, tion of accumulated sorrows can have few attractions. that our coffee-house companion came into life with high expectations, and higher hopes-both were blasted. "Pshaw! a common tale. What more?" He loved passionately, was loved truly, but "not even love can live on flowers." He strove to hew a way to fortune with his sword-found honour, but not wealth-and after bootless years of hardship and suffering, returned to his native land to bury his betrothed one, (they told him she died of a broken heart,) and sink into that bemocked, unconsidered thing, a Half-Pay Officer.

It would be no wonder if such a man should bear occasional resemblances to Plutarch's Timon; we should readily excuse his snarlings at a world to which he is so little indebted—but, no, there is still enough of the milk of human kindness in his veins, to soften down all the asperities of his temper. A scandalous word never passes his lips, a harsh one seldom; and from his conversation you may gather, that he contemplates the agitated tide of time with composure, because he knows that with "nought to fear, with nought to be," the billows which disturb its depths can never distract him again. Like Shakspeare's melancholy forester, "he has much matter in him;" and if one can but succeed in drawing

him out, and wearing off the reserve which constantly hangs about him. like a funeral garment, he presently appears in his natural character of a polished gentleman, and an accomplished scholar. But he has no motive for mental exertion, and too often retires into the dim sanctuary of his own soul, to nurse the bitter remembrances of his early years. Hence it is difficult to restore his ideas to their primitive channels, as a fine instrument, long untouched by the master's hand, when brought from dust and neglect to be retuned, will at first emit nothing but discords.

Few men reach their sixtieth year without some manifestations of approaching senectude; and those who are happy enough to preserve their intellectual faculties unimpaired at that advanced period, do yet sufficiently evince, by the the decay of their bodily powers, that the winter of life is at hand. Our Half-Pay Officer is much less susceptible of these outward changes than many others, for his frame has not been emasculated by luxury, and salutary exertion in his youth gave a tone to his constitution, which is not easily lost. Yet he does not grow younger, and day after day, as mine eye turns involuntarily upon him, I fancy that his thin grey hair grows thinner, and that his pale complexion is fading into a still paler hue. Besides, his voice, which used to come full and commanding on the ear, has lost much of its rich volume and silvery sweetness; and yesterday, as I saw him giving some trifling direction to the waiter, I felt an unbidden tear stealing down my cheek, for methought I then looked on him for the last time. And who can look on any thing, much less on the venerated symbol of goodness and greatness in ruins, for the last time, without a tear? He bowed kindly to me, the door closed behind him, he was not at the coffee-room to-day, and I have a presentiment, (smile at my absurdity, if you please,) that I shall indeed see him no more. I hope otherwise, yet why? There was not a single link remaining in the chain of being to bind his affections to this world, and I think I am not wrong in believing that he was better prepared for his journey to the "world unknown," than many of far higher pretensions to sanctity. "Was he religious?" you ask. Yes, in the strictest sense of the word; for though his prayers were only heard by his God, they were conceived in that spirit, which is sure to render them acceptable. Hence, if his last moments are overpast, I will not wish them recalled, since there can be no fairer Epitaph for my Half-Pay Officer, than the recollection of his virtues.

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TO TELEVISION AND AWFUL PIECE OF BUSINESS.

THE following awful epistle, threatens a total annihilation to all the good things that are in embryo, and which, "once upon a time," we plumed ourselves would come within the sphere of the Magnet's attraction.

"MR. TOBIAS MERTON,

which constantly hangs about hun-

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"I have a very heavy complaint to make against your Editorship; and although you may make light of it,* it is of a more serious nature than You must know, Sir, when I first took you you can properly imagine. in, + you appeared a grave, quiet sort of personage, such a one as a man might introduce to his family, and recommend as a proper example; but of late you have completely changed your character, so that one can hardly think you are the same individual. You first commenced playing your pranks with Rosalie the girl of Venice, which gave my daugh ter bleared-eyes for a month afterwards, and cost me I don't know how much for ardent spirits to keep up my wife's animal spirits. The next day our beef was roasted too much; on enquiring the cause, I found that the cook had been reading Sally's Girl of Wennis. Dick and Thomas, my apprentices, smeared the ledger with their tears, and I myself was quite in a rage to find I had made a fool of myself. I don't see, Mr. Merton, what right you have to go and make people cry whether they like it or no, it is against the spirit of the British Constitution to restrain the liberty of the subject. I determined not to read any thing more of you till by accident I took you in* instead of the Mirror, ++ that very clever and highly original miscellany. But hoping that you had grown better, as you had grown older, # I opened the leaves, and got Dick to read aloud "the last of the Cockneys," hoping that it was the last joke that would be cracked on the subject. Dick had not gone far, before he set all the room in such an unseemly roar of laughter, that you would have thought there was a pair of leather breeches to be grinned for in a horse-collar. What vexed me most was, (though I was ready to knock J. H. H. down,) I could not help laughing as heartily as the rest, which I cannot help thinking is against all law, st to make people laugh whether

^{*} Lucens non lucendo.-T. M.

t We will take care how you do it a second time.

[‡] Tempus mutat rerum. Editors included.

[§] A serious charge indeed! with a most interesting blush, we solemnly deny playing any pranks whatever with the lady.

^{||} Very candid indeed!—This is a heavy charge of nature's conscience; we should indeed have thought it impossible John Bull could ever confess to so unwise a step.

We have always hitherto been complimented on the freedom of our manner in handling our subject.

^{**} We trust our good friend would not take us in—by design. ** No reflections, we beg, John.

the we are celebrated for improving on a farther acquaintance. Really, J. H. H. this is quite a crying nuisance.

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they will or no: well, we all laughed so much, that at last not one of us could speak, so we were obliged to wait till one of us had done, in order to keep the jaws of the rest a-going. Poor Mrs. Bull went into hysterics; and Gangrene and Clementina told each other, she looked as red in the face as a turkey-cock after fighting. I went the following day, and stated the case to my attorney, and he assures me I can indict J. H. H. "for forcibly, and against the will, and without the consent or desire of John Bull, causing, by divers charms, devices, stratagems, the sides of me, the said John Bull, to ache; and then and there, with malice aforethought, at the instigation of the d-, and not having the fear of the law before his eyes, causing, and procuring the jaws of the said John Bull to fall from and out of their natural situation, and then and there to contort and deform the same for divers long spaces of time, (to wit,) for the space of one hour, twenty-three minutes, and thirty-five seconds." He moreover assures me, I can recover against your publisher, in an action on the case for damages suffered by Mrs. Bull, by reason of your putting her in fear of her life, by making her laugh immoderately, without her leave or license. She is also determined to swear the peace against you. So therefore beware how you play these kind of tricks for the future.

"Your's,

JOHN BULL."

THE PATIENCE OF EPICTETUS.

This philosopher was, at one period of his life, a slave to Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero's, and one of that Emperor's guards. His master one day in a frolic took hold of his leg, and gave it a violent wrench. Epictetus observing him to take a delight in this barbarous sport, which was repeated with increased violence, said with a smile, and free from any emotion, "If you do go on you will certainly break my leg." The brutal master was quite heedless of this admonition, and presently poor Epictetus's leg was broken, when the only remark that escaped him was, "Did I not tell you, Sir, that you would break my leg?"

A REPROOF.

And fear'st thou to wander
Alone with me now,
Lest words, growing fonder,
The truth should avow?

Nay, sure such a thought
Is as wrongful as vain;
Can my eyes have left aught
For my tongue to explain?

G. N.

^{*} Lest the piece should be sworn against us, and thereby occasion a paper war, we most solemnly affirm, that our correspondent, J. H. H. is the true offender. Of a verity he had better "look to it."

THE DEJEUNE; OR, COMPANION FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

No. 11.—New Series.

ON THE FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS OF HAVING A LONG NOSE.

Introductory Note by the Editor.—The author of the following Jeremiad is (as the reader will not fail to perceive, from its eccentricity,) a confirmed hypochondriac. With infinite humour he possesses a nervous irritability that borders at times upon madness. We have heard of people in this alarming but ludicrous situation, who have actually fancied themselves tea-pots; one lady we ourselves remember, eno who, imagining that she was a grasshopper, leaped out of a two-pair of stairs window, and would have fallen a victim to her friskiness, had she not luckily alighted upon a daughill. Dr. Rees mentions many similar cases of absurdity; but this of ours, we boldly place against all preceding ones. In short, "none but itself can be its parallel." Its author is a Mr. Drake Somerset, who left it at our office last Saturday, with a request that it might immediately be published.

A FEW years ago, (some ten thousand, says my old Cretan MSS.) the gods, goddesses, and godlings, met together on Mount Olympus, to confer upon the creation of mankind. Jove opened the proceedings, by observing, among other things, that it was contrary to the will of fate that so beautiful a spot as the world should remain a wilderness, or that Tartarus should be without tenants, and concluded by proposing the creation of a few antediluvians. The resolution was of course acceded to, and Mercury was dispatched for some clay; but, during his absence, an altercation ensued, touching the shape into which these aforesaid mortals were to be moulded. My old family MSS. relates the legend at very laudable length, but I shall simply observe, that after Minerva had proposed an owl, Cybele a lion, and Juno a goose, the thunder-bearer cut shut short the argument by proposing himself as a model. He then commenced the workmanship, and set each deity his allotted task. Mercury moulded the clay, Apollo baked it, and Vulcan, with the foreman of the Cyclops for his assistant, chiselled it into shape. Thus man was formed. With respect to woman, the mode of creation was precisely the same, except that Jupiter, finding he had more clay left than he could turn to good account, resolved to enlarge her tongue: a hint with which his own wife furnished him.

In manufacturing man a few awkward accidents occurred. As the deities were powerfully refreshed (oh! call it not drunk,) with nectar, it was not to be expected that they would be over methodical in their work, and accordingly, in creating a politician, they forgot to put in a conscience. Another individual was made without brains: but then he was only an Alderman—the first upon record, so that the erratum was perfectly characteristic. But the worst mistake of all was the circumstance of one individual being sent upon earth without a nose. The fact is, that at the moment of his birth, Vulcan had mislaid his tongs, so that, in the hurry of business, the poor man's proboscis was overlooked.

The deficiency was discovered too late for amendment (false noses not being then in fashion,) but to atone for his neglect, Jupiter promised the sufferer that his posterity should progressively lengthen in that particular

feature, until it attained a climax of enormity.

Now to the distressing point. I, my public, am the descendant of that unhappy man. I am HE whose nose hath taken centuries to grow, and now bears upon its blushing front the honours of countless ancestors. With the accuracy of a Welshman, I have already traced my pedigree as far back as that Grecian, whose nasal celebrity an epigram hath recorded, and who, it seems, married the lady mentioned in the Song of Solomon, whose nose was "as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus," and have often heard my great grandmother (a gentlewoman in no wise given to romance,) confirm each circumstance of my descent. In the irritation of the moment, I have headed this narrative with "the folly and wickedness of having a long nose." And why? Trees, quoth an old philosopher, (and I have heard mine estimable friend Mr. Taylor repeat the proverb,) are best known by their fruits, and surely—surely when the fruits of my apoplectical protuberance are contumely and malice, I may consider the cause as equal in "folly and wickedness," to the effect. Nay, I cannot even pass a day without engendering the most palpable instances of either offence. Strangers caricature and vilipend my deformity, and when they talk of having seen me, reverse the usual order of description in such terms as, "I met a nose, and a man walking behind it." Sometimes they advise me to tie it in a double knot: at others, to lend it for a bludgeon. So great, in short, is its notoriety, that the other day, Mr. William Charlton Wright proposed to me a treatise on Nosology, which I was to head with my own frontispiece.

Perhaps, as I have thus alluded to its inconveniences, the reader may require some description of my phenomenon. It forms then an equilateral triangle, verging to a point behind my eyes, and is so long that its extremity is out of sight. Bardolph's mountain was a hillock to it. In consequence, therefore, of its size, my mouth is always in shadow, and as ten thousand years have each added their benefactions, it has attained, in my person, its climax of predicted enormity. What, then, are the miseries of a Byron, compared to mine? All mankind join in sympathy with him, but who will feel for me? He may fly from the cause of his wretchedness, but mine always goes with me, and through life I am doomed to follow this polypetalous proboscis. And yet despite its circumference, I am by nature susceptible in my disposition, and have often titillated my enthusiasm by the idea of connubial happiness. sometimes hoped that the lustre of my soul might throw into shadow the lustre of my snout: that some damsel might be induced to compassionate my deformity, so that in due course we twain might become as one flesh. But, alas! I am a flower born to blush upon a barren bed. I shall pro-

pagate no more noses: even the breed must die with me.

As I walk along the streets, I monopolize all public astonishment. The school-boy avoids me as a monster, the old woman as a conjuror, and the very bailiff himself, instead of running after, runs away from

Even with my own servants I am an object of ridicule. If I ring the bell, they are sure (perdition seize their souls,) to see and to quit me with a grin. Not one of them ever stays with me a month. He would die of a risus hystericus if he did. In this distressing plight the blue bottles that buzz about are my sole and constant companions. They swarm with affectionate familiarity around me; cultivate the acquaintance of my nose, and—but there flies one of them to the window. Hah! he is looking towards me, and I can tell by his face that he is buzzing a joke upon my misfortune. Damn him! I will crucify the scoundrel.

Forgive, my public, this exacerbation of a nervous temperament. I am no longer myself; the pride of manhood is crushed, for in the sensitive irritation of the moment, I fancy that I have become a laughing stock to the very vermin. "Me miserable! which way shall I fly?" Shall I go down into the great deeps? there too will my nose accompany me. Shall I take the wings of the morning, and flee unto the uttermost parts of the earth? thither will my nose flee also. How often, in the excess of sensibility, have I been tempted to exclaim with Shakspeare, "Oh, that this too, too stubborn flesh would melt;" and that thus melted down to orthodox dimensions, ! might enjoy the novelty of peace. But no—such happiness is too perfect to be realized, and in the grave—in the cold grave alone, can my snout and myself find repose.

MEMORY.

THERE are moments, when all that has floated away
On the current of years, to our vision comes back;
And the forms, which once danced in the warm summer-ray
Of our life, shine again in mortality's track.

Tis Memory which gives to the spirit of man,
Half the joy that he feels, half the charms that invite;
Like the rainbow, it glorifies all in its span,
And gilds e'en the tempest with colours of light.

'Tis the noblest of gifts that our reason can claim;
'Tis a spark from the fire which is burning above;
As a type of futurity's fulness, it came
From the Lord of the Heav'ns, and the Father of Love.

For what would our lot be if, whilst we possess'd,
In the joy of our fancy, the things we esteem'd,
Stern Fate should snatch from us the dearest and best,
As the trophies of war, to remain unredeem'd?

But whilst we possess such a talisman power,
To recall, at our will, the events of the past,
We may smile as the clouds of affliction shall lower,
And the sky of our hopes be with blackness o'ercast.

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Be we sad,—we remember the time when we stray'd

In the pastures of comfort, by Hope's cheering streams:

Be we joyous,—our pleasures more lasting are made,

As the friends who once shared them arise in our dreams.

We are children of Him, who in mercy bestow'd

All his gifts, for the good and the joy of mankind;

And the stream, that from Heaven's own fountain hath flow'd,

Never dry, in the drought of our feelings, we find.

No! it ever flows on, till it reaches the sea,
Where the torrent and streamlet are mingled in one;
Where the storm-shattered bark shall bound onward, as free
As when first it spread it's white sails to the sun.

subject of gloss stories

It shall bear us away to the regions beyond

The dim shores of our mortal existence, where Time
Shall no longer confine us by misery's bond,

But eternity bloom in eternity's clime.

And there shall we know all the friends we have known, All the pleasures which Virtue hath hallow'd, enjoy; And the friendship and love, which our spirits now own, Shall our purified souls through all ages employ.

We shall ever live on in that pure world of bliss,
Unshackled by pain, unincumber'd with dread;
And the holy affections, which cheer'd us in this,
Like a soft, sunny air, all around us be spread.

Then, if Heaven's immortality give to the view
Of the glorified spirit, such knowledge divine;
And Memory can all that hath faded renew,—
Can we doubt it a type of God's wondrous design?

Let the sceptic beware, since he beareth within
Such an emblem of that, which he doubteth to be:
For he adds but fresh crimes to his deeply-wrought sin,
Who is wilfully blind to his Maker's decree.

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Tales of a Traveller, By Geoffry Crayon, Gent. London. Murray, Albermarle Street. 1824.

Although these volumes had not illumined the literary hemisphere till the whole of the matter for the present sheet was in the printer's hand, yet, in our anxiety to gratify the curiosity that the work has generally excited, we stop the press, to give our readers a specimen of its contents. From the short period allowed us, we have been unable to form a mature judgment, and we will therefore, in order to do the author that justice he deserves, defer our remarks till our next. The stories are supposed to proceed from the lips of the different members of the coterie that, the author tells us, he met at Bracebridge Hall. The gentleman, who told, in the novel of that name, the admirable quiz of The Stout Gentleman, informs us, that he was at the country-seat of a jovial, forhunting baronet, when, after dinner, the subject of ghost stories being the topic of conversation, each of the guests had some tale to tell, when a jolly Irish officer recounted the adventures of his grandfather—The Bold Dragoon.

The hero of the narrative has taken up his quarters at a Flemish inn in Bruges; the landlord and his family express some dislike to their guest, till his good-humour and frank-heartedness remove their prejudice. We shall continue the story in the Irish officer's own words:—

"There was some further show of resistance on the part of the garrison; but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarneyed the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar-maid under the chin; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had been for some time shut up.

" 'Some say it's haunted,' whispered the daughter; 'but you are a

bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts.'

"The divil a bit!' said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek. But if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling.'

"And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh and give him a good humoured box on the ear. In short, there was no body knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my

grandfather.

"In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchman, drank with the Germans, slapped the landlord on his shoulder, romped with his daughter and the bar-maid:—never since the days of Alley Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the

landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another, "What

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"At supper, my grandfather took command of the table-d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and lish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a low Dutch love song.

"Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters up a large staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber; and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fish, and fruit, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly Burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived

at his room

"An old-times chamber it was sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture, where every thing diseased or disabled was sent to nurse or to be forgotten. Or rather it might be taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike. Such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms, and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables with curiously-carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at nine-pins.

"My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and, having undressed himself, placed his light on the fire-place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in

the chimney corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep, for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house-maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their attics, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow

that night without dreaming of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great hags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm complexioned man, and this smothering played the very dence with him. So, sure enough, in a little time it seemed as if a le-

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gion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in a fever heat.

"He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bull frogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"'Maybe the maid had warmed it too much?' said the curious gentleman, inquiringly.

"'I rather think the contrary,' replied the Irishman.—'But, be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather.'

"Faith, there's no standing this any longer," says he. So he jumped

out of bed, and went strolling about the house.

"'What for?' said the inquisitive gentleman. 'Why to cool himself, to be sure—or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—But no matter what he went for—he never mentioned—and there's no

use in taking up our time in conjecturing.'

"Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony himself. By the light of the fire he saw a pale, weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by way of a bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing

"My grandfather thought this very odd and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a concombical fashion, with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slided gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the

"The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the

moveables got in motion; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils: all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtsying and curtsying, in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a

partner.

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"My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sect, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O'Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seized upon two handles to lead her out:—when—whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their place as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor with the clothespress sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hand.

"'Then, after all, this was a mere dream!" said the inquisitive gen-

tleman.

"The divil a bit of a dream! replied the Irishman. "There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith, I should have liked to see any

man tell my grandfather it was a dream.

"Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose that two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hurried up with a candle to enquire the cause, but with all his haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids, all holding together, as well as they could, such garments as they had first lain hands on; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

"My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. There was no contesting such evidence; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's

dance, and had no doubt infected all the furniture.

"This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared, that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room; and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room?" said the

inquisitive gentleman.

"That's more than I can tell. Where he passed the rest of the night was a secret he never disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make blunders in his travels about inns at night which it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning."

"Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep?' said the knowing old gen-

tleman.

"'Never, that I heard of.'

"There was a little pause after this rigmarole Irish romance, when the old gentleman in the haunted head observed, that the stories hitherto related had rather a burlesque tendency; "I recollect an adventure, however," added he, "which I heard of during a residence at Paris, for the truth of which I can undertake to vouch, and which is of a very grave and singular nature."

THE MOURNER'S HOPE DISAPPOINTED.

A dun cold shower-cloud over head,
With a soft blue smiling heaven beyond,
Is a minglement of hope and dread,
Of which my eyes are far more fond,
Than a blank of bare, untempered light,
That gilds the scene, but blinds the sight.

And I ne'er could welcome joy unless,
At her sweet visiting, she wore
Some shade before her loveliness,—
Such as we playfully fling o'er
A fond-eyed baby, just to try,
How soon he'll throw the covering by.

But save, oh! save me from the clouds,
That break but to disgorge their fire;
And the veil of doubt, that falsely shrouds
The shape of bliss we most admire,
Doubly to shock us, when withdrawn—
At having woo'd—a skeleton.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

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No. I.

"We are na fou, we're na that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e."

In announcing our intention to present to our readers a regular report of our future proceedings at the Round Table, it is proper to state the origin and object of these monthly meetings. The latter we have alluded to in a former paper, and have therefore only to repeat, that our object in them is, partly, to unburthen our heads—partly, to unburthen our hearts; to be convivial, and friendly, and still, (to use the language of the shop,) to keep an eye to business; to endeavour, if possible, at the same time, that we fill our stomachs, to fill our Magazine; and to cultivate such an acquaintance with each other's feelings, as may lead to that unanimity among us, on which the success of a periodical publication mainly depends. In alluding to the origin of these meetings, it is not our intention to enter upon the history of tables in general, or of round tables in particular; though we are in possession of many valuable facts, connected therewith, which would give the subject a particular interest.

The pleasures of the table have been among man's greatest enjoyments from the earliest ages. From the public tables of the Spartans, down to the private tables of the present generation, our friendships and affections have been kindled and cherished in their festivities. So greatly, indeed, have they contributed to the happiness of mankind, that the fact of there being no record, no memorial left us, of the first carpenter, will be an imperishable monument of the ingratitude of our forefathers. Cato, the censor, considered the table one of the best means of forming friendships. He regularly invited his neighbours to sup with him: and a relation of the deeds of the brave and virtuous among the Romans, was sure to be found in a supplementary bottle. At these meeting, it was an invariable rule to abstain from any mention of the unworthy—a practice which we seriously recommend to the notice of the members of certain modern tea-tables.

It is well known, that this magazine is indebted for its existence to Mr. Tobias Merton, under whose direction it has risen to its present eminence. In looking back through the long vista of our past numbers, our good, our generous friend Toby stands forth like a patriarch. We see him contending with the dull, the envious, and the malignant; and we behold his little magazine grappling the giant publications with which it has had to contend, with the spirit and vigour of a young Hercules.

That a given effect can only be produced by an adequate cause is an axiom in philosophy. The energies of one man cannot, therefore, produce the same results that would proceed from the energies of two. Toby, who in his younger days was considered a profound mathematician, having determined, before he was twelve years old, how many barley-coms will reach round the world, and who, we have strong reasons to

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VOL. II.

believe, proposed certain abstruse questions in the Ladies' Diary, signed T. M. was too well aware of the strength of this philosophical position to suppose, that his own powers, alone, were sufficient to support a work of that high character which the Publisher had determined should be obtained for the Literary Magnet. The exercise of a very little additional sagacity, convinced him that it was necessary to engage the assistance of three or four gentlemen, whose talents and acquirements were equal to his own.

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To effect this was, in his opinion, exceedingly difficult; but the publisher, whose purse is always as open as his heart, in a very short

time removed at once his doubts and his difficulties.

We have, in a late article, described Mr. Merton's propensities in the way of good living, and his innate love of sack and sociality. It will not therefore be wondered at, that his first arrangement with his colleagues, was the establishment of a monthly meeting, for the double purpose of despatching business and the bottle. Our discussions, of course, have never been dry. To facilitate this measure, Old Toby threw out certain sly hints to the publisher, that on these occasions it would tend much to increase the communication between our minds, if a communication were, at the same time, opened between the Round Table, and a certain wine cellar. Our friend Wright of course thought this a very spirited beginning, and after a little working of reflection, and then a little working of pounds, shillings, and pence, the proposition was agreed to.

Matters being thus arranged, the meetings were commenced, and so was the Magnet. The former went off exceedingly well and so did the latter. Old Toby was pleased, we were pleased, the publisher was pleased, and the public were pleased. Wright's wine flowed freely,

and in the same ratio flowed our wisdom.

It is now high time to introduce ourselves to our readers, not in the disguise of fictitious appellations, but in the genuine honest names which have been handed down to us from our forefathers.

Here we are,

Tobias Merton. Editor. Paul Clutterbuck. Krwin Alleyn. Timothy Gakley. I. H. H. Zecetary. Utilliam Charlton Wright, Esq. Publisher.

At our first meeting, it was gravely discussed whether or not the latter gentleman was entitled to a seat at the Round Table. (Oh! the aristocracy of literature.) On the one hand, it was admitted, that he was a gentleman of much urbanity and an excellent companion; but then it was feared that there were other qualifications, indispensible in a member of the Round Table, which he did not possess. Can he translate Homer, said one? Has he written a work, said another? Has it been cut up in the Quarterly, said a third? To these several queries, Mr. Merton replied thus: "Gentlemen, I admire the spirit you have displayed in your anxiety for the literary reputation of our society. (Cheers.) I cannot

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sufficiently commend you for the value you set upon yourselves. (Cries of bravo.) I am at a loss for words to express the high approbation I have of your consciousness of your own worth. (Here Timothy Oakley very indecorously exclaimed, "go it, Toby.") But, gentlemon, let us not forget, to whom we are indebted for the means of thus declaring our independence. Is it not the liberality of the publisher, which enables us to meet this day and assert our privileges? Even, then, if Mr. Wright were deficient in the qualifications you have enumerated, it would still be our duty to permit him to have a place at his own table. But so far is that from being the case, that I have every reason to believe he is as profound a scholar as any bookseller in the Row. (He is one of us, said Oakley.) Nay, I have even heard that there is some young lady in the neighbourhood to whom he regularly addresses a Sonnet once a fortnight: (Admit him at once, said Alleyn:) and I have received several anonymous essays in a hand which very much resembles his. (Send for him immediately, cried Clutterbuck.) But, gentlemen, the most important consideration for us is, that if we refuse to admit Mr. Wright, it is his intention to put the key of his cellar into his pocket, and leave us to get in at the window." This argument was conclusive, and the secretary, who, God forgive him, is an incorrigible punster,

terminated the discussion with saying—the publisher is right.

Mr. Merton, by right of office, was elected president, and J. H. H. from his skill in the stenographic art, appointed secretary. A difficulty now occurred of a serious nature. It is well known, that in all societies and associations, it is requisite to invest particular individuals with certain honours and authorities, which may tend to their filling their respec-There are certain situatwe offices with dignity and efficiency. tions considered more honourable than others; not that they are so in reality, but from custom and association; and in no other place is this so much observed as at the table. With the Romans, the middle of the festive board was the most honorary situation; with us, the post of honour is at the head of it. With a determination that would do credit to a Chinese, we resolved upon abiding by our own customs, and proposed, that the president should sit at the head of the table. Here came the difficulty. Where was the head of the Round Table? The question was appalling-and had it not been for the ingenuity of Paul Clutterbuck, Tobias Merton, Gent. Editor of the Literary Magnet, and President of the Round Table, would have been shorn of half his dignities. "You all know," said Clutterbuck, "that the secretary of a society sits at the bottom of the table. I am very sure, then, you will agree with me, that as our own secretary is at this moment busily employed in his office, you will allow, possession being nine-tenths of the law, that he is already in his proper situation, that is, the bottom of the Round Table; and, consequently, the point directly opposite to him must be the head of it." This argument was so thoroughly convincing, that Toby immediately took his seat, and they their's, which afforded the secretary an opportunity to give an outline of their characters.

Tobias Merton has been so recently described, that we think it unnecessary to say any thing more of him. Toby has been getting young again ever since he arrived at forty. The few icicles that

were then being formed in his heart, have thawed in the warmth of his feelings; and he is now, the hearty, jovial, good-natured, old boy, that we described him in our last number.

Paul Clutterbuck is one of those happy-tempered fellows, who come into the world with a determination to enjoy it! There is a bright and dark side to every thing, but Paul's attention has been so directed to the former, that the latter has altogether escaped his notice. Meet him when you will, there is always an animated cheerfulness in his countenance. He has never been, nor ever will be, one of those whose feelings, like the quicksilver in a barometer, change with the weather. The rise or fall of the stocks never affects him, for he has no thousands in them. A little disorder in the balance of power never disturbs him, for he is sure to be in one scale or the other. In political changes he has no interest, for he regularly reads the Chronicle and Courier, and concludes that both parties are right. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the radicals are no great favourites with him, for we once heard him say, that he thought Mr. Hunt's talents far better adapted to the roasting of coffee, than the roasting of ministers.

Timothy Oakley, is a confirmed disciple of Democritus. The god of laughter stood by at his birth, and Bacchus presided at the ceremony. Some men are born with fire in their imaginations; Timothy was born with fire in his throat—a fire which it would be as difficult to extinguish as it would be to exterminate a salamander. Did we not know indeed that such things seldom happen, we should suppose he came into the world, with a glass in one hand, and a bottle of burgundy in the other.

Tim is exceedingly proud of his ancestry, and boasts of the family records, which are preserved in the library of Oakley Hall. This is a very harmless vanity; but as it is a vanity, we cannot allow it to pass unnoticed.

There is one circumstance connected with him, which we think particularly unfortunate—Timothy is a whig. He dines at the Freemason's tavern, reads Mr. Hume's speeches, and swears the national debt will ruin the country. These are awful symptoms—may the Lord change his heart.

Young Alleyn is one of those who know

"how hard it is to climb The steep, where fame's proud temple shines afar:"

or, in other words, Irwin Alleyn is a poet-("God save the mark,")apostrophizer of hips and lilies-addresser of sonnets to the moon and Alleyn, though nightingale—and laureate to the Literary Magnet. scarcely twenty-four summers have poured their blossoms around him, is full of the miseries of "this fleeting life." He complains bitterly of blighted hopes, and the wreck of early affections. He swears that his "heart is as a cracked fiddle," that its strings are broken, and its tones silent for ever. "The wind," saith he, "creepeth among its chambers, and the cold frost hath settled in its veins." Fudge, master Alleyn, thou art as happy, as jovial, and as volatile a fellow as any in Christendom-but still thou art a poet. It is impossible to behold the animation of his countenance, and the flashes of his dark eye, and say, that man has no soul. We have seen him as gentle as the spirit of an autumn eve, and we have beheld him warring with his passions, and standing forth like "an embodied storm."

J. H. H. is-J. H. H.

As we meet more for our own gratification, than for the amusement of any body else, the reader must not expect, in us, that contrast of character, which is frequently found in the description of imaginary beings. If our Round Table was a mere invention of the fancy-if the members of it were the creatures of our imagination, we should then be at liberty to mould them to our will, and to attribute to them a diversity of disposition, which they do not in reality possess. This would, no doubt, gratify those who delight in comparing the extremes of human nature, and who love to behold the workings of opposite tempers. But it is at least half a century too late to conjure up a set of antiquated beings in broad, silver shoe-buckles, black silk what-d'ye-call-ems, spectacles, and bob-wigs. There are no longer any uncles Oldstyle, and aunts Bridget. We are real, tangible beings, creatures of flesh and blood, gentlemanly in our manners, and spruce in our outward appearance, in a word, we are bucks. Time was when men of our acquirements were known by their slovenliness, and ill-manners—when the best possible head was covered with the worst possible hat, and a heart of the finest sensibilities was wrapped up in a jerkin of the roughest texture. Thanks to the liberality of Messrs Whittaker, Wright, and Blackwood, the times are gone when authors crept about, like their books, in an old cover, or only half-bound. Mercy on us, our blood curdles as we compare our jolly cheeks with the phantom phizes of our half-starved predecessors.

Our readers are now formally introduced to us, and, of course, all reserve will close between us. Our next Round Table meeting will be held next Wednesday fortnight,* and on the following Saturday a

faithful report of it will be printed in the Magnet.

J. H. H. Secretary.

TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

ELOI, an ingenious goldsmith of Cadilloe, had occasion to attend at the Court of Clotaire II.—he was known to Bobon the king's treasurer, who employed him in coining, and other works of his profession. Two chairs of his contrivance, ornamented with gold and precious stones, were shewn to the king, who admired them so much that the artist soon gained a very high reputation. Clotaire discovered in him such talents and virtues, that, believing him qualified for higher purposes than working upon metals, he resolved to employ him in affairs of state. In order to attach him more strongly, he proposed to him the taking of a customary oath of fidelity. Eloi, conceiving that he must either offend God by swearing without a necessity for it, or displease the king by refusing, burst into tears. Clothaire perceived his embarrassment, and said, that this delicacy of conscience assured him of his fidelity more than the taking of all the oaths.

^{*}It is intended that a number of the Round Table, shall appear regularly in our monthly parts. We have not effected this, in the present month, in consequence of our late extract from "The Tales of a Traveller."

A COUCOU!

GENTLE reader, have you ever been in a Coucou, or a Parisian Polde-chambre? If you have not, do by all means get into one, for the novelty of the thing. Having arrived at the capital of the Great Nationor, as it was appropriately called in the time of Cæsar, Lutetiæ Parisiarum, "which, being interpreted," means the Paradise of Frogs, there being the choicest fish of "flavam sequanam;" having, I say, reached the city of mountebanks and milliners, hasten to the Place Louis XV. at the entrance of the Champs Elisees, and you will find enough and to spare of the calumniated vehicles, the name of which adorns these pages. On every side you are assailed with discordant cries of "Versailles, Versailles,"-" St. Cloud, St. Cloud;"-encore un pour sceaup, (i.e. un poarceau-" another hog wanted.") As for the Celereferes, and Velociferes, and all the other fine coaches the French are so fond of nick. naming, when they show up "an old friend with a new face," I would have nothing to do with them for two very substantial reasons; they are as comfortable as a private carriage, and, physically speaking, are pleasant enough, but they are thereby evidently improper for the canaillethe people that ought to be taillable et corveable a merci, et a misericorde; and secondly, that it is an innovation upon the wisdom of our ancestors. I have already seen too much of the fatal effects of this thirst after novelty upon the manners of the French people. Some thirty years ago, they were a polite and complaisant race; and if we were displeased at the conduct of any of the common people, he had but to seize his whip and punish them incontinently; but to such a pitch has the hornd doctrine of equality now arrived, that if a nobleman merely corrects one of his servants in the old legitimate fashion (and some of my brother emigrants have tried it,) the miscreant has the audacity to return the blowaye, and the mob collects to insult the gentilhomme of sixteen quarters, whose family is as ancient as the Nouilles and Montmorencies! Dieu de Saint Louis! Mais revenous a nos moutons; or rather, to my concous, which my hatred of these unhallowed innovations has made me for a moment leave out of view.

When you have fairly embarked in a Coucou (which somewhat resembles a French soldier's schako,) you will soon find the narrow limits of your prison-house to be far from comfortable. You have not room to turn yourself, and scarcely room to move, it is true; but for that very reason, your fair "campagnons de voyage," and you, are brought into closer contact.

"I hope I do not incommode you, Mademoiselle?"

"Not at all, Monsieur."

" Mademoiselle lives at St. Cloud?"

"No, Sir, but I have a sister there—I am going to see her, and return in the evening to Paris."

"Et moi, aussi.—I go back this evening."
"Has Monsieur ever been at St. Cloud?"

"Never."

Taut mieux, you have got that pleasure in reserve: you will see a superbe park, beautiful gardens, the Emperor's palace, the magnifique view from the Terrace, et les Eaux.—Oh! que j'aime les eaux!"—"Monsieur est Anglais?"—"Oui, Mademoiselle."—"Dites moi, M. for you ought to know—is it true that the English sell their wives at the market place; and that when a man makes his neighbour cocu, he is obliged to pay a sum of money to the cuckold. Cela fait honeur!" You extricate yourself from this caricature of English manners the best way you can; perhaps, (and that is the most effectual way,) by asking questions in return:—

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"Is it true, Mademoiselle, that the French ladies make all their hus-

"Malheureusement, Sir, our ladies are not more faithful than the English."

Here you must back out—and set to the charge again: "Well, Miss, if there were worse dangers in France, than those you have been told exist in England, who would not risk them all to gain the smiles of a lady so amiable as Mademoiselle?"

"You are too polite—for an Englishman"—"The English are too brusque, but they are so generous."

Meanwhile the Coucou drives along the splendid avenue that leads to the barriers, traverses the Bois de Boulogne, and safely brings its closepent cargo to the Grande Place of St. Cloud. You hand the fair grisette from the awkward vehicle, enquiring the hour of her return. cannot really say, but she intends to take a walk on the terrace at two o'clock, and, may, perhaps, have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur." You visit all the lions of the place; but soon get tired of the parks, the views, and the badauds that chatter along the paths, when, lo! the forlorn hope appears, in the shape of your grisette, tripping nimbly along, and unattended. You approach the fair demoiselle; "her sister's child is so unwell that she could not leave it—therefore must walk alone." You saunter through the woods, of course; and after some slight resistance, prevail on Mademoiselle to dine at the Grand Restaurateur's, at the Gate of the Park. Here a tremendous carte of fish, fowl, and other comestibles, tempt the appetites of gourmand and gourmande; the Burgandy is not to be sneezed at, though it be only two francs the bottle; and as for the furniture and comfortabilia of the apartment, as they have never been described by any tourist, I shall not now venture on the task. As for the manners of the auberge, the grotesque scenes of the bosquets, and the more grotesque characters of the motley mass of visitors—are they not to be found in the "travelling journals," of a thousand and one Cockney guzzlers of Vin Ordinaire?

UN VOLTIGEUR DE LOUIS QUATORZE.

A WONDERFUL READER WITH A MARVELLOUS MEMORY

MAGLIABECHI, the librarian to Cosmo the III. had a most inconceivable knowledge of books; the love of reading was his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory was his great talent. It was a common thing amongst the learned to consult him, when they were writing on any subject. Thus, if a priest were going to compose a panegyric on a certain Saint, he would come to communicate his design to Magliabechi, who was sure to name all the authors who had ever witten any thing of that Saint, and in what part of their works. He would tell them not only who had treated of that subject professedly, but also who had touched upon it incidentally in writing upon other subjects; both which he did with the utmost exactness as to the words, the volume, and of ten the very number of the page in which the passage occurred. His fame soon spread throughout the republic of letters, and at length it be came a custom, not only with the authors, but with the printers of those times, to present him with a copy of whatever they published. To read such vast numbers of books as he did, he made use of a method as extra ordinary as the man was himself. When a book first came to his hands, he would read the title page, dip here and there into the preface and dedication—if there were any; and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, the sections or chapters, after which he would be able to know, for the rest of his days, what that book contained; for his retention was as permanent, as his conception was quick. A clerical friend of his, who had composed a panegyric on one of his favourite Saints, brought it Magliabechi as a present. He read it over in the method just mentioned, viz. only the title page and the heads of the chapters, and then thanked The author in some pain asked the good man for his excellent treatise. him, "whether that was all he intended to read of his book?" Magliabechi only answered, "Yes, for I know every thing that is in it."

He had a local memory too of the places where every book stood, which he seems to have carried farther than in relation to the vast collection of books under his more immediate superintendence. One day the great Duke sent for him, to ask whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, Sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world, that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second

shelf on the right hand as you go in."

LOVERS' PERJURIES.

It is a common saying, that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries. Plato gives a whimsical reason for the Deity's good nature in this affair. "The pleasures," says this philosopher, "are infants incapable of understanding and judgment, and, therefore, not liable to punishment for perjury or breach of promise." The sage, who banished poetry from his republic, considered the infant pleasures as unworthy of notice.

REVIEW.

THE HUMAN HEART .- London. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

From the title of this volume we expected a work of a very different nature, in fact, we were in doubt whether the subject was not too metaphysical to prove of general interest; but our fears were soon dissipated upon opening the leaves. The "Human Heart," is a series of sketches and tales, and the first line of the book, identifies it with the amiable author of "May you like it." The object of the author appears to be to delineate the various passions and sentiments of the heart, through the medium of unconnected narratives. That there is little in this volume to exalt mankind in the opinion of the misanthrope, must be confessed, as the "Human Heart" seems to contemplate the darker shades of our nature; and in displaying the superiority of virtue over vice, which certainly tends to inspire the reader with a better opinion of his species.

The author's forte, is evidently the pathetic. No meretricious ornaments are enlisted into his service; nature and simplicity are its characteristics; religion, when described by him, loses its austerity, and devotion assumes a brighter garb. Even that awful subject, a death-bed, when the mind has been prepared, through the medium of his powers may be contemplated with tranquillity. The following extract will, we feel confident, do not only the author justice, but ourselves, in quoting it, as qualifying the eulogium we have bestowed on the character of the rest of the volume. The loveliness of innocence contrasted with the remorse of a guilty conscience, the workings of a soul starting back with the knowledge of its own depravity, are sketched with a vigorous and

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"It was a beautiful summer evening, when Susan Lee left her father's vicarage to visit a sick girl, who resided at some distance from the wood behind the church at Linthorn. The sun was low in the sky, and its red and slanting rays streamed brightly through the rich foliage, lighting up many a winding glade of the now dark and silent wood: the shadows of twilight were deepening over the scene, but the gentle Susan was a fearless girl: the stillness and the gloom of night were not dreaded by her. For the last week, her walk had been through Linthorn wood, and, although she had left home at a later hour than usual this evening, James Allen accompanied her, and James Allen was her father's old and trusty servant, one whom she had seen daily since her childhood.—Susan had passed the wood, and the waving corn-fields beyond: she was walking down a long and narrow lane, shadowed by interlacing branches of the tall elms which extended along its sides, and gazing upon the distant horizon, where the rich hues of sunset had faded into one pale hue of clear cold amber, while every green tree and hedge-row had acquired a prevailing and blackened colour. Susan Lee loosened the strings of her large straw hat, for the day had been sultry, and the fanning air felt delightful, as it met her face and stirred the soft rings of hair that hung round ber neck. She walked on, musing, as she walked,

in a mood of pensive and dreamy pleasure. Suddenly a man leaped down from the hedge, and stood still, at a few yards before her. Susan stopped too, she could not help doing so; she turned her head half terrified, but James Allen appeared very near. Susan walked on, but trembled a little as she passed the man, and yet she stole a glance at his countenance; the light which still remained shewed nothing peculiar in that countenance. When Susan was leaving the cottage of the sick girl, she recollected another cottage, where her presence was hoped for by an afflicted family. "We will return home," said she to her servant, "by the road. The distance is but little farther; and I wish to visit the widow Martin." Although it was dark as summer-nights generally are, when she reached home, Susan did not regret her long dark walk, for she

had made "the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Susan's father had been vicar of Linthorn but a few months, when she took the walk I have just mentioned. The character which their conduct has since established among the parishioners was then scarcely known. Susan Lee had resided at Linthorn about five years. She was sitting alone one cold autumn evening, when James Allen entered the room, and told her that a dying man had sent to entreat that she would come to him. Her father was in London: Susan went down herself to speak to the person who had brought the message; he was an old white-headed man, his only son was dying; and while he spoke of his child's danger he wept. "There were years in that child's life," he said, "which might have been, he feared, years of wickedness. He had left home a strong hearty man, he had come back changed indeed, and he cannot die, madam," said the old man, "he cannot die, till he has seen you." Susan hesitated and looked at James Allen; the old servant was taking down the lantern. "I will go instantly," said Susan. She went forth, in the dark cold night, to visit the hut of the dying man. One deep, dull mass of clouds skirted the horizon, and shrouded the whole sky: their path lay through the wood, and, although the trees were nearly leafless, the gloom of the wood seemed quite impenetrable. The narrow path was scarcely visible by the partial gleam of the lantern, and the cutting wind swept through the forest, while the very stems of the trees seemed to bend beneath its force: all around her was dreary and dismal, yet Susan walked calmly, but not cheerfully, for she was visiting a dying man. The path soon turned away by the banks of a rushing stream; they passed over a narrow foot bridge, and then walked about a quarter of a mile, over an open heath, and arrived at a lone hovel. A light twinkled faintly at the upper casement, and as Susan entered, she heard a faltering step descending the shattered stairs. A very infirm old woman appeared, and the light which she carried threw a fitful gleam on her thin and wrinkled face, wet with tears.

Susan waited a few minutes, and then, at the old man's request, she followed him to the chamber of his son; she approached the low bed on which the dying man lay. "Lift me up, father!" said he. The old man placed the candle on a table near the bed, and with difficulty raised his son, propping up his head with the tattered clothes which lay beside him. "Now, father," said the man, "will you leave me alone

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with the lady?" A slight feeling of horror crept through the gentle girl's heart, as she saw the old man quit the room, and listened to his feet, till they sounded on the last stair. The dying man looked round the room, and, in a low voice, requested Susan to close the door. She trembled as she did so, and half unwillingly, returned to his bedside. The man fixed his eyes earnestly on her face. Susan drew back, but looked upon the countenance before her. There was no particular expression on the features; they were thick and heavy, and their expression was a dull blank. "You wished to see me," said Susan, and knew "I did, I did," said he. "Promise me, lady, not what more to say. not to leave me till I have told you what lies so heavy on my heart. Promise—do you promise me?" "I do promise," said Susan; and, putting down the Bible, which she held, on the table, she opened the sacred volume, and sat bending over it. She lifted up her eyes as the man began to speak: "I cannot die in peace," said he, "till you forgive me—till you pray for me. Your forgiveness, and your prayers, may gain me some favour with God. No! no! nothing can save me now!" "While life remains," replied Susan, "there is hope, through our Saviour, for the worst sinner; and as for me, you are mistaken, you never injured me." The man, with an exertion of strength that astonished Susan, raised himself up in the bed, and, wiping away the cold sweat that hung on his forehead, stared again at her, and said, "I can't be mistaken; your name is __ " Susan Lee," she replied. The man tried to speak, but his mouth opened widely, and for some moments he continued speechless. At length he said, with difficulty, "you are in the same room with the man who once tried to murder you:" the terrified Susan felt unable to stir, and sat in breathless horror. "It was a summer night," he said, "about five years ago, I jumped down from the hedge, in the Elms Lane." "I remember now," she said feebly. "Ah!" replied the man, "I have not told you yet! I had watched you pass that way for many evenings: it was too early then, but I waited for your return. Thank God, thank God, you did not come back that way! I and another stood in that hedge, cursing you, and raising our guns, whenever we thought a footstep sounded near. Many a time did I lift that gun; and when the clock of the village struck twelve, we turned away, cursing you, and swearing revenge!" "Revenge!" inquired Susan, timidly but eagerly, "what have I done? How had I offended you?" "There was a house, where they sold spirits secretly," answered the man; "the people who kept it were devils: there it was that I first became one. A woman of the village, a broken-hearted wife, told you of that house: you spoke to your father, and the trade was put down: my companion heard this from your servant. I was always like a madman when enraged. I swore to be revenged-Thank God-thank God, I did not do it!" he added, clasping his hands closely together, while his whole body shook. He stopped speaking, and Susan could not withdraw her eyes from gazing on him. Again his mouth opened, and his eyes glared vacantly. There was something more horrible about his countenance, infinitely more horrible, than the most expressive villany. Wickedness seemed to have worn away, to have blotted out every ex-

pression but that of dull blank vacancy; and, though his words were so expressive of his feelings, his face appeared to have lost the powers of expression. There was a dead silence. The man slowly recovered himself, and said to her, "Can you forgive me now?" Susan could scaroely articulate the word "Yes," in a low voice. "Oh," said he wildly, "now you are afraid of me! and no wonder; alone with such a devil. You cannot forgive, you cannot even speak to me!" "I do forgive you," said Susan instantly; "may God forgive you as freely as I forgive you with my whole heart: may God bless you!" "Bless me! can you say so? Yes, I know you can; for it was but the next day after that cursed evening, that I entered the cottage of the woman who betrayed us, she was the wife of my companion, and I heard your voice in the upper chamber, where the dying woman was laying. I could not hear her speak; but you said to her, "We should even pray for our murderers," and you knelt down, and prayed with that poor creature. Your words pierced me to the very heart: I could not have hurt a hair of your head from that moment. I have often thought of you. That woman died, and I went away with her husband, for I was still hardened, and he had been long a villain. We left the corpse unburied in the house, and went away together across the country. Some months afterwards we settled ourselves in London, and there, in that sink of guilt, I sank deeper and deeper in infamy: but why should I go on with such a horrid tale? It can only shock your pure ears. Young lady, I have gone through-O God of Heaven! what have I not gone through of wickedness! I, a man, with a soul which Jesus Christ died upon the cross to save, a creature born for heaven! Lady, I am not an ignorant man-I've had learning-I sinned against God with my eyes as open as they are now-tears of blood could not weep away my crimes." Susan rose up, and, forgetting for a while her former timidity, exclaimed, "There is one whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Who is the God, in whom the worst sinner may hope, but our God? We cannot cry unto Him in vain!" "Tell me," said the man widely-he stopped, and leaned his head out from the bed, as he looked round on every side, seeming to fear the presence of any other person-" Come nearer, lady, if I may ask you. Do not yet go away; my heart is lighter while I speak to you, and see your gentle looks. I never meant to speak of what I now am going to confess to you; you will hear, and you will then tell me if I may hope. I am known by God just as I am, why should I be so fearful to let you know my heart? This I now feel, that man, and all the shame which I might have to meet among men, is nothing to the thought of God, as I now think of him at last. Blessed be God! I feel this." The poor wretch drew down both his hands on each side, and clenched them in the bed-clothes, and, stretching forth his hand, said in a whisper, "There was a young girl, I knew her once as meek and innocent as you are-I made her as vile, as wicked, as my self—we were never married—she provoked me; and with these horrid hands," he said, hiding them still more under the clothes, as he looked down, "I cut her throat." Susan could hardly drag one foot after the

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other, as she moved towards the door; she clasped the latch quickly; and clung to it for support with both her trembling hands. She leaned against the wall, and was about to yield to her womanly fears, and rush from the room, when she heard a long heart-broken groan. She turned one look on the murderer. There was now some slight expression in his countenance, as he sat in the same motionless position, the large heavy tears dropping from his vacant eyes. The heart seemed to have wrung up some of its convulsed agonies into the face, as he clasped his hands together, and cried out, "Thy will be done! It is but just that I should find pity with no one but God. And can I look to thee, O God Almighty, without dreadful fear? Oh for one little light of sweet, heavenly hope!" Susan let go the latch of the door. She forgot all her weakness, and walked steadily to the bed: she stood still, and smiled apon the heart-broken wretch; at least he thought (for he had for the moment forgotten her) that an angel stood before him, and smiled upon him. She stood there without moving, her white garments shining out from the shadowy gloom, her fair hair flowing to her shoulders, and her eyes beaming with the tenderest pity. She knelt down there, and, raising her pure hands towards heaven, prayed aloud as for the life of her own soul. "O blessed Lord, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort,"—she remembered parts of that beautiful prayer, but language now flowed freely from her heart, - "thy wrath lieth heavy upon him, and his soul is full of trouble; teach him by thy Holy Spirit to have a right understanding of himself, and of thy threats and promises; that he may neither give up his only comfort, his confidence in Thee, his hope in Thee, nor seek it any where but in Thee. Thou knowest the secrets of our hearts," she continued; "shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers, O holy and most merciful Saviour! Look upon this heart-broken, though guilty man. By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the comfort of the Holy Spirit, whom Thou didst leave among thy sinful servants; spare us from thy wrath, from everlasting damnation. Break not the bruised reed. Quench not the smoking flax. Shut not up thy tender mercies in displeasure. Thou canst abundantly pardon, for thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are thy ways as our ways." The repentant murderer fell back upon his pillow, and the very flood-gates of his grief were burst open; the voice of his companion was not heard, its sound was lost in his loud sobbing. Susan wept too, but prayed silently in her weeping. When the man had become in some manner composed, Susan said to him, "I will never mention to any person what you have now confessed to me. Say nothing more to me, but go down into the very depths of your heart and tell out every least crime to your God, for he is your heavenly Father, as if nothing there were known to him but from your own confession; the more you accuse yourself now before God, the less will be brought against you on the last and most awful day of God's judgment. Oh, let your confessions be offered only through His merits, who died upon the cross for you. 'No man cometh unto the Father but by him.'"

This I have done, this I will never cease to do," he replied. "I

have gone over in my thought, I have looked back to the beginning of crimes, which are enough to freeze even my blood to think upon. I have prayed in that holy name-Wait-wait a little longer, I took you for an angel just now, and you are still like one to me. I have strength to tell you how my heart of stone was first touched. I feel better, so much better now. Do not go away." Susan sat down by the table, and leaned with both her trembling hands upon the book of God. "I had been imprisoned, not for that murder," he continued, "but for another crime. I was let out from Horsemonger Lane Prison, and I slept that night at an alehouse. When I went out the next morning, I observed crowds of persons thronging towards Newgate: I went along with them eagerly, and pushed my way up to the scaffold, for six men were to be hung that morning. One by one they came out upon the scaffold. I looked at every face, and I knew them all. The first man was obliged to be supported as he walked on, and notwithstanding his deadly paleness, and his sunken cheeks, which shewed that he had felt, and felt most bitterly, he now seemed quite stupified, his whole body shook violently, and they were obliged to hold him up, and do every thing for him, as he stood like a senseless creature. The clergyman came up to him, and spoke in the kindest manner; but the poor creature only stared at him, and then seemed again to forget every thing, and to sink back into a sort of waking dream. That man was my first companion in guilt .-

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"I was horror-struck all over, but I think I was more affected by the sight of another man whom I had also known: he was an infamous wretch: but he came running up the steps till they shook beneath his feet. He stood on the scaffold at his full height, and looked round boldly, and spoke to the mob boldly and loudly. Oh, God! it was all forced; I could see his lip and his temples moving, and his hand twitching all the time.—The last who came out was a young lad, a beautiful lad of seventeen or eighteen, one whom I had known a dear, innocent child; one who had sate upon my knee, and clung with his little arms round my neck, and gone to sleep on my bosom. I can't speak of that boy without weeping," said the man, and his voice was choked with sobs; "he was born in this part of the country," he continued. "Poor dear boy! I - I first taught him to steal, and there he stood at last looking so young, so very young, to die. His heart was touched, and he prayed aloud with the good clergyman. He came forward and spoke a few words to the mob, he seemed to look at me, and I pulled down my hat over my eyes. I turned, and tried to get out of the crowd, but it was impossible. I saw their last struggles, then I did escape. I never stopped walking, or running, till I was many miles from London. I left the high road, and crossed over the fields till I was far away from any house. I threw myself down in a ditch at the end of a lone field, and there I lay, I know not how long; I felt as if I could not rise up, I wished to die in that ditch. Oh! how I wished myself at the bottom of a deep, deep grave, with the cold heavy earth pressed hard down upon me for ever, where no one might ever find out that grave. I made up my mind to kill myself, and I clutched hold of my throat,

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and tried, devil that I was! to strangle myself: then all at once the last words of that poor lad seemed to ring in my ears, and I dropped my hands, and prayed; yes, for the first time I prayed to God to look upon me, and break my hard heart, so that it might but be changed. And then I thought I would give myself up to justice for that murder, which had not yet been found out: but I hated to think that I should be led forth to be stared at by all the careless mob. I feared man; and, as I lay thinking, the love of life came rushing back with fresh force, as if to mock me by making my own feelings contradict themselves, and I shook all over with cowardly fears, and crept farther in among the bushes and hemlock that grew over the ditch, for I listened till I fancied every little noise the voice of some one in pursuit of me. I held in my breath, and buried my hot face in the damp earth. The blood seemed all gushing up into the top of my head, and pressing against the scull, till I thought it would have split asunder. At last those fears slowly went away, and I turned round, for it had begun to rain, and the sweet cool drops fell upon my head, and soaked through my hair: I opened my shirt collar, and spread open my hands, for every drop seemed to give me fresh life. I went to sleep, with the rain streaming over my eyelids and into my ears; but my sleep was heavy, and I started up out of a horrid dream. The rain was over, the stars were shining above my head; but I was cold and stiff, and so giddy, that I could scarcely walk."—Here the poor wretch stopped: Susan reproached herself that she had allowed her interest in his story to make her forget his illness. He gasped for breath: his eyes rolled, and he seemed overtaken by death. Susan called hastily to those below, and he again slowly revived, although he did not appear to notice any one. Susan stole from the room, and immediately returned home. She was now too occupied by all that she had just heard, to think of the dreary gloom of the way, or indeed of any external objects. The next day Susan's father returned from London, and he visited the dying man, who survived for a few days longer. Susan Lee blessed God, that the murderer was spared, even for so short a time: that her father could be with him, and pray with him.

One day, when Mr. Lee had gone up to the chamber of the dying man, two strangers stopped at the door of the hovel, and inquired if J—N— were at home. His mother went out to them, and said, "He is my son, he is very, very bad." The old woman only was at home at that time. They begged immediately to see her son; they were well-dressed, civil-spoken men, and the poor mother tottered up the stairs to inform the clergyman of their arrival. Mr. Lee came out on the stairs when he heard her approaching; and she was about to speak, when the men, who were close behind her, bowed respectfully to the clergyman, and pitying the age of the poor woman, gently entreated her to return for a short time to the room below. Mr. Lee, who suspected the truth, joined in the request, and she, rather unwillingly, obeyed. When the men had reached the chamber, the clergyman closed the door; they said nothing, but put into his hand a paper; he looked a moment at it, and beheld a warrant for the body of J——

N- on a charge of murder. "Thank God," he exclaimed, as he pointed to the bed. The men approached the bed, but they found there a ghastly corpse, with eyes yet unclosed. They were humane men; five minutes had scarcely elapsed when they returned to the room below, and one of them said kindly to the old woman, "We had business with your son, but it is now too late to settle it." He put some money into her trembling hand, and they both departed.

The aged parents never heard that their son was a murderer.

DEPARTED JOYS.

WHEN the gay sunny dreams of our youth are departed, And the blossoms and spring of existence are flown, When withered by sorrow, and half broken-hearted, We mourn in our solitude darkly and lone.

In that sight of the soul, when no hope-star is gleaming, No moonlight of love smiles the spirit to rest, Oh then, like the glory of northern lights streaming, The joys of remembrance illumine the breast.

Tho' mildew our heart's dearest hopes may have blighted, And the friends of our youth may be scattered and gone, Some bright rays of bliss must our pathway have lighted, And sun-beams of gladness must sometimes have shone.

And these the intense gloom of sorrow will brighten, These visions of joy in the memory enshrined, With faint corruscations of bliss will enlighten The darkness and clouds that envelope the mind.

Like the evening, in calm, melting leveliness veiling, Some landscape of Italy's azure sky'd clime, When the fervor and glare of the sunlight is failing, On towers grey with Lichen, the hoar-frost of time.

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So holy and sweet is the soft shade of sadness, Which memory throws o'er the joys of the past, Though they have not the sunshine that crowns present gladness We love to contemplate them e'en to the last! sages a fulfiel and party and property and the base

Tradition of the Fourteenth Century.

THE sun, ere he sank on the bosom of the ocean, brightened the coast of Calabria with his farewell rays. A sweet twilight shed its softening influence over the earth; the ocean flamed in gold and purple, and seemed adorned like the bed of a royal bridegroom, to receive its glorious guest. The gentle breeze of the west floated warm and mild through the air; and the heat of a bright day had given way to a refreshing balm. With her mysterious veil, the approaching night covered the surrounding objects. A new world appeared to have risen on the well-known shore, and new charms were added to its original grandeur. Yet still this beautiful scene was lifeless, no human form broke its solitude. One might fancy the ocean and sky, enamoured of their own beauty, wished to disclose their charms only to each other, free from the

profaning gaze of man.

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At length a youth arrives, to enjoy the silent wonders of nature, a youth worthy of seeing the goddess without her girdle. Giulio, the only son of the rich and powerful Count Montefuoco, was now verging into manhood, yet there was none, even in that early age, who could vie with him in either the arts of knighthood, or the accomplishments of the mind. His father, the Chancellor of the kingdom, wished that his son should succeed him in this dignity; he gave him, therefore, an education very extraordinary for a young nobleman of those days. After Giulio had attained a high perfection in the arts of chivalry, he was sent to Rome, where he enjoyed the benefit of being instructed by the most celebrated doctors. The superiority of his intellectual powers made him victorious in his public disputations, and fame had long spread his name all over Italy, when his father recalled him to Naples; for it was the intention of the Count to add the last polish to the education of his son, by initiating him in all the arts of political intrigue and mysteries of government. But the ardent youth, in opposition to his father's designs, desired first to acquire a share of military glory in the wars, which, at that epoch, filled the beautiful fields of Italy with horror and desolation. The Count then thought it proper to proceed to his magnificent castle on the coast of Calabria: here, surrounded by rich and delightful scenery, where land and sea offered an inexhaustible source of recreation, he hoped the charms of a peaceful life would make a stronger impression upon Giulio's mind; and here, the Count flattered himself, he would win his son by gentle persuasion to yield to his wishes; for he was master of the arts of eloquence, and possessed surprising influence over the mind.

Since Giulio's arrival at the Castle Montefuoco, he delighted in swimming through the gentle waves flowing along the flowery shore. The heat of the season heightened the pleasure he took in those exercises, and soon the stormy element owned his power; for the water seemed gratefully to yield to his efforts, and proud of bearing his god-like form. The more his skill increased, the stronger his attachment to the element

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MAREDATA.

A Tradition of the Fourteenth Century.

The sun, ere he sank on the bosom of the ocean, brightened the coast of Calabria with his farewell rays. A sweet twilight shed its softening influence over the earth; the ocean flamed in gold and purple, and seemed adorned like the bed of a royal bridegroom, to receive its glorious guest. The gentle breeze of the west floated warm and mild through the air; and the heat of a bright day had given way to a refreshing balm. With her mysterious veil, the approaching night covered the surrounding objects. A new world appeared to have risen on the well-known shore, and new charms were added to its original grandeur. Yet still this beautiful scene was lifeless, no human form broke its solitude. One might fancy the ocean and sky, enamoured of their own beauty, wished to disclose their charms only to each other, free from the

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VOL. I

grew. He imagined he found a sort of animation in the floods, which played so softly round his breast, and already at noon he felt impatient for the coolness of the evening, to immerge in the bosom of the waters,

Giulio walked slowly along the shore, towards some bushes, from which a pleasant lawn stretched itself into the sea. Here he left his garments, and renewed his delightful sport. Never, he thought, the floods had played so warmly, so lovingly, round his limbs. It was as if out of every little wave, there rose a flattering voice; the waters, sparkling in changing colours in the last rays of the sun, appeared to him like a thousand mirrors, presenting smiling eyes and divine forms to his But, lo! how he started, when suddenly he beheld enchanted soul. close to him a woman of such heavenly beauty, that if he at first in his dreams had taken the phantoms of his imagination for beings of substance, he now mistook reality for a vision. But the idea of the dangerous situation wherein the fair one was placed, recalled his senses; he clasped his arms round her slender limbs, a grateful fascinating glance gave him strength, he swam towards the shore, where he soon beheld his delightful burthen in safety; here he left her in order that he might procure his garments. Having thrown his mantle over his shoulder, he rejoined the fair being, who had, in the mean time, repaired the disorder of her dress, which, in the splendour and brightness of its appearance, seemed to consist of the silver foam of the sea. On his approach, she fell on her knees and embraced his feet, with looks full of gratitude and love. He raised her hastily, and full of respect, asked to know whom he had had the happiness to save, and whence she came? A tear clouded her eye; she shook her head, laid her finger on her mouth, as if to say she was deprived of the power of speech, and pointed in answer to his question with her white hand to the sea. He addressed her in different languages, but although she seemed to understand him perfectly well, she remained silent.

Giulio led the unknown lady to the Castle. The family received her with politeness; but the Countess and her daughters, envious of the more than human beauty of the stranger, treated her with a degree of reserve They contrived, nevertheless, to give her the asbordering on coolness. sistance her misfortune seemed to require. Giulio's heart was now the seat of the most ardent passion; the image of the silent lady never left his fancy for a moment. He endeavoured, in a thousand different ways, to induce her to utter a single sound, but all in vain; neither was she able to answer to his questions written in different idioms. write no language?" asked he-No! was the sense of her replying gesture. The mother of Giulio made some contemptuous reflections respecting the education of the mysterious lady, but she, by her gentle and humble behaviour, attempted to soften the haughty spirit of the Countess, and succeeded. She even gave proof of a more refined education, in once taking a lute, and drawing from it the most celestial tones. All the deep feelings, which her eyes expressed, seemed now to have found a corresponding language. The sounds fell on the listeners' ears like an unknown mysterious harmony of a better world, and filled their hearts with delight and rapture. Inclining over her lute, she often

fixed her eyes full of the tenderest love on Giulio, and a tear stole slowly over her cheek. As still she remained silent, it became necessary to give her a name, and Giulio called her *Maredata*, which, in Italian,

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From the first moment, the old Count, partial to beauty, had been the declared champion of the silent lady, and he even did not blame the unconcealed passion of Giulio. Nevertheless, he was strangely surprised when once the youth declared, with a fire and vehemence that would admit of no contradiction, that he could no longer exist without the possession of Maredata. The wise Count knew that passion would become more violent by opposition, and, as he hoped that Giulio, charmed by the ties of love, would forget every warlike idea, he did not withhold his consent to their union. The church sanctified their love, and Giulio, in the possession of Maredata, thought himself the happiest mortal. A sweet boy soon increased their mutual felicity. Giulio accustomed himself in time to her silence, and understood so perfectly well her eloquent gestures, that he almost imagined her inaudible language to be the true idiom of love. Maredata had, since her first appearance, always shown a great aversion to the sight of the sea. She covered her eyes, and would rapidly turn away whenever she approached it. family of the Count thought this to be in consequence of the danger to which she had been exposed in this element, and therefore had assigned for the young couple remote apartments, which looked towards the landside of the castle. Giulio, on the contrary, felt, since he had found Maredata, an increasing pleasure in swimming through the softly murmuring waves. Once, as he returned from the chace, and prepared to depart again to enjoy a refreshing sea-bath, his sister, Manuela, met him, and with an appearance of great anxiety, drew him into her lonely closet. "My dearest brother," said she, "I tremble to impart to you a discovery I have made, for it may prove destructive to your happiness, but the fear of seeing you in the snares of some supernatural and malicious being, overcomes all other considerations. Know, then, that about an hour ago I passed Maredata's apartments, when I heard a tuneful voice singing to the accents of the lute. I entered suddenly, and found Maredata, who, blushing at my sudden appearance, seemed extremely embarrassed, and relapsed immediately into her accustomed silence. "Now," added Manuela, "what a false heart must her's be, if she, able to speak, can be silent for years to you, to you, the founder of all her happiness!

Giulio, deeply affected, hastened to Maredata, requesting an explanation of this extraordinary event, and conjured her to break her long silence. But Maredata, with tears in her eyes, presented him their child, and seemed by the sweetest caresses to make amends for her disobedience. Her loving husband was soon appeased. He entreated her to accompany him on a walk, and, perhaps without intention, he led her to the sea-coast. When he became aware of his mistake, it was too late to return, for the ocean lay before them, brightened by all the lustre of an Italian moon-light. The effect which the sight of the ele-

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ment made upon Maredata, was as unexpected as wonderful. Her eyes sparkled with delight, she spread out her arms, uttered a cry of joy, and threw herself into the waves. Giulio stood amazed, but soon he beheld her, who rose smiling and nodding at him, and swimming with an astonishing agility and grace. Her slender form appearing through the floods and the silver light of the moon, seemed not to be that of a mortal. Love and anxiety filled her husband's bosom, and he followed her into the sea to protect her in the dangerous element. If ever the waters had appeared sweet to him, it was now. He thought a soft music sounded from the depths; alluring voices invited the couple to sink in the mysterious hosom of the floods, and indeed, in the arms of Maredata, he sunk deeper and deeper, till he almost lost his senses, when Maredata suddenly threw out a cry of despair, and seizing him with both her arms, moved towards the shore, where she deposited him on the very spot he once had placed her. Soon her endeavours and her caresses called him again "Who art thou?" cried he, "wonderful being, who art thou?" But Maredata, taking his hand, fled with quick steps, and encircled her veil fast round her ears as if to avoid the seducing sound of the roaring waves, which rose higher and higher, pursuing the beautiful fugitive. Arrived at the castle, he repeated his entreaties to her to solve this mystery. But Maredata clasped her lily arms round him, and her soft ex-"Am I not thine? Art thou not happy? pressive eye asked him, Why askest thou more?" And indeed Giulio seemed to be satisfied: he even promised, he never would ask her again, and consented to lead her shortly to another castle in the heart of the country, where she would not be troubled by the sight of the sea. The joy which sparkled at this assurance in her eyes, was his sweet reward, and once more a happy husband, he pressed his happy wife to his heart.

But next day his parents requested his company, and his father addressed him thus: "My son, we were walking yesterday on the border of the sea, when we beheld the extraordinary scene which happened with You easily see that you never saved her out of the waves, since she possesses such a wonderful power over the element. has told us, she has heard her sing, and notwithstanding your entreaties, she maintains an obstinate silence. This must be broke, for the sake of your immortal soul: conjure her, command her to speak, and if she still remains silent, you must separate." Giulio, on the contrary, after having discoursed a long time with his parents, asserted, that he was himself perfectly happy, that such a soft affectionate being as Maredata, could never endanger his soul, and finished by asking his parents leave to go with his family to their castle in the interior of the country. After some reflection, the Count granted his request: but, added he. before you depart for the country, you will accompany me to Naples, where I want to present you to the king, afterwards you may go. Giulio promised to obey, and in the space of a few days the Count and his family, Giulio, Maredata, and their child, proceeded to Naples.

Soon after their arrival, Giulio was presented to the king; his reception was not according to his expectations. The old Count, seeing that

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he could not prevail on his son to force Maredata to disclose her secret. discovered the whole to the king, who had engaged himself to end this affair. He therefore received Giulio with hard words; reproaching him with a sinful alliance with a fairy, and commanded him, under pain of disgrace, to learn immediately the truth from Maredata, and threatened even to burn his wife, as a being devoted to the demon. At these words of the king, Giulio lost his patience; a spirit of rage seemed to have taken possession of his soul. He hastened home, rushed into the apartment of his wife, whom he found playing with her child in her arms. He brandished his sword over her head, and with flaming eyes, and thundering voice, exclaimed "Thou cursed witch, who art thou? Speak, or instant death,"—but he could not finish his sentence, for she fell into his arms, and cried out, "Now indeed is it time to speak! Now indeed we must part, and part for ever!" A flood of tears checked her words, but she overcame her emotion, and with a sweet voice she entreated her amazed husband, who, at the first sound of her voice had lost his rage, to sit down near her, and then she proceeded: "Know then, my only love, that I was born in the depth of the ocean. Once, as thou wert swimming near the shore, I beheld, I loved thee. But our laws will not permit us to speak to any mortal, or if we do, his life is forfeited to the powerful spirits of the deep. Oh! how difficult is it to be mute when love fills the heart! The word would part from the lips, yet I was silent, and now, that I have once spoke to thee, I must depart, and my child too. For the revenge of the spirits is dreadful, and all of us would soon be sacrificed to their wrath should I delay any longer. Farewell, Giulio! from this moment, I take leave of joy, of love, and happiness! Farewell!" She embraced him, and would depart, but Giulio, trembling like a murderer at the sight of the gory wound of his victim, rose suddenly, and seizing the child, cried out, "Never! never, shalt thou depart; never shalt thou carry off my child!" But she gazed on him with a long, deep look, that chilled his blood to his very heart; then she began to sing in such mournful, pensive sounds, that he lost his senses.

When he recovered, she was gone. The inmates of the castle had seen her proceed towards, and leap into, the sea. From that moment a still melancholy preyed upon Giulio. He said not a single word to his amazed parents. Long time elapsed before he was able to leave the room, till he one evening walked down to the coast to his accustomed bathing-place. His anxious parents beheld him a long time swimming, when suddenly the sea glowed in a thousand colours, and Giulio disappeared. The beautiful phenomenon lasted for hours, but Giulio was seen no more. A tradition prevailed among the people, that the lustre of the sea had been a signal of the reunion of the faithful lovers.

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STANZAS ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

FAREWELL to thee, Albion! blest land of my sires,
I saw thy white cliff like a pearl on the billow,
When sunk were thy meadows, thy walls, and the spires,
That I hop'd would have gleam'd o'er my turf-covered pillow.

And thou, whose remembrance will ever awaken
Emotions yet warmer than the isle of my birth,
Dearest girl! though awhile by thy lover forsaken,
His prayers will be thine from the ends of the earth.

May the wrinkle of care never wither thy brow,
Or, if grief should impress his rude seal upon thee,
May it vanish as fast as the circles, that now
Spread and fade round my tears as they fall in the sea.

Yet with nought but the desolate ocean around me, So dreadful beneath, and so dreary above, Still a thousand sweet objects of pleasure surround me, Rekindling my heart, when I think on my love.

Where the branches of coral beneath me are growing, Pellucid as crystal, but rubies in hue, I remember thy lips, how deliciously glowing, When fondly they promised they'd ever be true.

While the breezes of eve in soft mumurs are dying, As over the smooth rosy waters they sweep, I believe that I hear my fond Isabel sighing, Ere blushing she sinks, overpower'd in sleep.

In the depth of the night, as the maid of the ocean Attunes her lone voice to the wild swelling wind, Oh! I think of the strain that with tender emotion Oft melted my soul, on the shore left behind.

When the beams of the moon on the billows, which, darkling,
Lie blue as the air, sheds her holiest light,
Can I fail to reflect on that azure eye sparkling,
My beacon of hope, that made noon-day of night?

No.—Thus, though the sun of thy presence hath faded, The twilight of memory breathes on me yet; And hope gently whispers, "Though now overshaded "That sun shall arise brighter e'en than it set." rud

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THE PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.

This is truly the age of wonders. Not contented with the vast mass of improvements and discoveries, that have raised us so far above the rude simplicity of our fathers, we must likewise introduce the habits and manners of the crowded city, into the distant village. The numberless means of rapid communication that distinguish this country above all others, have wonderfully assimilated the inhabitants of the counties with the real "aborigines" of the metropolis. "Country gentleman," might be held a term significant of uncouth manners, or ignorance of city life, in the days of Squire Western, of fox-hunting memory; but at the present time, when knowledge and novelty have penetrated to the remotest corners of our mountains and islands—when every man has travelled through his own country, and almost every one, countryman or cit, has crossed "the herring pond," and revelled in the Burgundy and fricassees of Very and Beauvilliers—the manners of the most distant parts of Old England have become so abominably alike, that originality of character has disappeared,—that wit has lately lost its point, and satire has died of inanition. Not that folly is not as rife as ever-not that dandyism does not hold out its peacock colours to the scorn of the grave, or the admiration of the fair; but the influence of modern fashionable indifference has thrown a deadly gloom over the gaiety of society, and chilled alike the free and unconstrained enjoyment of social intercourse, and the splendid extravagances of the gallants of the olden time. We seem all cast in one mould of frigid uniformity. fashionable, and monotonous, we are all "on our good behaviour." Wit, learning, politeness, are not the modern requisites of the man of the world; but that beautiful command of muscle, that never moves at a tale of wrong, or relaxes over a witty thought, or "ludicrous incident" -that grave unbending cast of features, that "smiles not, wins not, weeps not," ever. If the victims, or the votaries, of ennui claim the honours of society, because they are superior to the petty pleasures of life; society would be indebted to them for their total retirement from the scene, for, tired themselves of life, and "all pleasures," they act as dampers to the happiness of others—if they really ennuyé, we may surely grant them the privilege of being supremely ennuyeux.

If we have lost the roughness of address, and unceremonious plain dealing that were formerly laid to our charge, we have also lost that raciness of humour, that richness of character, and that originality of manners, that gave a zest to the intercourse of society. If we have become refined, we have certainly become monotonous. In spite of the progress of our country in wealth, and prosperity, in spite of thousands that have "risen from the ranks," by their native talents, English society is more stained by aristocratical feelings, than at any former period. No one seems to value himself on his acquirements or integrity, on a long career of usefulness, on having successfully contended with difficulty and danger—but on the mean, debasing comparison of the extent and splendor of his own expenditure, with that of his neighbour. Rival-

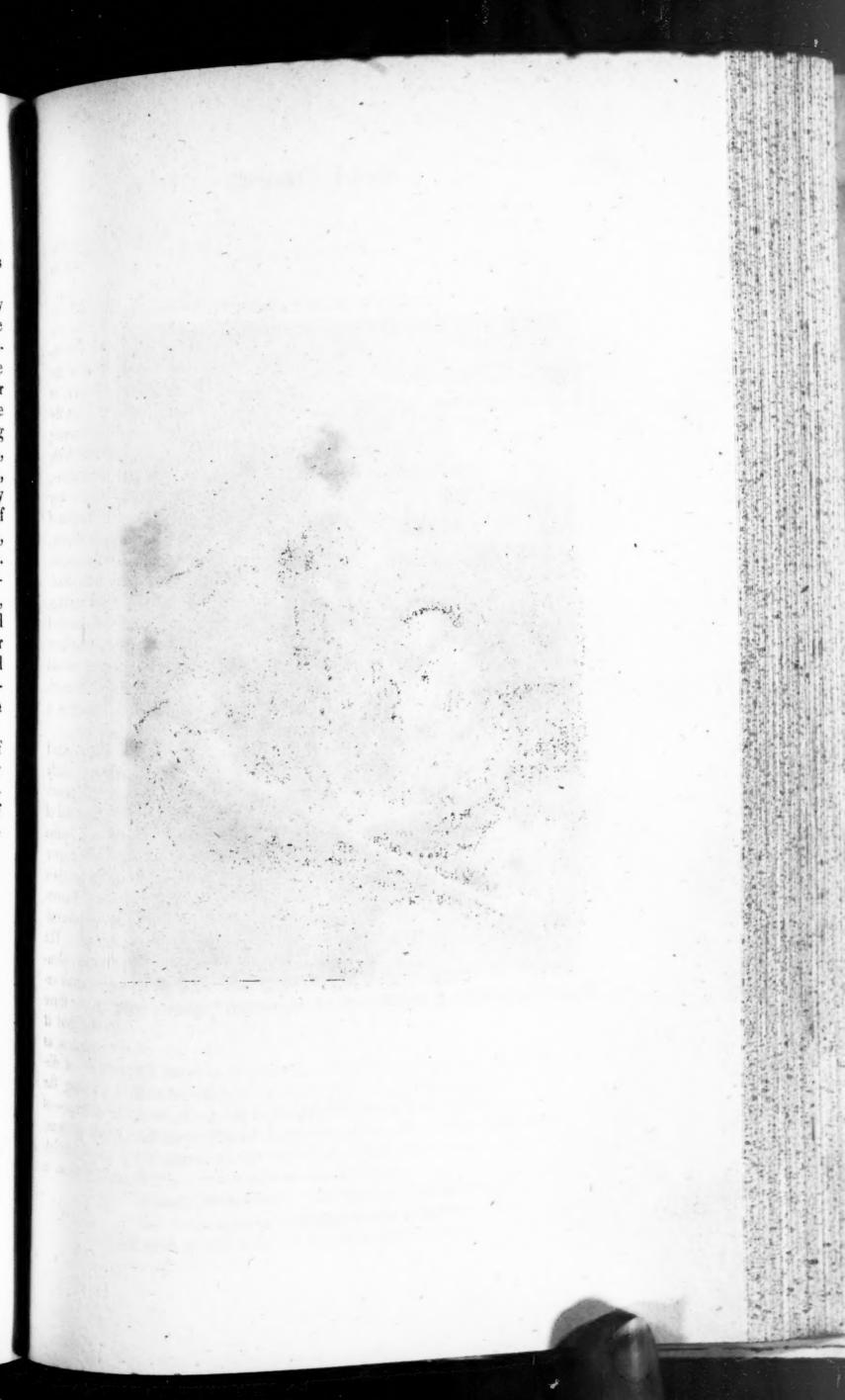
ship thus springs up between families; and besides destroying the charms of social, nay, even of domestic life, it not unfrequently leads, by its

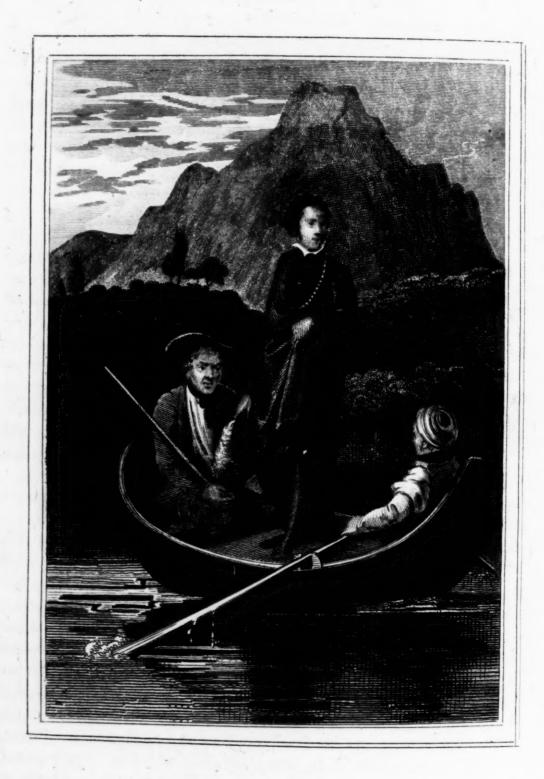
thoughtless excesses, to embarrassment and ruin.

Yet the evil of the so-much-vaunted refinement of the present day does not end here. Let the titled roué squander his treasures in the race of fashionable notoriety; let the upstart vie in splendour with the descendants of illustrious ancestry, that he may purchase admission to the dazzling fooleries of Almacks; I care not for the follies of the one, or the ignorant simplicity of the other: but I do feel regret, when I see the same refinement paralyzing the usefulness of the citizen, and destroying the independence of the peasant, The object of ambition with both, was at one time to procure comfort and independence to their families, to bring up their children to usefulness, by training them "in the way that they should go;" now, riches are sought after, but as the means of rivalling their neighbours in all the paraphernalia of profuse expenditure, and their children learn that the summum bonum of life is to shine. When such an unfortunate passion rules the conduct of the petty landholders of a country, we would vainly expect independence of feeling, or that unconquerable obstinacy of virtuous purpose, that distinguished our yeomanry in former times. Still less could we expect, that their daughters, brought up in the school of rivalry and refinement, would always refuse the means of shining, that are to be acquired by the sacrifice of innocence. A handsome shawl, or a fashionable dress, is a dangerous temptation in some classes of society.

A few weeks ago, I witnessed an amusing specimen of the art of shining. Passing through the ancient city of Chester, I was greatly struck with the appearance of the market—which is held in the principal street, I believe—and particularly with the ladies who disposed of These said ladies the eggs, butter, and other products of the country. were dressed in all the splendour, that silks and muslin could give them; and there were really many fine faces peeping from under their fashionable bonnets. Each fair marchaude stood behind her little counter, -or simply leaned on the wall with her basket before her-presenting a frigid solemnity of look that was rather appalling to behold. The lady-like gravity of her demeanour was quite in keeping with the splendour of her dress. That these market nymphs put themselves to such expence in shawls, bonnets, and muslin, for the purpose of selling two or three dozen eggs, or a few ricketty fowls, I could scarcely believe; but it might be, ("remember I dont vouch" for the accuracy of the opinion, as Mr. Cobbett says,) it might be, that having no other "theatre" of display, they had chosen market day as a fit opportunity of joining the semblance of business, with the extravagance of rustic coquetry,-of shewing off at the same time, their fresh eggs and their fresh gowns, their tender chickens and their tender charms. It must not be omitted, that every lady came to the scene on horseback. "Pedestrianism is so very vulgar." Such is "the progress of refinement." L. T.

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CHILIDIE BIAROLID.

Canto 3, Stanza 86.

Pub. 1824 by W. C. Wright, 65. Paternoster Row.

CHILDE HAROLDE.

(Subject of the Plate.)

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!

If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep.
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

THE DEJEUNE; OR, COMPANION FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

No. III. New Series.

HENRY DALTON.

A Manuscript found among the posthumous papers of a Suicide.

My name is Henry Dalton. I was born in the village of Llandisent, a romantic spot situated in the centre of South Wales. My family was of good extraction and independent fortune, and I, the murderer, was their sole child. The consequence may be probably anticipated. I was indulged in every variety of amusement that the caprice of boyhood suggested, and reached the years of manhood a slave to the most ardent passions. At the early age of sixteen I entered myself a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. Life, with all its pleasures, was before me; I saw only the roses, not the thorns of its path, and resolved to pluck them while yet they bloomed. As it was not my intention to try for college honors, I had ample leisure to enjoy the festivities of an university. My father's vanity supplied me with abundant means, and assemblies, theatres, billiards, and the turf, engrossed every hour of the day. Among the number of my acquaintances (dare I call them friends?) was a young man by name Fortescue. He was a professed roue, a man of honor, as it is called, with men, a libertine among women. Under his auspices I appeared on the November turf, sported bets on the Riddlesworth, became a noted character at the Jockey club, and on one memorable occasion, when flushed with wine and elated by the prospect of a splendid notoriety, had the honor of losing six hundred pounds to a Duke.

What was I to do? Application to my father was useless, for I had but lately received a remittance, accompanied for the first time with complaints of my extravagance. Immediate payment was necessary, but appeared impossible. "You are unfortunate, Dalton," said Fortescue, to whom I imparted my distress, accompanied with a request for a loan; "but I will try to accommodate you with two hundred pounds, and we will both try our luck at --- in London." I accepted the offer with alacrity, and after calling on his Grace to say that in a few days I would be ready with his money, set out with my fidus Achates for the Metropolis. The rooms in -- street were well filled when we entered, every convenience for gambling, Rouge et Noir, Hazard, &c. being seductively arrayed on the different tables. The whole had the effect of enchantment: I was dazzled, bewildered by the splendor, staked my two hundreds, neck or nothing, at Rouge et Noir, and before the evening was concluded, came off the triumphant winner of eight hundred pounds. My extacy at sight of my retrieved finances was indescribable; I repaid my loan to Fortescue, who had been equally fortunate, finished the night with a magnificent entertainment, and returned the next morning to Cambridge, exulting in the ability to redeem my honor with the Duke.

A few months thus rolled on, varied only by the alternate joys and

disappointments of a spendthrift's life, for Fortescue, like some malign influence, had effectually fastened on my feelings. We accompanied each other to the Chesterton billiard rooms, the Huntingdon assemblies, the Newmarket race-course, and thence to the varied resorts of fashion or debauchery in the metropolis, where we saw life in it's most refined and degraded forms. Still, notwithstanding all this, I was far from being totally depraved. Oh no! my mind at times felt formed for higher pursuits, and often when I have appeared to superficial observers the life and soul of conviviality, my heart has been bleeding inwardly with remorse.

In process of time my relations died, and I succeeded to the family estate. It was then clear of mortgages: would to God that it had continued so! But my evil genius hurried me with Fortescue to that hotbed of profligacy, Paris, where as usual I managed to become desperately involved. Day after day, week after week, I applied to my steward for money, until all possibility of further remittances entirely ceased. Among other intelligent companions, I met at the Palais Royal with an English officer of dragoons. He was a man of the strictest integrity, but addicted like myself to the infatuation of gaming. Still he never suffered it to trespass beyond his means, which enabled him by their lavish abundance to indulge every variety of amusement. To him, on a fatal night I mortgaged the remnants of my patrimonial property, and after some further intimacy, returned with him to his country-seat in Devonshire, where he studiously endeavoured to wean me from my libertinism and generously promised, on condition of amendment, to return me my estate. Among other society that he allured to Vale Royal (the name of his country residence) to beguile my bitterness of mind was his sister Amelia, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and the heiress of a small demesne in the neighbourhood of Box Hill. The pen lingers in my hand while I retrace this part of my narrative. It is like the breath of spring blowing over a leafless desert, but like that too it has passed away, and sheds sweetness in my path no more. I was for some time in company with the sister of my friend before I felt the full force of her attractions. We walked, we read, we conversed together, and still I was ignorant of the nature of the spell that detained me at Vale Royal. But one evening, when I hinted to B-my intention of returning to the continent, I saw a tear glistening in the blue eyes of his sister. I felt confused—I know not why; and after some incoherent expressions quitted the room. It was evening: the moon was up, and instinctively I rambled to the little summer-house where I had last parted from Amelia. The light tones of a harp echoed from the spot: it was a plaintive air, and she knew that I admired it. I could no longer mistake the nature of my feelings: I saw before me the only woman I had ever loved, the only one who had ever acknowledged partiality for me. Could I resist the opportunity? No! let it suffice to say, that in a short time she became my wife, and for once I believed that I was happy.

We continued at Vale Royal until the marriage ceremony was concluded, and then returned to Llandisent, which my friend, according to his promise, had restored. For the first few months I felt contented with my situation, but as the novelty ceased, the irksomeness of mono-

tony returned, and I soon began to imagine that I was not formed for domestic felicity. My disposition, naturally hypochondrical, required perpetual provocations. My gaieties too had destroyed my health, and though, in my purer and more genial moments, my heart did ample justice to the virtues of Amelia, still in the long, long winter evenings, which the unruffled temperament of reason can alone enjoy to its fullest extent, I felt the decided want of stimulus. Then would the fiend ennui return, and contrasting the monotony of Wales, with the varied splendours of London, rouse me more fully to the fancied horrors of my condition.

We had now been some years united, and but one son was the fruit of our inauspicious marriage. He was, like myself, a wild, headstrong youth, of high spirit, and ungovernable passions; dangerous, if left to himself, but docile with proper management. To his mother, as the poor, uncomplaining victim of my frequent harshness, he was exemplary in his conduct, but to me he was coldly respectful. Often, when Amelia, motioned from my sight, has quitted the room in tears, he has cut me to the heart with a look. Unable to submit any longer to my tyranny, he one day, after a violent dispute, bade farewell to his almost distracted mother, and quitted her roof for ever. On hearing of his desertion, I was maddened with alternate shame and rage. Amelia, too, my still fond, affectionate Amelia, though she said little, upbraided me with the mournful eloquence of her looks, and the deep tranquillity of her sorrow.

It was about this time that my generous friend B—, the brother of my wife, died, leaving me eight thousand pounds as a legacy. This gave me the long-wished-for opportunity of revisiting London; and accordingly, having bade farewell to Amelia, who strove in vain to disguise her apprehensions at my departure, I posted to the metropolis. Infatuated fool! Temptation was my decisive ruin: I again met Fortescue, (with whom I had long ceased to correspond,) at our old resort in — street, and strengthened my former predilection for gambling. Like a half-smothered volcano, the long-restrained passion broke forth. I was not yet old enough to resist the influence of example, for though a married man in the meridian of life, I had all the irritable vivacity of youth. While I was yet revelling in the false allurements of London, a match was made between Cribb and Molineux, and Fortescue persuaded me to accompany him to the fight. We went: bets to an enormous amount depended on the issue, and, unfortunately, I was one of the stanchest supporters of the black. I need not mention the result, it is well known in the annals of "The Fancy:" but let me add, with shame, that by this unlucky experiment I mortgaged my wife's estate at Box Hill. Desperation lent its fiercest energies to my mind, and in the sanguine hope of retrieving my losses, I doubled, trebled, and lost every stake at the gambling-table, to Fortescue. To redeem my good name, I returned with him to Llandisent, that the sale of the estate might answer his demands; but after he had staid with me a few days, he insisted on remitting the debt, and, under the plausible pretence of old acquaintance, refused to accept my proposals. Unprincipled libertine!

the beauty of Amelia had inflamed his passions, and by kindness to the husband, he resolved to attempt the seduction of his wife. But why dwell on the revolting topic? He succeeded too well in his intentions; my unhappy temper gave him every facility, and after incredible difficulties, (difficulties which would have daunted the perseverance of all but the libertine,) enabled him to wean his victim from her duty. Fool that I was! I imagined her an angel, when she was but a woman.

Never—never can I forget the first hours of her desertion. It was a gloomy night in November, and I had but just returned from a day's grouse-shooting among the moors. I went into the parlour. It was empty—but Amelia, I imagined, was, as usual, secluded in her room. Ten—eleven—twelve o'clock struck, yet still she came not. My suspicions began to be awakened. I crossed the hall towards her chamber, but all was dark and silent. Her scarf was lying on the floor, as if dropped in the hurry of flight, with a handkerchief wet with tears beside it. The chamber, too, which Fortescue had occupied, was empty. Could I doubt then of their elopement? No! But still amid my bitterest indignation, the reflection, that my own inhuman conduct had facilitated the estrangement of Amelia, that, however guilty she might be, I was scarcely less culpable; these thoughts came sweeping like a Simoom across the blasted wilderness of my heart. How I lived through the

horrors of that night, I know not.

For months subsequent I continued in a state little short of delirium. My soul grew dead to feeling, and all the demon stirred within me. Every object I beheld brought before me the recollection of my wife, whom, despite her guilt, I still adored, although, by some strange perversion of nature, it was ever my curse to treat with apparent neglect those whom I most sincerely loved. In this state I wandered from place to place, a sullen, hopeless outcast; the same dull blight, the same melancholy gloom, overshadowing each successive scene, until, disgusted with the very name of England, I set off on a hurried journey to the continent. I traversed the long dreary wastes of the Netherlands; lingered for weeks among the savage recesses of the Sierra Morena, and stood "a ruin amid the ruins" of ancient Rome. But all alike was vain : so, as a last despairing resource, I rushed to that emporium of pleasure, the metropolis of France. Here I remained for months, familiarizing myself with its varied scenes of dissipation and disgust. Among the latter, in particular, I must not omit a visit which I one day paid to the National Hospital for invalids, for (I know not why it was,) being wretched myself, I could sympathize only with distress. As I entered the cells, an object of the deepest suffering presented itself in the person of a young man, who had lately lost his mother. He was dissecting one day, it seems, at the medical hospital, when a retainer of the establishment brought in a corpse. It was his turn to anatomize the body, and as he drew away the coverlid for the purpose, he beheld the wasted, but still discernible features of—his mother. The shock, operating upon a nervous constitution already enfeebled, was too much, and his senses fled for ever. Change of air was recommended—he was carried to Barreges, Italy, Spain, and finally returned to Paris, when the disorder was pro-

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nounced incurable. The shrieks of this devoted maniac were the most terrific I ever heard. His deep, long, wolfish howls of agony breathed the very dialect of despair, and, to silence them, the keeper was com-

pelled to have recourse to his whip.

As I write these words, his figure is still before me. He was tall, thin, with a face shrouded with melancholy, except when the blood-shot eye was lighted up with the savage paroxysms of madness. Such was now the case: his chastisement had inflamed him, and he stood among the other lunatics, like Satan in the midst of the Archangels. "There is blood on the earth," he yelled out, "but it flows from the veins of the dead. It is the blood of a mother pierced by the hand of a son. See," he continued, baring his right arm towards us, "now the black tide spurts from the corpse. It moves: the dull, heavy eye moves, and seems to implore pity: Mother—mother—Gracious God! she shrieks, she dies! she is denouncing her child at the judgment seat. Hark, Sirs, did it not thunder then?" With these words he rushed towards us: his long black hair streamed over his sunken countenance, through which the red eye shone like a glowing cinder thrust into the skull of a mummy. His whole appearance was intensely terrific, and is one of those incidents, which, once beheld, the mind can never forget.

After wandering for some years about the continent, I again returned to London, and, in the hope of revenging myself on Fortescue, or at least of escaping reflection, renewed a partial acquaintance with the world. Still I was the slave of remorse, alike incapable of enjoying happiness myself, or of bestowing it on others. Memory lay like a mass of ruins upon the desert of my mind, from among which stalked forth the image of Amelia, not innocent, and beautiful, and confiding, as when, fourteen years before, we first met, amid the woods of Vale Royal, but wretched and broken-hearted, and wandering from place to place, a forlorn, abandoned being. The vision too of my boy—my high-spirited, my generous Edward, whom I had sought in vain for ages, and the strength of whose passions I dreaded, would often flit in slumber beside my couch; but oh! so changed, so unlike what he once

was, that even a father's eye could scarcely recognize him.

As, under the overpowering influence of such anguish, I was one night returning from the theatre, a female, clothed in rags, and squalid with famine, advanced to supplicate assistance. I gazed at her with loathing, until, by the light of the lamps that burnt dimly in the street, I discovered the wasted lineaments of my wife. And this was all that remained of the once beautiful Amelia! This miserable object, that seemed cowering into the dust before my feet, was the little all that was left of her, whose smiles had once captivated every heart that approached her. I raised her from the ground where she lay, caused her to be conveyed into decent lodgings, and treated with every possible attention. I visited her the next day, but when I saw the ravages that grief and illness had made in her faultless person,—when I heard her voice, once sweet as the whisper of a summer wind, but now hollow and sepulchral as the rushing of a winter breeze among tombs, I thought, that till then, I had never known the extremity of suffering. What, though she had volun-

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tarily resigned my protection. I could not but remember that she was the chosen wife of my bosom, that she had reposed in my arms for years, and that had my conduct been guided by affection, might yet have been the unsullied partner of my bed. As it was, kindness was still in my power, and accordingly I removed her to Aberystwith, that the air might benefit her health. All precaution, however, was vain: my forgiveness, she said, would alone cure her, which, with some hesitation, was granted. And let not this weakness be despised! Could I have justly withheld pardon from her, whom my own cruelties had alienated—from her, too, whose days were numbered? Let him only, said the noblest of mankind, who is himself guiltless, cast the first stone at the criminal and the unfortunate.

But to resume this record of despair: it was my frequent custom to ramble about the beach at Aberystwith, an excursion in which, at her earnest request, Amelia sometimes accompanied me. We were wandering there as usual one evening, when the superb brilliancy of a summer sun-set, induced us to loiter longer than usual on our road. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle. The clouds seemed dyed in blood, and lay piled up in dark red masses on each other. Far off were seen the sails of the homeward-bound vessels, tipped with silver, and gliding like spirits along the wave; at our feet rippled the light billows, that scarce broke even in whispers on the ear; above towered the majestic summits of Phinlimmon, and to the right in the distance glimmered the church spires of Aberystwith, from whence the busy hum of commerce, blended with the hoarse whistle of the fishermen, came faint and softened on the wind. While thoughtfully sauntering homewards with hearts, for the first time for years, softened and composed into a sort of gentle sympathy with the scene that surrounded us, a smugglers' boat, manned by a crew, who had for some time been the terror of the neighbourhood, landed in a narrow covebelow us. A figure, closely muffled in a night-cloak, stepped out from among them, and seemed, I thought, to eye us with peculiar attention. By the agitation of his manners, I could have no doubt of his hostility; but as the moon had by this time risen, I was enabled to watch the progress of his steps. He advanced with a faltering pace in the direction we were taking, and then made a sudden spring towards Amelia. heard her faintly scream, and, wild with horror, rushed towards the stranger, snatched a pistol from his belt, and lodged the contents in his heart. He fell to earth with one deep, dying groan, the mask dropped from his face, and disclosed the countenance of my son. Amelia—oh the sure instinct of a mother's love!—Amelia recognized him in an instant. For myself, however, I know not what I did; I remembered only that my injustice had made my boy like Cain, a vagabond upon the face of the earth, and that I - I - was his murderer.

Month after month elapsed, varied only (if possible) by deeper gradations of wretchedness, and found us once again at Llandisent. We buried our son in the ancestral vault, and paid a daily visit to his grave. His mother was fast following, but so imperceptible was her decay, and so linked with sweetness was the disorder that consigned her to the tomb, that she appeared to sink into the embraces of death, like an infant

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her dissolution, her bodily strength increased, but the faculties of her mind were impaired. Symptoms of a melancholy madness appeared, through which, but at intervals, a few transient gleams of reason would break forth. Unhappy woman! She was daily, aye, hourly decaying, and even now, the mere shadow of what she once was, wandered with a noiseless step about the house, like a ghost that haunts the scene of departed enjoyment. At the extremity of our garden was a jessamine arbour, that in happier times had been her favourite summer residence. Her books and her music were still there, and the picture of her son adorned the wainscot. I met her one morning when employed in gazing on the portrait. I addressed her with the tenderest affection; I endeavoured to lead her from the spot, but she resisted my entreaties, and burst into a wild shout of delirium. God of heaven! What were my feelings at this moment! she laughed—but it was a laugh, in which the heart and the head were alike unconcerned. Petrified with horror, I advanced: but she disengaged herselffrom my grasp, and, with an air of determined insanity, rushed into her chamber. I followed, anticipating the most fatal consequences. I knocked—I entreated—I thundered for admittance. Still no answer was returned, but methought I heard the door of the closet, in which my razors were usally kept, close with a gentle sound. I peeped through a slight aperture in the wainscoat, and saw the weapon already glittering in the hand of Amelia. My respiration came thick and heavy: I was wound up to an intensity of desperation, and burst into the apartment. It was too late; a loud shrick was heard, and the wretched one, bathed in blood, sunk upon the floor. She was alive when I entered, but the purple tide was ebbing fast away. Her senses for an instant returned, and she beckoned me to her side, a smile of resignation playing round her wan countenance. As I approached, her eye grew heavy—it fixed—it closed. Amelia was a corpse!

The sight of death, even in a stranger, is awful, but when associated with those whom we have loved, is viewed with tenfold interest. Fancy then recalls every unkind word-every unfriendly action; we remember their virtues, we dwell on their varied stores of intellect or feeling, and painfully confess, when too late, that they are indeed gone for ever. I felt this bitter truth: every harsh expression I had used to Amelia now heaped coals of fire upon my head. In a state of phrenzy I rushed into the open air. The sun was bright in heaven, the birds carolled on the spray, the leaves were green upon the trees-all, all looked innocent and happy but myself. At nightfall I returned to gaze once more upon the pallid features of my wife. She lay shrouded in the awful stillness of death, with one hand pressed upon her bosom, while the other clasped a miniature of myself, from which she had often sworn never to part. As I hung over her senseless form, the moon, slowly rising, shot a faint gleam into the apartment, and lit up, as if with a smile, the melancholy graces of her countenance. Awe-struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed, "Shine on, sweet planet, make glad with your virgin radiance other and struck at the sight, I exclaimed to the sight at the sight of the sight at the sigh other and more happy souls, but to me your rays will be henceforth dark." Then turning to the corpse, "Farewell, beloved," I continued, "you have been guilty, deeply guilty, but the grave is hastening to

close upon you, and all is forgotten now." With these words I drew nearer to the body, imprinted upon its marble lips one last tender kiss,

then gently closed the door, and quitted the room for ever

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Fortunate, thrice fortunate, Amelia! Thy sorrows are at last ended -thy repose eternal; while, plunged in intensest thought, I know no respite to despair. My bitter feelings are gone, for, like the reptile that wears away ages in the rock, I am cased in the adamantine fence of apathy. The moon comes up in her glory-suns rise and set-all nature tunes her music to the soul, but the harmony rings through the universe, unheard alone by me. At midnight I cling in agony to the remembrance of my wife. Fancy is then again at work with her fiends, to lash me into madness. Softened at times by the memory of the past, I walk where Amelia once walked—weep as she once has wept, and when the thunder-god treads in his majesty along the trembling floor of heaven, fancy I hear the omnipotent Judge pronouncing a sentence of condemnation on the murderer. It was but last night, that, among the thronging visions of the hour, the spirit of my wife appeared, and beckoned me to follow. Awe-struck, I obeyed, and in an instant we both stood, as in days long gone by, amid the memorable woods of Vale-Royal. The same sweet rivulet wound through its rich meadows—even the same willows, methought, drooped their long tresses in the stream. meanwhile was slowly fading off the sky, the bells from the neighbouring church were ringing, and a few scattered ploughmen were seen driving their flocks homeward. On a sudden, the well-known figure of my friend B- approached, while, beside him, gleamed, in the pale star-light, the sweet features of his sister, which for six happy years had never turned towards me, but in smiles. I strove to address them, but in vain; the scene changed its character, and I stood alone with Amelia in the regions of upper air. Millions of souls were near us, millions of worlds around, but all was darkly indistinct. The very moon, methought, was dead—the sun entombed among the ruins of the lower world. On a sudden we stood as if fixed to adamant, while above us shone a faint light through a dun atmosphere of clouds. The chaunting of Hosannahs arose, and a voice from the lampless empyreum pealed in thunder towards me. It raked up the sins of the past: it called for retribution on the murderer. I was denounced—the Almighty eye was on me, and beside me stood the spirit of my wife, clothed in light, and crying to the bar of heaven for vengeance. Mankind, methought, then rushed to judgment. They heard their sentence: for them the mercy-seat was opened, on me it was closed for ever. I was hurled through illimitable space my crimes made to themselves voices, clothed themselves, as it were,

in the garb of friends, and shouted my damnation in my ear.

My vision, my tale is ended, for I am widowed and solitary upon earth. Shall I live, then, when every charm of existence is departed?

Never—never. I will be restored unto my kindred elements, I will form a portion of the mist, the mountain, and the cataract; or, if departed spirits are permitted to revisit earth, linger amid the landscape in whose bosom my wife and my boy repose. Sweet scenes of my earliest love, receive my last adieu. By you cowslip bank, which yet PART XI.—44

glimmers in the twilight, I have sate for hours with Amelia: under you row of elms, whose green tops wave proudly to each breeze, I have watched with her the waning splendors of the sun-set, and shall soon sleep in peace beneath their shade. But away—the tempest is abroad: and be it mine to quit earth amid its ruins. The thunder shall roll my dirge, the blue lightning enfold me in its splendor. Hark, I am summoned; or is it madness that rages in my brain? Again! Spirit of the tempest, I come; throw wide your shadowy halls, and receive into them for ever the soul of the predestined suicide!

DOCTOR JORTIN.

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DR. JORTIN was sometimes assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn chapel for Bishop Warburton. He had no recommendation to Archbishop Herring, but his merit. His Grace told him most unexpectedly, at a dinner of the Sons of the Clergy, that the living of St. Dunstan's was at his service; which so surprised him, that he ran instantly out of the hall, and left his hat behind him.

THE ARROWS OF LOVE.

(From the Greek of Anacreon.)

In the Lemnian forges pent
While Vulcan, o'er his anvil bent,
Fashioned the glowing steel to darts
For Love to shoot at human hearts;
As from his hand each arrow slipt,
Its point in honey Venus dipt,
And Cupid, smiling, over all
Sprinkled bitter drops of gall.

Once, within the dusky dome Mars, from thundering battle come, Shaking his ponderous spear, began With scorn Love's tiny darts to to scan. Eros, piqued, an arrow took, And, turning on the God a look Of laughing mischief-"This," said he, "I trust is weighty, try and see." Mars took the arrow; Venus smiled Upon her bright triumphant child. While the God of Armies, stuug, "Take it!" cried with trembling tongue "I feel, alas! its weight!" But Love His warm entreaties could not move, "Tis but a tiny shaft," said he, "So keep it, and remember me!"

THE YOUNG ROBBER.

pregrabed, and beginner and the

By Washington Irving, Esq.

THE following tale, being the subject of the beautiful embellishment which accompanies this part of the Magnet, and being in itself an admirable specimen of the talents of the author, our readers will, we are sure, not

regret the space it occupies.

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I was born at the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi. My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gy company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good-humoured in the main! so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or land-bailiff of the prince's, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen: she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our townsfolk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun-burnt females to which I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little heauty. I used to see her at church: and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window of an evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy: and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place. -

Her father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer, from a neighbouring town. The wedding-day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto, and stabbed him to the heart. I fled to a neighbouring church for refuge, and with a little money I obtained

absolution, but I did not dare to venture from my asylum. At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and, hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the mountains, who used to spend their money freely amongst us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meet ing, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta: the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troop, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her: the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's; it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly and without noise, until, putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing skriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands, to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love, horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her, and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright, and her steps were so feeble and faltering, that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquillity, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was more accustomed. The captain regarded me, for a moment, with a searching look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms, she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh, God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and

yet to think it was not mine!

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We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I would not relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do 80. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my mde companions, maddened me. I felt tempted, with the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea, before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance a-head, in case any favourable opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and ordered me to scour the woods with my compamions in search of some shepherd, who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death, but to leave her alone, in the power of the captain! I spoke out then with a fervour, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her; that she was my prize, and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—yes, alone—and almost lifeless!—

Here the robber paused in his recital, overpowered by his emotions. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he had become a little calm, he continued his recital.

I was not long in finding a shepherd, said he. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half the distance I had made. I hurned them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant

look, and the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl, left me no

doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

It was with extreme difficulty, and by guiding her hand, that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was despatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me: "You have set an example," said he, "of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troop. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course." So saying, he gave his commands: lots were drawn, and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some

moments before he could resume his story.

Hell, said he, was raging in my heart. 1 beheld the impossibility of avenging myself; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon the earth; tore up the grass with my hands, and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered, An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fiercer feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone; who, but a short time before, I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard, so fresh, and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched; her eyes fixed on the ground; her form with out motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel; and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go up the ridge of the woods, to keep a look out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt, for the moment, that he was my most deadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity. That the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me, but for this forbearance: that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the

shepherd at a distance crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly, "My daughter has been dishenoured by those wretches; let her be returned without ransom, or let her die!"

I shuddered at this reply. I knew, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her

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The robber again paused with agitation. I sat musing upon his last frightful words, which proved to what excess the passions may be carried when escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this story that reminded me of some of the tragic fictions of Dante.

We now come to a fatal moment, resumed the bandit. After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father. At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order; but I interfered. I observed, that there was something due to pity as well as to justice. That I was as ready as any one to approve the implacable law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I; she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be despatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another. Several raised their proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickest of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me; for had she once murnured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poniard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So

perished this unfortunate!

thought me into retain from shooney trugge, except in the soldary my

altitude the state of the problem of the artist shooting. I considered

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

So much has been written, said, and sung, on the pleasures and misfortunes of this murderous day, that an imaginary description of the joys which it has in store for an old sportsman, and of the evils which it brings to a young one, would be as destitute of novelty, or interest, as a fresh account of the ascent of Mr. Graham's balloon, or a new speech on parliamentary reform, from a resuscitated radical. It is fortunate for me, that being a plain-speaking, matter-of-fact man, I am in no danger of an exercise of the fancy so perfectly "stale, flat, and unprofitable." The proverbial blunders, which certain gaitered, shooting-jacketted citizens, are said to commit, annually, on the first of September, are in these days as deficient in amusement as the standing jokes of the first of April. It must not, therefore, be supposed that I am about to place a gun upon the shoulder of the first poor wight! meet in Change Alley, and send him round the country shooting all the ducks and ducklings, and unoffending pigs and piglings, that come within the range of his death-dealing fowling-piece. It must not be supposed, that I am about to blast the ambition of young sportsmen, in ridiculing the disastrous consequences of the first ersays of their skill. Far be it from me to trifle with their misfortunes, or to speak irreverently of professional The hero of the following adventures is, in fact, no less a disasters. personage than my own, right-worthy self; and the events which I am about to detail, are the consummated incidents of an actual day's sport.

In order to obviate any erroneous surmises relative to the extent of my qualifications as a sportsman, it will be well, at once, to state them. I shall pass over the talent which I displayed at school, as a marksman, in the use of those boyish weapons, the bow and arrow, the cross-bow, and the pop gun. I shall not dwell upon my various feats with my old horse-pistol, which I rescued from the oblivion of my uncle Bringemdown's lumber-garret, such as shooting rats through the pantry window, and scaring all the domesticated quadrupeds in the neighbourhood, to the imminent personal danger of half the bipeds. I shall omit any mention of these circumstances, as I deem it unnecessary to trace any dexterity which I may display, as a shooter, any farther back than the possession of a single-barreled fowling-piece which I purchased, about two years ago, of the celebrated Manton. With this formidable weapon I became a very Buonaparte to the cock-sparrows, (I could not find it in my heart to shoot the dear little hens) as they picked up the crumbs that fell by the road-side. Twice, I attempted to kill one of these Mary-le-bone partridges, flying; but in the first instance a poor costermonger's pack stood in the direction of my aim, and in the second, a milkman's pail became a target to the whole of the charge. Fearing the third might make a target of the milkman himself, I have since thought proper to refrain from shooting flying, except in the solitary instance of bringing down our neighbour Mrs. Musty's tom-cat, in his perambulations along the garden wall.

With this preliminary practice in the art of shooting, I considered

myself perfectly qualified to accept an invitation, from my friend Fred. Stanley, to join him in a day or two's sport over his father's grounds in the neighbourhood of Tatsfield-the reader, I hope, will consider so 100. From the time I received this invitation, until the day I set off, all was bustle and confusion at my lodgings. Such a rattling of kettles in the garden—such exclamations of, "Oh! dear me, there's Mr. ---'s gun again"-and such a smell of gunpowder. Nothing, I believe, could have pacified my landlady for such a riot, but a promise to bring her a brace or two of the partridges I might kill in my first day's sport. But, alas! here I am again - my powder and shot wasted - my time wasted too-my ambition blighted-and not a single bird to shed a feather of glory over my departed honours. I cannot, indeed I cannot, endure to repeat the history of my ill-success, do, I beseech you, therefore, my dear friends, content yourselves with a leaf which I will tear from my diary. Oh, Mr. Printer, here it is, make it out if you can, I entreat of you. J. H. H.

September 1.—Awoke in consequence of some extraordinary noise just under my bed-room window—dark as the grave—heard the clock strike three. Fancied I heard somebody speak—thought thieves had broken into the house, so jumped out of bed, and seized the fowling piece, forgot that it was not loaded. Stole gently to the door, and placed my ear to the key-hole—all quiet for some minutes—presently heard somebody coming up stairs—all over—"what was all over?" why, I was all over in a perspiration! Robber arrived at the top of the stairs-cocked the gun, and called out, "who's there?"-moment of dreadful suspense-thought of certain murders and the Newgate Calendar, when (Oh! what an escape,) heard Fred. Stanley reply, "who's there! why me, to be sure. Come, my boy, are you not yet dressed?" "Dressed," said I, "why it's midnight." Fred. laughed, and told me it was near day-break. "Come, come," said he, "make haste down, or we shall be the last in the field. I have ordered the maid to get a cup of coffee ready in ten minutes." Fred. went down stairs singing,

"Of all the joys that sporting yields, I love to range the stubble fields."

Felt chilly, and, in searching for gaiters, kicked little toe against the

bed-post-wished shooting to the devil.

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Half past three.—Dressed, and went down stairs—light dazzled my cyes—found Fred. and his two pointers in the parlour—asked if he was not ashamed to let the dogs spoil the carpet. Went and looked out of front door, and thought there would be rain—came in, and asked Fred. if we had not better remain at home? "Why man," said he, "if it's a damp morning so much the better, the scent will lie well. Come, swallow your coffee, my boy, and let us be off." Sat down to breakfast—Fred. in the fidgits. Rose from the table—Fred. slapped his pockets, and repeated to himself, "powder, shot, primers, patches, um, um, um;" and, last of all, "all's right." This was the signal for

starting, so we each took our gun, whistled to the dogs, and set forward. Four o'Clock. -Got upon the ground-tied a silk handkerchief before my mouth, to keep out the raw morning air-fields full of misthedges lost in obscurity of its immeasurable depths-framed two stanzas, comparing it, in the first, to the sea, in the second, to eternity -beautiful similies-wished for Alleyn. Fred. proceeded to load gun -myself, ditto-one of the dogs began to range the field-Fred. called out "down, charge," dog lay down-mem. to remember dog's "Now," said Stanley, "we'll try this bit of fallow"name, Charge. Observe, bit of fallow, at least twenty acres! Crossed the field in a line with Fred. three times, with an uncomfortable appendage of at least a dozen pounds of earth to each shoe—kept my eye fixed, the whole of the time, upon the ground before me, but couldn't see a single bird—dogs ran about, snuffing the air as if they were looking for a bone—felt exceedingly fatigued with the clogs. Remark, Fred. told me to try the fallow, fallow tried me! Got through the hedge into a field of clover-dew came through gaiters and stockings-shoes went squash, squash—thought I should catch my death of cold—determined to look over Dr. Buchan for an article under that name—considered bathing my feet in warm water, and taking a dose of Pulvis Ipecacuanæ Composita might save my life.

Five o'Clock.—In crossing a little common, saw a hare run along in the fog, at the extreme point of visibility—Fred. fired—I levelled my piece at her—neither of us brought her down—Fred. muttered an oath

at the mist in the air—I swore the hare was missed.

Walked on, till we came to a lane, field of beans on one side, stubble field on the other-Fred. told me to go into the stubble, with one dog, whilst he beat among the beans with the other-I took Chargewalked up the side of the hedge-looked in every bush-cried, whist, Looked round for the dog-saw bim whist-couldn't see a partridge. standing fifty yards off with his fore-leg up-ran up as quick as possible, and looked at his paw, saw none-patted him on the head, and said, in a soothing tone, "Charge, poor Charge, come along, Chargey"wouldn't move-tried to pull him on by the collar, whilst doing so, a cock-pheasant rose about twenty yards off, and flew into the wood-Walked half way dog ran off directly—pheasant had frightened him. into the field-Charge stood still again with his foot in the same posture, and his head up as if he was in great agony. Laid down the gun, ran up to the poor creature, and took out my pen-knife-looked very carefully at the paw again-scraped off the dirt, but could not see any prickle-swore the dog was not worth a shilling. At this moment up rose a covey of partridges close by the side of me-ran back for the gun, but could not see what tree the birds had flown into. Charge stood in the way, must have killed five or six birds, as they all got up together-misfortune of having a bad dog.

Went into the next field, and presently saw a hare running across it—levelled the gun at her—but in taking it down again, to see if she was within reach, hare run through the hedge, and I lost her. Heard a gun go off at the right of me—began to feel some pleasure in the

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sport. Walked down the side of the wood—espied a hen pheasant, sitting on one of the branches of an old oak—levelled the gun at her, shut both eyes, and fired—thought she did not fly away well—must have hit her.

Six o'Clock .- Returned towards Fred., but couldn't find him-wondered where he could have gone to-felt uneasy, as I did not know his father's grounds, and had got no certificate-fear of the tread-mill before my eyes, determined to push on, so whistled to Charge, and got into another field of clover. Presently saw a farmer-looking man running towards me—remembered that Fred. said there was no necessity to shew certificate unless the party demanding it shewed their's -put on a knowing, sporting look, cocked my hat, walked boldly up to meet the fellow, and called out, "Well, old boy, fine morning for the birds this, isn't it?" "Oh, dammee, I'll bird ye, running over my seed clover; who are you, I should like to know? one of your London Squires, I suppose, where's your certificate?" "Where's your's," said I. "Oh," then another oath, even more of the masculine gender than the former, "I'll tell you where mine is, if you're not off my grounds in a minute; and if I catch you here again, depend upon it, as sure as my name is Allen, I'll have ye up before the justice for trespassing and damaging my seed clover." The fellow all this while foamed at each corner of the mouth, like a rabid animal-strong fears that he was going to bite me-thought of the hydrophobia. Mem. Any body in need of a substitute for a mastiff, to be chained in a tan-yard, better send for farmer Allen.

Seven o'Clock .- Had walked through several fields without flushing a feather—saw a gentleman coming towards me—told me I was trespassing—said I was sorry for it, but thought I might be upon Mr. Stanley's grounds-asked for my certificate, told him I had it not with me-enquired if I was qualified, could hardly help laughing in his face -a pretty question, to ask a man, with a loaded gun in his hand, if he was qualified to shoot. "Well, Sir," said he, "you are on Mr. Caluthorpe's grounds, and I am Mr. Caluthorpe; and although I am sorry to do any thing which may offend a brother sportsman, (here I felt myself vegetating in height as expeditiously as a mushroom or a hot-house lettuce,) I must beg that you will refrain from killing birds on my manor." There was so much urbanity in his manner, that I could not possibly be angry with him for his apparent determination to preserve his game; though had he known the extent of my qualifications as a sportsman, it is highly probable he would have considered his interdictions quite unnecessary. I walked with him into into an adjoining lane, where we met a couple of his friends, who had come from town, as well as myself, on a shooting excursion. He very civilly directed me towards Mr. Stanley's grounds, politely bade me "Good morning," and we separated. Mem. Mr. Caluthorpe a bit of true English blood.

Eight o'Clock.—Arrived at Stanley's manor—sound of a gun directed me towards Fred.—found him in high spirits, having killed, in my absence, three brace and a half of birds—heard him say to the bitch, "down, charge," dog down—"Why the devil" said I, "are they both called Charge"—Fred. laughed heartily, told me it was a general expression used by sportsmen when they were about to load, and that the dogs' names were Dargo and Juno—thought of "poor Chargey," and

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looked a little can't-tell-howish. Fred. asked, what sport—told him I had nearly shot a pheasant—heard, if I had done so, of being open to a penalty of forty pounds—resolved to purchase an abstract of the Game Laws. Mentioned the circumstance of the dog standing still, and holding his paw up—said he was only worth his hide—Fred. nearly convulsed with laughter—told me dog was pointing. Beat over the field, Juno stood still with his tail as stiff as if my washerwoman had starched it—Fred. cried, "To ho," Dargo backed immediately—Fred.'s eye "in a fine phrenzy rolling," covey rose—Fred. brought down a brace—remainder flew directly over my head—levelled at them, pulled trigger, thought a dozen would drop, but found, unfortunately, that I had forgotten to reload the gun.

Nine o'Clock.—Ready to drop with fatigue—tried to jump across a ditch—jumped into it, piece went off—stock flew one way, barrel another, and—

The Printer begs to state, that Mr. J. H. H's. manuscript became so illegible after the word "and," that he found it impossible to transcribe any more of it; the only words he could at all make out, were the following, which were considerably detached—mud—prickle—Fred.—laugh—road—good-bye—coach—there he goes—what sport—look at his pockets—cockney—lodgings—never more—quite enough.

THE MINSTREL'S INVITATION.

From the Welch of David up Gwyllim.

THE Poet appears to have passed the night beneath the window of his mistress, in the true spirit of a Knight of Romance, but the first beams of morning seem to have called forth the strains of his harp, his only companion. The following lines convey but a faint imitation of the tenderness and beauty of the original.

Awake, awake, my Miriam dear,
I've watch'd thee through the live-long night,
No'bold intruder loiters near,
But he who loves thee more than light.
Those gales that through thy lattice break,
The freshness of the morning bear,
Wafted by thy crimson'd cheek,
May love to lay and linger there.
See, the rosy God of day,

See, the rosy God of day,
O'er mountain tops his glories spread,
The lark pours forth his joyous lay,
And opening flow'rs their sweetness shed.
My harp, that slumber'd through the night,
Obedient to thy harsh command,
Now vibrates at th' approaching light,
Courting its master's trembling hand.
Oh! Miriam, could this harp convey,
One thought of my fond doubting heart,
Its chords would breathe a more impassion'd lay,
A kindlier feeling to thy breast impart.

ESSAY ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

The Sketch Book.

This is, perhaps, the sweetest production that ever came from the press. There is an undisturbed delicacy of feeling and richness of expression through the whole of its pages. Its incidents are interestingly detailed; its stories are exquisitely told; and its descriptions are, at once, glowing, natural, and beautiful. It is a transcript of the author's own feelings: it is his heart's faithful record. The soul is elevated with the sublimity of his ideas, and the imagination is bewildered in the lovely variety of his creations. He steps back into past ages, and his reflections come upon you like a voice from the tomb: he ventures into faturity, and his prophesyings become the world that you are to live in. He is a poet, a philanthropist, and a philosopher, and his patriotism is

second to nothing but his love of mankind.

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The work opens with a brief account of the author's self, in which he pleasantly describes that love of travelling, which has led to the production of his most celebrated works. He says, "I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child, I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighbouring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noticing their customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, from whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

"This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wishfully would I wander about the pier-head in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!"

He first visited various parts of his own country, but, longing "to wander over scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the common-place realities of the present, and lose himself among the shadowy grandeur of the past," he soon saw "the last blue line of his native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon," and was borne on the depths of the Atlantic to a country "rich in the accumulated treasures of age." He speaks of this departure from all that was most dear to him, in a strain of exquisite tenderness.

"That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain current of existence, or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood." "It seemed," he says, "as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another."

His arrival in England, the "land of his forefathers," is well described; where, he says, amid "the meetings of acquaintance, the greetings of friends, and the consultations of men of business, I alone was solitary and idle." We will not say idle; for his description of the recognition between the crew and their friends on shore, must come home to the hearts of all who have known the luxury of meeting, under similar circumstances, those on whom they have placed their affections. The anticipations which have been formed in absence, and the delightful hopes which have thrilled our bosoms, will, at such times, come rushing once more upon us, and bear down every sorrow with their

overwhelming influence.

One of the first places he visited, was the Atheneum, in Liverpool. Here he met the celebrated Roscoe; his reflections on whom are melancholy and impressive. "It is interesting," he writes, "to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary, but irresistible way, through a thousand obstacles." He dwells upon the misfortunes of Mr. Roscoe with a delicacy, that would make us believe he considered the touching upon such a subject amounted to a profanation; and he acknowledges, in speaking of the reverse of his fortune, that he considered him far above the reach of his commiseration. He speaks of his acquirements with the feelings of one whose pursuits were similar to his; and he expatiates on his genius with the enthusiasm of a kindred spirit.

The fourth article in the work, is called "The Wife," in which he takes occasion to speak of matrimony with any but the feelings of a bachelor, which, we believe, to the discredit of our countrywomen be it

spoken, Mr. Irving still is. He says,

"I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant."

There is, indeed, a luxury in the commingling of pleasures and interests between man and wife, which none can feel who have not known the endearments of a partner. It is delightful to behold them participating each other's joys, and soothing to see them abiding together "the bitter-

est blasts of adversity." Our young blood warms as we think of such an halcyon attachment; and we feel disposed to renew our attacks upon one or other of half a dozen scrupulous spinsters, who have hitherto.

with genuine prudery, disputed the validity of our pretensions.

The story of "Rip Van Winkle," forms a sad contrast in subject to the former article, it being the renowned history of a hen-pecked husband, who had a vile, termagant wife. Rip was an idle fellow, who lived at the foot of the Kaatskill mountains, who had "an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour," and whose whole time was spent in fishing, shooting, and strolling about with his dog Wolf. Rip one day went up the Kaatskill mountains, with Wolf and his gun; and as he was about to descend, he heard a voice hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" This proceeded from a mysterious looking old fellow, who was trudging up the mountains with a keg upon his shoulder, that seemed full of liquor, who made sign to Rip to come and assist him with the burden. This Winkle did, and the two ascended the mountains together.

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Not a word was spoken on either side; and on reaching the top of the mountain, they entered an amphitheatre. Here certain odd looking beings were playing at nine pins, in which they, too, preserved a most mysterious silence. The keg, which it seemed contained Hollands, was soon emptied of a part of its contents; the parties drank away in silence, and resumed their games. Rip, who, it appears, was a thirsty soul, quaffed the liquor till he fell into a sleep, and on waking he found himself on the spot from which he had set out with his strange companion. This happened in the morning, and poor Rip, fancying he had slept there all night, became terribly alarmed with the thoughts of meeting poor Mrs. Winkle. Wolf had disappeared, and instead of his own neat little fowling-piece, he found beside him an old firelock with a rusty barrel and worm-eaten stock. This appeared exceedingly strange, but he considered that some trick had been played upon him,

and so set forward for the village.

In descending the mountains, Rip was sadly perplexed, that every thing seemed different to what it was when he ascended them; and in approaching the village, he met several persons he had never seen before, who, as they passed him, seemed to stroke their chins. This was altogether unaccountable, but at last poor Rip put his hand up to his own chin, and found that it was ornamented with a beard a foot long. Rip was entirely at his wit's ends. The village seemed considerably larger than when he left it, and its inhabitants all wore new faces. Winkle strayed on to his own house, expecting to be saluted with a fantasia from Mrs. Winkle, but the house had lost its roof and was falling in. A crowd continued to follow Rip through the village; he stopped on the green, and endeavoured to obtain some information as to these strange appearances, but the people still hooted, and thought him a mad At length Rip asked if any of them knew Rip Van Winkle. "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle, yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went

up the mountain apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

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"'God knows,' exclaimed he, at his wit's end; 'I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm

changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

"The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their forehead. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical mement a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you.' The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. 'What is your name, my good woman?' asked he.

" 'Judith Gardenier.'

" ' And your father's name?'

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.'

"Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering

voice:

" 'Where's your mother?'

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a bloodvessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar."

Winkle and his neighbours mutually explained, and Rip went home

to live with his daughter.

This story is an excellent specimen of the inimitable humour which the author had previously displayed in his "History of New York." It is admirably told, and may be ranked among the first of his numerous

productions.

His remarks on "English Writers in America," are calculated to remove certain national prejudices which exist between ourselves and our trans-atlantic brethren; whether they will do so, we leave to the Edinburgh and Quarterly to prophesy, and to time itself to determine. Mr. Irving seems to think, the future destinies of his own country are distinctly marked out, whilst those of England remain uncertain. We are, by no means, desirous to enter upon political speculations with him; but, we believe we can foresee the progressive advances of our country, in prosperity, independence, and glory, quite as distinctly as Mr. Irving

em predict similar advances for his. England has been, is, and will continue to be, the fulcrum upon which the lever of the world's interests

has turned, does, and will turn.

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Mr. Irving has entered deeply into the English character; and in his descriptions of it, he has an advantage over our own writers, in having had no occasion to set himself up as its model. Hence, he has depicted our follies, our prejudices, and our virtues, with a correctness which at once accurately exhibits us as individuals, and characterizes us as a nation. His Rural Life in England, is what we have all seen, heard, and felt; and every stroke of his pencil calls forth some scene, with which the brightest moments of our lives are associated.

The Broken Heart. This is the most beautiful little piece that ever came from the heart or pen of man. Its representation of woman's love, of our early affections, and the delicacy of our younger feelings, is inimitable. The author is, indeed, a master of the human heart; and he touches its strings so gently, that their tones steal upon us with a supematural influence, and our spirit mingles with their echoes.

can be more true, or beautiful, than the following passages?

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

"To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness-it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being-he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scorn of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can 'fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.'

"But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative fife. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and

abandoned, and left desolate."

Book Making is so faithfully described, that one might almost suppose Mr. Irving to be already a proficient in the art: at all events, his knowledge on the subject, will enable him to set about the practice of the profession with every chance of success. The scene at the British Museum is well drawn, and the dream is as well done, as if the author had been, actually, asleep at the time he wrote it.

To those, who are fond of every thing that appertains unto royalty who have yet to learn the history of king James - and who desire to VOL. II.

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behold him pouring forth his regal soul in poesy, we recommend a perusal of the Royal Poet.

There is a fidelity, in Mr. Irving's representations, which strikes us as forcibly as if the objects which he describes, were standing in review before us. Who, that reads the following description of a Country

Church, will not agree with us in this assertion?

"It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which give such a peculiar charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a country filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were encrusted with monuments of every age and style. The light streamed through windows dimmed with armorial bearings, richly emblazoned on stained glass. In various parts of the church were tombs of knights, and high-born dames, of gorgeous workmanship, with their effigies in coloured marble. On every side the eye was struck with some instance of aspiring mortality; some haughty memorial which human pride had erected over its kindred dust, in this temple of the most humble of all religions.

"The congregation was composed of the neighbouring people of rank, who sat in pews, sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly gilded prayer books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew doors; of the villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats, and a small gallery beside the organ; and of the poor of the parish, who were

ranged on the benches in the aisles."

Some of our best feelings, and some of our sweetest recollections, are connected with Country Churches. There is a charm in the silence of their seclusion, which we cannot find in the obstrusive piles, which stand in the streets of a city, courting, as it were, the homage due to their magnificence. With what different feelings do we look upon the lank, cold bars which enclose the latter, and the towering elms which stand, in patriarchal pride, around the former. The contrast is as great as that, which the author so admirably describes, between the frigid pomp of the purse-proud citizen, and the unassuming demeanour of the genuine nobleman.

The little tale of the Widow and her Son is deeply affecting. We envy not the heart of that man, whose sensibilities are so benumbed, that he does not participate the good old widow's afflictions. Stripped of the comforts of the world, and bereaved of those who could have cheered her in the absence of them, she stands forth in the abstract nakedness of her sorrows, an object for the compassion of her fellow mortals. Her husband, the former partner of her misfortunes, had long since sunk into the grave; her son, the only remaining anchor of her hopes, death has now taken from her; the bitter blasts of poverty are howling around her, and we behold, in her, the shattered wreck of a human being. Our blood freezes at the reflection of her destitution, and the approaching issue of her woes warns us of the mortality of our nature.

The visit to "The Boar's Head Tavern," or rather, to seek for the Boar's Head Tavern, if we were inclined to be punmatical, we should call the greatest bore in the book. At all events, taking into consider

ation that it was made in memory of Shakspeare, and honest Jack Falstaff; that it was made and written by Washington Irving; and that it is printed in the Sketch Book, we cannot but call it a failure. We would have the writer of such an article look at every thing through a magnifying glass; we would have him take into the account of what he heard, the very echoes of what was told him; and we would have him enlarge his incidents, in the same ratio which fighting Jack multiplied the number of his opponents at Gad's-Hill.

He, who has passed a few hours in Westminster Abbey, wandering among its mouldering monuments, and dusty columns, pondering amid the ashes of genius, and conversing, as it were, with past ages, will recognize many of his feelings, on such an occasion, in the description given of that venerable edifice. From among many equally

beautiful passages, we select the following.

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"I pursued my walk to an arched door opening into the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height, and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handy work. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

"It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the

soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence."

This is inimitably beautiful. It is one of those delicate touches, in which the author leaves every other writer of the present day far behind him. It is a condensation of feeling and circumstance. It is a concentration of objects. And it checks our spirit in its soarings, amid the illimitable paths of creation, and brings it back to the point from which

it commenced its wanderings.

Our limits, we find, will not permit us to remark upon the remaining articles in these volumes individually. We can scarcely allow to them more space than will be sufficient to enable us to say of them, that they are of an equally high character with those upon which we have already passed our encomiums. The author's visit to Bracebridge Hall, and his description of the Holiday Customs of that venerable mansion, are in his best style.

There are few of us, whose happiest recollections are not connected, in a great measure, with the merriment of Christmas-eve, and the more sober enjoyments of Christmas-day. The yule-clog, and the wassail-bowl, are our earliest acquaintances; and the first sounds that sink deeply into our souls, are the simple strains of the Christmas carol.

In concluding our observations on the Sketch Book, it only remains for us to say, that a man should write one such work as that, and—die!

Bracebridge Hall.

These volumes are inferior, we had almost said very inferior, to the Sketch Book. But, when we consider the high character of the latter production—when we consider the pre-eminent genius which the author has displayed in its conception and execution, we are inclined to hope, that the remark, which we have felt bound to make on the work before us, will not not be illiberally construed into an expression of censure.

The deserved encomiums, that were so generally bestowed upon the Sketch Book, were certainly calculated to turn the head of an ordinary man; we, therefore, are not surprised that they have not altogether been effectless on the head of an extraordinary one. The large potions of flattery, which Mr. Washington Irving was necessarily compelled to swallow, it must be acknowledged, were adapted to affect his bodily and mental health. The derangement of his corporeal system we leave to his physician, and content ourselves with administering a lenitive to his mental ailments. In his introduction to Bracebridge Hall, he says,

"It has been a matter of marvel, that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English. I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand, instead of on his head; and there was a curiosity

to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society.

"This novelty is now at an end, and of course, the feelings of indulgence which it produced. I must now expect to bear the scrutiny of sterner criticism, and to be measured by the same standard with contemporary writers; and the very favour which has been shown to my previous writings, will cause these to be treated with the greater rigour; as there is nothing for which the world is apt to punish a man more se-

verely, than for having been over-praised."

The first of these paragraphs is exceedingly hyperbolical: the second provokes some very awkward comparisons. If we had written Brace-bridge Hall, the motto to it should have been "Reader, forget the Sketch Book!" Not that we should have doubted the merits of our own production, but that we should have wished that those merits might not be brought into comparison with others of a higher order. Authors are too rapacious after fame. They are like the young fisherman, who having, with a small hook and moderate bait, caught a gudgeon, trebled the bait, in the hope of catching a whale. We are not, we confess, "travellers;" but still we had learnt sufficient, from books, not to be so insufferably ignorant as to believe an American of the nineteenth century a "demi-savage." We should never have taken a walk to Bullock's Museum, for the purpose of being introduced to Washington Irving.

"The feeling of indulgence," which is spoken of, was never exercised, it was never needed; and we must tell Mr. Irving that if his Bracebridge Hall is to "bear the scrutiny of sterner criticism" than was exercised on his Sketch Book, it is by no means calculated to sustain the burthen. We shall now speak of Bracebridge Hall on its individual merits.

The chief aim of these volumes, appears to be the development of the English character, and a description of rural pastimes, and ancient

customs. This, Mr. Irving has most effectually accomplished. There is a fidelity in his representations, which displays much acuteness of observation. His expressions are remarkably felicitous, and, like a happy touch of the pencil, bring out a feature to the life. His characters are far more than the mere shadowless creatures of his imagination: we identify them with beings we have frequently seen and conversed with, and we recognize them with the same feelings, that we should an old friend, or associate. They stand before us, in all the spirit of actual existence, and among the same scenes in which we first beheld them. His characters, too, are purely English; and hence we are better enabled

to detect any want of fidelity in his delineations.

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The scene of these volumes, as their title bespeaks, is laid at Brace-bridge Hall, where, it will be recollected, the author had before spent a Christmas. We now behold him, among the inmates of that hospitable mansion, on a visit of far greater importance. He is now at the Hall, for the purpose of being present at the wedding of "the Squire's second son, Guy," and "the fair Julia Templeton." Poor Guy, and his loving Julia, are, as might be expected, the most uninteresting personages in the book. We see but little of them, and that little is almost too much. Lovers are the most insipid creatures in the world, to every body except themselves; and the author has very judiciously allowed them to steal into the library, or into the solitudes of the garden walks, or where ever they pleased, whilst he amused himself and us, in the company of

the Squire, Master Simon, and Old Christy.

The Squire, is "a lingering specimen of the old English country gentleman," professing "a bigoted devotion to old English manners and customs." Master Simon is "a brisk old bachelor-looking little man; Master Simon is "a brisk old bachelor-looking little man; the wit, and superannuated beau, of a large family connection, and the Squire's factotum." And Old Christy, "is the most ancient servant in the place, having lived among dogs and horses, the greater part of a century, and been in the service of Mr. Bracebridge's father." These characters are admirably drawn, and form the chief interest of the work. Old Christy has grown grey in the family, and, in his own estimation, is a more important man in it, than even the Squire himself. bles about the courts and the stables, like an old mastiff; quiet enough, if you pat him, but ready to snarl at every body, who may have courage to interfere with him in any other manner. Master Simon very frequently attempts to do so, and, on these occasions, is sure to be rewarded by Old Christy (it should have been Old Crusty) with a growl. These bickerings between them are very pleasantly alluded to:

There was one exception, however, in a testy old huntsman, as hot as a pepper corn; a meagre, wiry old fellow, in a thread-bare velvet jockey-cap, and a pair of leather breeches, that, from much wear, shone as though they had been japanned. He was very contradictory and pragmatical, and apt, as I thought, to differ from Master Simon, now and then could be a series of the series

then, out of mere captiousness.

The arrival of the widow, Lady Lillycraft, at the Hall, introduces us to a new set of characters. We have the widow herself, "a fair fresh-looking elderly lady." We have an equivocal personage, "with

a look somewhat between a lady's companion and a lady's maid;" and we have a couple of pampered curs. The latter are thus spoken of:

"One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr—though heaven defend me from such a Zephyr! He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. The other is a little, old, gray muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal, if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail screwed up so tight, that it seems to lift his feet from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty."

The Old Soldier, the Parson, and Ready Money Jack, are excellent specimens of character. The first "is a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pig-tail." He is, besides, "an old bachelor and an old beau." He has seen "very little active service except the taking of Seringapatam," and, to judge from his conversation, this is the most important affair that has taken place for the last century. The second is "a dark, mouldy, little man," the greater part of whose time is expended in decyphering ancient manuscripts, and poring over old worm-eaten volumes. The third is an honest, hardy English farmer, who lives upon the Squire's estate. He is a sturdy old fellow, who provides the cash for every thing before he purchases it, and who has a greater dread of paper money than even the patriotic Mr. Cobbett.

There are a few stories interspersed through the volume; the best and most original of which is, The Stout Gentleman. The description it contains of a Wet Sunday, is exquisitely done; it is really putting a

rainy day into words.

"A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the window in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crestfallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench trampled backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and mak

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The Student of Salamanca, has little more to recommend it, than is to be found in the common-place stories, with which the shelves of "circulating libraries" are crowded. It possesses, it is true, a few of those delicate passages which are so peculiar to the writer of them; but these are not in sufficient number, to warrant us in giving the tale a very high character. It is so very seldom we have to find fault with Mr. Irving, for any attempt to "show off" the extent of his reading, that when we have an opportunity to do so, the circumstance becomes the more remarkable, and we cannot pass it over in silence. We think the immense number of names which he quotes, in this story, of men who have laboured in the divine science of alchymy, is of little consequence in the working out of the tale; and he must, certainly, have turned over the leaves of the whole of the books, that were ever written on that subject, before he could have obtained them. This is a needless waste of his own time, and that of his readers. There is one passage in this tale, which we think may be of infinite service to some of our young friends—we can, indeed, almost remember the time, when it would have been of some consequence to ourselves, to have had it in view. He says, "let those who would keep two faithful hearts asunder, beware of music. Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music, and entwining of voices, and melting away in harmonies !- the German waltz is nothing to it."

In the early part of the first volume, we think we can perceive a greater approximation in feeling to the Sketch Book, than is to be found in the subsequent pages. The following description of an old family

servant is remarkably beautiful.

"But the good 'old family servant!'—the one who has always been linked, in idea, with the home of our heart; who has led us to school in the days of prattling childhood; who has been the confidant of our boyish cares, and schemes, and enterprizes; who has hailed us as we came home at vacations, and been the promoter of all our holiday sports; who, when we, in wandering manhood, have left the paternal roof, and only return thither at intervals, will welcome us with a joy inferior only to that of our parents; who, now grown grey and infirm with age, still totters about the house of our fathers in fond and faithful servitude; who claims us in a manner as his own, and hastens with querulous eagerness to anticipate his fellow-domestics in waiting upon us at table; and who, when we retire at night to the chamber that still goes by our name, will linger about the room to have one more kind look, and one more pleasant word about times that are past—who does not experience towards such a being a feeling of almost filial affection?" The remaining passage which we shall quote from these volumes is

exceedingly striking. It displays all the same sublimity of thought and depth of feeling which were so frequently manifested in the author's former production. In speaking of the crumbling piles of past ages,

he says,

"I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power."

Upon the whole, Bracebridge Hall is a work which will do no discredit to the author of the Sketch Book; whilst we must say, that to any other

man it would have been productive of the highest honours.

The History of New York, by Deidrich Knickerbocker.

This book has become a part of our nature. We could as little refrain from a periodical perusal of its pages, as we could abstain from eating and drinking. It is, indeed, the most important part of the means of our existence; and our good old aunt, who has little else to do than to attend to our comforts, instead of asking whether we have had our breakfast, frequently enquires whether we have taken our Knickerbocker. There is no word in any language capable of expressing the character of this extraordinary production. It is as far beyond wit, as what is called pure wit, is beyond the mouldy orations of an Alderman, after a city feast. Its broad burlesque of character, and the originality of incident, are perfectly unequalled. In a word, it is the Sketch Book of humourous productions.

There is, even in the table of its contents, more humour, than is frequently found in a volume. The contents of the first book, we shall give entire, and these are the only extracts we think it necessary to make; as we conclude, that those, who have made any moderate advances in the difficult art of reading, have already perused the work itself.

"BOOK FIRST.

"CONTAINING DIVERS INGENIOUS THEORIES, AND PHILOSOPHIC SPECU-LATIONS CONCERNING THE CREATION AND POPULATION OF THE WORLD, AS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

"Chap. I. Description of the world.

"Chap. II. Cosmogony, or creation of the world; with a multitude of excellent theories, by which the creation of the world is shewn to be no such difficult matter as common folks imagine.

"Chap. III. How far that famous navigator, Noah, was shamefully nicknamed; and how he committed an unpardonable oversight, in not having four sons: with the great trouble of philosophers caused thereby, and the discovery of America.

"Chap. IV. Shewing the great difficulty philosophers have had in peopling America—and how the Aborigines came to be gotten by acci-

dent, to the great relief and satisfaction of the author.

"Chap. V. In which the author puts a mighty question to the rout, by the assistance of the man in the moon, which not only delivers thousands of people from great embarrassment, but likewise concludes this introductory book."

Salmagundi, and Oldstyle's Letters.

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We are prevented from saying much on these works, in consequence of a notice, annexed to the "Tales of a Traveller." In that notice, the author disclaims any productions which may have appeared without his sanction; and of course, we have no right to make him own that, which he has no inclination to acknowledge to be his. Salmagundi, he confesses, he was partially engaged in; and there is certainly nothing in the confession which can, in any way, injure his reputation. It is a pleasant, spirited production, and bears evident signs of being written at that age, when the young blood leaps in the veins, and every sentiment springs from the freshness of the feelings. But Jonathan's Letters are a sad affair indeed—he might well disown them. Some of them are heavy, without being solid; the others are light, without being witty. They are exceedingly dull and common-place; and are, certainly, any body's but Washington Irving's.

The Tales of a Traveller.

We observed, at the conclusion of our remarks on the Sketch Book, that the author was bound, in regard to his own fame, to set out for another world, as we considered he would never again produce a work worthy to be compared with that beautiful production. There are, however, two or three of these tales, which would almost induce us to extend to him the favour of a prolonged existence; but these are surrounded with others of so, comparatively speaking, inferior a character, that it would be charitable to allow him, forthwith, to ensure his immortality, by taking the measures to which we have before alluded.

We cannot say that these volumes are powerfully interesting; and to say, simply, that they are interesting, would be a very negative kind of eulogium for such a writer as Washington Irving. Unlimited as are the powers of the human mind, there is still a maximum in the mind of an individual—a point, beyond which it cannot soar. That point Mr. Irving had attained in his Sketch Book. There, as far as fame is concerned, he should have stopped; for on that work his claims to immortality will ultimately rest. Whatever he may, in future, publish, will chiefly concern him as commercial speculations: he is fully entitled to the benefit of them; and, speaking from our own affection for every thing that proceeds from his pen, we trust he will "carry on a roaring trade." He is in good hands. Murray is the prince of publishers, and his transactions with authors are carried on with a truly royal munificence. Mr. Irving, who has had his quantum sufficit of the "empty praise" of authorship, may now expect his due share of the "solid pudding."

These tales are divided into four parts; the first, Strange Stories, by a Nervous Gentleman; the second, Buckthorne and his Friends; the third, The Italian Banditti; and the fourth, The Money Diggers. The Bold Dragoon, which we extracted in a former number, is a good specimen of the first; and the Young Robber, which we gave in our last number, is a fair specimen of the third. The second details some

of the mysteries of authorship, and the fourth, has a tinge of Knicker-bockerism.

In the first part, there are several ghost stories, the chief merit of which consists in the ghosts being of a very different species, to any we before heard of. We consider this an exceedingly judicious transformation, as the world had certainly become tired of the ghosts of the old school. The rambling adventures of Buckthorne will be exceedingly interesting and instructive, to those who are desirous to be initiated into the mysteries of strolling vagabondism.

The tales in the third part contain, we should imagine, a very perfect account of the manner of living, and the daring exploits, of the lawless

tribes which infest the mountains of the Abruzzi.

The Painter's Adventure is by far the best in the collection. The "Money Diggers" would have given us greater satisfaction, if they had been found among any other person's papers than Diedrich Knickerbocker's. That old gentleman, after his History of New York, should be as careful in his attempts to be humourous, as Washington Irving, after his Sketch Book, should be wary in his endeavours to excel in pathos. A man who has done his best, should be remarkably cautious in his subsequent proceedings; for any change must necessarily, under such circumstances, take place on the wrong side.

These volumes contain very few passages of so striking a character as to warrant us in extracting them. The merit of the work lies in peculiarity of situation, and change of scene and incident. Though we are quite willing to acknowledge, that in many of the tales there is much force of description, and, occasionally, considerable spirit and humour. The author may, sometimes, descend below himself, but he seldom gets

so low as to arrive at the imperfections of others.

Mr. Washington Irving appears imbued with the happy philosophy which teaches us, that "there is good in every thing." A pilgrim from his native country, he wanders amid the wild solitudes, or the cheerful scenes of nature, with no guide but his will, and no companion but his own reflections. The world is his home; his paths are in the peaceful valley, or on the storm-defying mountain; and the flower, the little stream, and the giant avalanche, are his acquaintances. He is a philosopher, and men are the volumes from which he studies; he is a poet, and his enthusiasm springs from the recollection of his wanderings. As a poet, his aim is to ennoble our feelings; and as a philosopher, his object is "to keep mankind in a good humour with one another." He says, and we doubt not from his heart, "When I discover the world to be all that it is represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also."

As an author, he far surpasses any other writer of his own country, and, certainly, equals the most celebrated in our's. His style is peculiarly his own, and the rhythm of his sentences affects us like the sweetest passages in a beautiful piece of music. He is seldom prolix, and never tiresome. He dwells not upon abstruse doctrines; neither does he perplex you with metaphysical subtleties. He writes for the heart, and it is the heart, and not simply the eye, which peruses his pages.

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In conclusion, we must observe, that in the exercise of our duties, we may be compared to the bee hovering from flower to flower, gathering the sweets of each, and laying them up for its future necessities. Like that industrious little creature, we live and move in a world of loveliness. The most beautiful creations are continually springing up around us, and we are frequently intoxicated with the richness of our labours. Rich, as our country is, in the blossoms of genius, we cannot be at a loss for native sweets wherewith to enrich our own little store-house; it may therefore be supposed that we should never stray to flowerets of a foreign growth; nor indeed should we, unless we met with some rare and exquisite exotic, whose expanding beauties claim the tribute of our admiration. Such we may be said to have found in the works of Washington Irving; and hence, we have been rather extravagant of our pages in speaking of them.

The celebrity which that gentleman has deservedly attained, in this country, as an author, is certainly a sufficient inducement for us to enter upon a critical analysis of the whole of his literary productions. We could not, however, effect so desirable a purpose without trespassing upon the good nature of our readers, in occupying for the purpose a rather considerable portion of our Magazine. This, under ordinary circumstances, would be a transgression for which we should consider it necessary to offer some very penitential atonement; but, taking into consideration the party for whom, in the present instance, the error is committed, we shall conclude in the perfect confidence that our sins are forgiven.

J. H. H.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Eighteen nymphs were so incautious as to wait upon this Colossus of learning and Toryism in a body, as an honorary kind of visit. The damsels were all spruced up, ready to prostrate themselves on the carpet, sooty and smoky as it was, and to cast at his feet, garlands of "Hearts Ease," "London Pride," and "Forget me Nots," when he tumbled off the stairs into the dingy parlour, shoulders forward, as if aiming at the diagonal of the apartment, and mouthed or growled out, "If I had known there had been so many of you, I would not have come." To one, the spokes-woman, who had an oration cut and dried ready, he saved the trouble of recital, by crying out, "Fiddle-de, dee, my dear."

Dr. Whiston, dining one day with Lady Jekyll, sister to Lord Somers, she asked him why God Almighty made woman out of the rib? Whiston, after reflecting a moment, replied, "Indeed, my lady, I don't know; except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

REFLECTIONS IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

When night with moistening dews bespreads the ground, And casts her sable mantle o'er the sky; When fear-created spectres stalk around, And through the air foreboding screech-owls cry:

Oft from the noisy sons of mirth and play, By pensive thought and meditation led, Hither with slow and silent steps I stray, To mark the gloomy mansions of the dead.

And as I pass the lowly graves among, And sculptur'd tombs of those of high-rais'd pow'r, How do they they tell, with awe-expressive tongue, "The life of man is as the fading flow'r!"

A time he struts in mimic pride and state,
A time his opening blossoms are displayed;
But death's cold hand soon seals his certain fate—
And soon, alas! upon the bier is laid.

But see! the clouds are vanish'd with the breeze, The heav'ns are fair, and Luna's paler light Tips with a silver hue the drooping trees, And brings each letter'd tomb-stone to my sight.

Here lies, commixed with her kindred mould, A maid, who once with love each breast inspired, Whose numerous virtues many a verse has told, Whom all regarded, and whom all admir'd.

Ah me, her blooming period soon was o'er; Scarce twenty years were number'd as her own: The gazing crowd she captivates no more, But ev'ry beauty, ev'ry grace is flown!

Mark this, ye thoughtless virgins of our isle; Nor boast your charms, your riches, or your birth; The flowery path is trod but for a while, And lo, we slumber in the chilly earth! Here moulders one, whose avaricious soul, Intent on nought but usury and gain, Ne'er dropt his mite into the "beggar's bowl;" At whose barr'd gate distress might weep in vain.

O sordid wretch! how useless now thy wealth, Perpetual source of anxious care and strife; Not all could buy that precious jewel—health, Nor add one moment to thy ill-spent life.

Here lies a Bard, who once his manly page With glowing precepts filled in virtue's aid; But, left to perish by a thankless age, His woe-worn breast the debt of nature paid.

Blush, blush, ye rich, array'd in pomp and state, To think how soon his circling years were o'er; Haste to save others from the like hard fate, And cherish genius' sons, and wisdom's lore.

Beside this stone a tender infant sleeps;
Who in its cradle's bed resign'd its breath;
Whose early loss a feeling mother weeps,
And blames, (unthinking blames,) the work of death.

Ah, happy innocent, how sweet thy rest! No horrid crimes are heap'd upon thy head; No hurtful passions rag'd within thy breast, Nor were thy shorten'd days in mis'ry led.

But say, what means this laurel-crowned bust?
This lofty monument? this trophied tomb?
Lies here the famous chieftain, turn'd to dust?
And shares the warrior-prince the common doom?

What! could not he, so valiant in the field, So pow'rful, great, and terrible in fight, Aganst the lance of fate oppose the shield, And rest securely on his strength and might?

No, all the wreaths are wrested from his brow, And all his boasted prowess overthrown; And here he lies, as silent and as low As the weak coward, or the meanest clown! How futile now the decorated urn,
The costly ornaments of pride how vain!
Since, when once passed th' irremeable bourn,
Th' entombed body is but dust again.

So thought the venerable man, who long Ador'd his Maker in this house of prayer; Who taught his flock to raise the holy song, And worship Heaven with reverend love and fear.

For see, this stone, so humble and so low, Obscur'd beneath the weeping willow's shade, Alone remains to let the stranger know, That here Christ's faithful minister is laid.

Yet you proud bust, that rears its head so high, And stands a Statesman's honors to declare, In no one breast excites a pensive sigh, Altho' his grave be moist with many a tear.

For, ah! he liv'd the poor man's constant friend, And fed with fostering care the parish round; His pious doctrine sooth'd the sinner's end, And woe in him a kind reliever found.

Nor scorn my muse, this turf-concealed clod, Where rests a peasant from his daily toil, Whose honest heart with rustic mirth o'erflow'd, Whose part it was to turn the yielding soil.

Oft have I seen him press the useful plough, And reap the harvest of his small domain; Oft lay with sounding axe the forest low, And beat with echoing stroke the ripen'd grain.

No hateful anger in his bosom rose, No griping av'rice dwelt beneath his roof; No conscious guilt disturb'd his calm repose, Nor wish'd he more than nature deem'd enough.

May I like him my future moments spend!
May such contentment reign within this breast,
So shall my soul, whene'er it meets her end,
Partake with him of happiness and rest!

EDGAR.

Bromley, Kent, 1st July, 1824.

A VISIT TO KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Well, thought I, as Ned Caustic, who had by this time secured my arm, was dragging me across Berners-street, to the neighbouring coach-stand—well, thought I, with Yorick, and I believe I said it, "there are worse things done in this world than the promenading of Kensington

Gardens on a fine Sunday afternoon in August."

Ned had burst in upon me in a moment of "musing melancholy," such as I love to indulge in. 'Tis then that my fancy, taking a flight beyond herself, leads my spell-bound reason an innocent, if not a useful ramble, into the realms of her own creation; peopled with forms, and dressed out with scenes of her own, often fitful, but ever innoxious ima-

ginings.

Tis here that I become (by turns,) a hero, a lover, and a philanthropist. Sometimes trampling the proud oppressor, I feel more than real strength, brace every sinew, and nerve every joint: at others, assisting a couple of fond hearts in their virtuous desires, and, for their sakes, bringing about impossibilities—all possible to me; and ever scattering flowers in their path, and clearing away the thorns and brambles with which disappointed hopes and thwarting interests are continually strewing their painful way. For I have loved myself—aye, fondly loved; but still would I turn from my own delights to alleviate the unmerited distresses of others; and often, while in idea comforting the child of sorrow my own fancy has created, have I spread a real balm over my own wounded bosom; and from seeds of imaginary good reaped the substantial harvest of deep-rooted principles, which my fabling, but fondly cherished dreams, make more dear to my breast.

Twas in a moment like this that Ned surprised me, and put to flight, with one glance of his sarcastic eye, the illusive but pleasing image, which I was contemplating. In Kensington Gardens, said he, on a fine Sunday evening, there is scope for every thought under the sun! The man that spends his evening here, must either go home in good humour with all the world, or hang himself on the next lamp-iron. So saying, he hurried me to the coach, where I again relapsed into my former reverie; till, alighting at the Bayswater Gate, and entering this scene of fairy-land, I found bright faces and brighter recollections fast gathering

on me.

I have a great partiality to these gardens, and delight to retire alone into some of the secluded groves, and there to muse "beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves;" and into one of these did Ned permit me (albeit unwillingly) to lead him. It was a spot that nature has been allowed to retain untouched, amidst the less attractive and more studied beauties that art has crowded around.

Here, forgetful of my companion, as I was in the act of drawing from my pocket a sheet of paper, to secure any thoughts that might occur;—here, where every leaf seemed to contain a sermon, and not a blade of grass but had its moral written on it;—Caustic, alarmed by the rustle, and supposing it to be my last five-act tragedy, turned pale, and

made a desperate attempt to disengage his arm from mine, which at once told me his apprehensions, and put me upon the plan to calm them, which I did as well as I could, by shewing him the blank paper; offering (at the same time) to fill it with whatever remarks he should think fit to favour me in the more frequented part of our walk; but as he appeared to be not perfectly at his ease, we left my favorite dell. I thinking of times when,

"Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring, Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;"

he, ruminating on the follies of his species, with which he conceived he had no connection; and harrassing his brains to guess what should be the next to present itself for censure before his self-constituted tribunal.

And now, emerging from the dark covert of the wood, the crowded vista of fashion and of beauty opens before us in all its glory.

"Each walk with robes of various dies bespread, Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed."

And now did Ned bridle up his looks, ejecting all his gall into the curviture of his lip, and calling his self-sufficiency into his eye,

" As who should say, I am Sir Oracle, And when I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

Then directing my eyes in a side direction to a chair, which stood back from the promenade, he thus addressed me; "You see those two young men sitting yonder in an inclined position, like two parallel lines drawn obliquely, eyeing with coxcombical scrutiny, through the medii of folly and their quizzing glasses, a pair of damsels, who, in the height of their prudish modesty, have gradually slid themselves to the other end of the seat, one having completely turned the corner, and scarcely half seated; the other approximating to her in the same direction, so as to form a pretty tolerably acute angle betwixt them. These are two dashing young blades from Magdalen College, who seem bent upon nothing so much as qualifying the fairer, and, I fear, the better part of their species, for an entre into one of less repute, but of the same family name. They are now anxiously striving for a side-glance, eager, like other speculators, to have a fair face in their object of attainment.

The subjects of their optical survey are two maiden ladies, but a few years beyond their grand climacterick, who, having tried every scheme (open and covert) to escape "the withering on the virgin thorn," and foiled in their last attempt, have just retired, disgusted with the senseless crowd, to determine in what spot unknown to the fashionable world they should for a few months immure themselves, prior to their renouncing for ever the name of that state, to which nature seemed to have pronounced her fiat, that they should ever belong. They had just decided upon an obscure village in Somersetshire, whence they were to emerge under the full-sounding appellations of "Mrs. Deborah and Mrs. Agatha Witherall," to the wonder and admiration of all the beau monde as sembled to drink the waters and the scandal of Cheltenham, when the

two young men broke in upon their dual conclave; but we will leave them to re-consider their half-shaken resolutions, and the young men to awake from the illusion under which they are labouring, through the deception of two new dresses, intended for their last meditated conquest; and which have hitherto kept them from the knowledge that the two bashful damsels, whose smiles they are courting, are no other than their

antiquated aunts of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

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Turn we now to that young man, who is so delightfully seated in you circular summer-house. He is an articled clerk to Mr. ——, the eminent solicitor of Gray's Inn; with whom, by the way, he is not on the best of terms, since it was discovered, that what was conceived to be a pocket volume of Selden, turned out no other than a shilling edition of the Basia, earefully carried in his breast-pocket, made on purpose. He is now reading a sonnet to the two ladies who inclose him so blissfully—their knees meeting in an angle before him; each of whom is convinced that "the soft blue e'en and vermil lip" are no other than her's—studiously forgetting that those colours are in possession of neither of them; while the poet himself is lost in a demurrer between raven versus auburn, and the busy session and trying term of matrimony, compared with the lack-a-daisical and long vacation of bachelor-hood. In such a dilemma 'twere not surprising if he should get his brains in chancery. God help him, or he's a lost man!—In a few minutes Caustic resumed his remarks.

You see, said he, those three puppies, (each dressed in a different extreme of the fashion,) swinging with an air of affected ease and highbred indifference, down the full stream of folly's wave-we were ourselves revelling in the shade. What, asked he, would you suppose them to be? Doubtless, I was going to answer, three misled young gentlemen of rank, who, fancying themselves raised above the opinion of the world, pay no regard to its scrutiny, but look down with contempt on its merited but unminded censures; when, as if foreseeing my reply, he exclaimed, No such thing! and, as he spake, we arrived at the wide-spread gate; there, said he, pointing to three lean, jaded hacks, whose rising hips and well defined ribs had by this time awakened my commiseration, these Rosinantes may give you some idea of the rank of their Quixotes. That dapper little fellow in the bronze frock-coat and boots, which, with the apparent bamboo umbrella stick, not with the incongruity of time and place, he could not resist the vanity of exhibiting, is to be seen every morning between the hours of eight and nine, in some shop window of Ludgate-street, in his stocking feet and on bended knees, smoothing the linen on which he will presently display his muslins, silks, and gros-de-Naples. His left hand supporter is his neighbour, the pawnbroker's man; who, in a blue coat of exquisite cut, borrowed from the shelf, where it had been deposited by an unfortunate author, as a pledge of his devotion to the muse,

"Who found him poor and kept him so,"

has seized this opportunity of making a display, which two rings (upon the same terms) serve not a little to increase. And, or I am much mistaken, that young man, in shabby black, who is eyeing from behind the tree without the park, (like Adam shut out from Paradise,) with indignation PART XII.—46.—Fourth Edit.

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hard to suppress, has the duplicative right of all his imposing exterior,

from the nape of the neck to his mid-thigh downwards.

The young buck hanging on the draper's right, and who is the wit of the trio, "in narrow limits strait confined," with flesh-coloured silk insteps, and nothing but bare flesh above and below them, is a banker's clerk, which accounts for his check shirt, excepting the collar and weepers, and has the additional consequence of conceiving himself a cut above his companions. This gentleman may be found at the Nag's-head, Bell-alley, by giving three single knocks, and bellowing, "Mr. Gibson!"

Scarcely had Caustic delivered his last piece of invaluable information when the gentlemen made their appearance, with martial step, tramping with armed heel, which was somewhat abated as they advanced towards their pawing coursers; upon whose backs having tenderly mounted, they attempted to dash off at the Rotton-row skelter, to the no small amusement of the old pensioners, who fought shy of lean cattle; promising their gallant groom, a poor ragged fellow who had undertaken the charge of the three, permitting them to crop every blade of turf they could ap-

proach, sixpence on their next visit.

And now a vacant arbour presenting itself, we seated ourselves; Ned still continuing his lecture, and I watching the first decent opportunity of ending it by my departure. O happy retreat! said he, from bores and bailiffs, from duns, beggars, and mad dogs! here may a man forget his own miseries and infirmities by reflecting on those of others. You may be out of wit—out of money—out of place—out of manners—out of temper (here I grew uneasy)—in fact, all but out at elbow; and if you can but keep your countenance, you may be as great a man as my lord.

Just as he had concluded this (in his own opinion) fine apothegm, perceiving a lady at my side, I rose to make an offer of my seat, which enjoyed the finest view of the palace: in evil hour, (my hand trembles with vexation as I write it,) a whole boarding-school, of which I did not perceive the approach, and to which the lady belonged, overrun the whole arbour in an instant with its rising mischiefs, and left me to the splenetic gratification of Caustic, (who sat unmoved and sneering in the midst of them,) either to become a butt for the provoking little coquettes, whose constant ill-suppressed tittering shook me like a third-day ague, or to make an awkward bow, and take my leave. I chose the latter; and rushed down a solitary avenue, that seemed to promise me a speedy shelter from the now audibly bursting merriment of these "girls in their teens," who were certainly made for the perplexity of man from first Adam to me, one of the weakest of his weak representatives. Having made the best of my way to the nearest exit, the instant I arrived within the quiet walls of my chambers, I sat down to acquaint you, Mr. Merton, of the vexations to which a solitary and rather nervous individual like myself, may be subjected, even in so paradisaical a region as Kensington Gardens, if dragged there against his will, at an inopportune time, by a cynical and dissimilar companion, and with adventitious circumstances against him.—Wishing you eternal preservation from all such calamities, believe me, Mr. Merton, your admiring but suffering cor-J. A. G. respondent,

THE BANKS OF THE HUMBER.

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See you mansion so fair, where the woodbine and rose Unite on its walls, and together repose; See you mansion, by nature so favour'd and blest, With its back to the hills, and its front to the west; Where summer sheds beauties that no one can number, Yon lovely abode on the Banks of the Humber.

How fresh blows the air, and how fair are the flowers, That bloom all around and enliven its bowers; Here the heart is made glad, and delights to declare, How fruitful the prospect around, and how fair; And peace and content, and the sweetest of slumber, Are nightly enjoyed on the Banks of the Humber.

At the silence of eve, when the leaves are all still, When the air is scarce felt on the verge of the hill; How delightful to wander along the green way, Ere the moon gilds the dew-drop that hangs on the spray; When is heard smoothly dashing the skiff's gentle oar, And the billow as gentle, that dies on the shore.

In that lone little wood, where no footsteps intrude, To mar the enjoyment of calm solitude, I have sat—and so free was my bosom from pain, I'm resolv'd to be found there again and again:

O'tis pleasing to quit the rude world and its noise, To cherish that quiet my spirit enjoys.

On you banks, now so gay, doom'd to flourish and fade, By summer and winter, that vary their shade, It might please you to witness each near-passing sail, With their oars in the calm, and a reef in the gale; As o'er the dread depth of the waters they glide, Borne along by the ebb or the flowing of tide.

All health to the owners who claim this abode!
And joy to their bosoms on life's chequer'd road!
Long, long may they live to inhabit the place!
The same to their offspring, who keep up their race;
Who may traverse these walks, and may visit yon shore,
When the poet and parents can visit no more.

I love the fair spot, all embosom'd in wood,
From whence you may gaze on the high-swelling flood;
And O! when my days have arrived at their bourn,
Since whatever is earthly to earth must return,
When the cares of this life no longer encumber,
May this form rest in peace on the Banks of the Humber.
T 2.

CHOST STORIES.

I AM naturally the most superstitious man alive; ever since my youth I have read with avidity, every pamphlet which treated of supernatural occurrences, from the story of the Cock-lane Ghost, down to the ingenious speculations of Dr. Ferriar and Hibbert. But more especially have I dwelt with delight on the deeply interesting tales of the German With what emotion have I accompanied the unfortunate Leonora, in her frightful journey with the horseman-spirit, watching every turn of his ghastly countenance until it assumed all the horrors of the fleshless skull; and fancying myself seized by his fatal grasp, when it was only the wooden arms of my reading-chair, which pressed against my sides. In short, what with stories to excite superstitious belief, and are guments to destroy it, my mind has been so tossed up and down by the wind of doctrine, that like the Vicar of Bray, or some equally consistent personage whom I have heard of, I have generally remained of the opinion of "the gentleman who spoke last." I occupy a set of attics in Gray's Inn, formerly the property of my deceased brother, Peter Corcoran, whose poetical labours are before the public, and, like most men who live entirely alone, become extremely alive, about midnight, to external sensations. Often has the fatal death-watch aroused me by its awful tick about my wainscot; and frequently, on a stormy night, the wild lamentations of the fine old crows, who from time immemorial are said to have haunted the gardens of the Inn, roused me from the romantic pages of Mrs. Radcliffe, fully possessed with a belief in transmigration of souls. I have fancied the crows are not what they seem, and have imagined that, perchance, the celebrated Sir Nicholas Bacon, with his more celebrated and philosophic son, Lord Verulam, together with Old David Jenkins, the patriotic and Welsh Judge, all members of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, together with some fellowbenchers of their day, may still hover about the scene of their former studies, in such a disguise, and nightly lament over the degeneracy of their successors.

After what I have stated, you will readily perceive that my sentiments on the subject of apparitions, are not yet settled; notwithstanding every endeavour to fortify my mind against impressions of this nature, I have derived some satisfaction from the perusal of such accounts as have attempted to shew, that supernatural occurrences are often established as facts for want of proper investigation, which would deprive them of their marvellous character, and invest them with the sober garment of reason: such discoveries have often been made by accident, and a Ghost Story has been stifled, as it were, in embryo; but it were well if the people would give themselves the trouble of looking more closely into these matters, as I am persuaded their labours would greatly tend to throw a new light upon the theory of apparitions.

The following circumstance, which occurred to a particular friend of mine, had a remarkable effect in assuaging my terrors for a time, and tended much to confirm the sentiment which I have just expressed.

Near the village of M—, in a northern county, stood, a few years ago, the venerable pile of Castle N—, long one of the resident abodes of the Noble family of S—. Ever since I knew it, the walls were insensibly falling to decay, for the owners had long since ceased to inhabit the spot, and the rust of age had penetrated deep into its crumbling sides; but this desolation partook of the sublime, recalling to mind the evanescent nature of all earthly things, and raising images of romantic pageantry and martial achievement, in days long since past, wherein the former owners were principal actors. They had many years ceased to be, and the only inhabitants of this ancient mansion were the old steward, gamekeeper, and a few veteran retainers of the family, who seemed to have a sort of inheritance within the old walls, and, like them, were gradually tending towards their parent earth.

It was in the year 1798, that my friend, who was in treaty for the purchase of a few acres of the surrounding domain, made an appointment with his agents, to meet him at Castle N—, in order to have a conference with the old steward, and make arrangements for a final settlement of the negociation; they were to be there on the evening of the 24th of November, and to take a view of that part of the property,

intended to be purchased, on the following morning.

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The day was advanced before P. mounted his horse for the journey, and, owing to a mistake or two in the road (no uncommon incident in visiting an unfrequented neighbourhood after dusk,) the chill, damp breeze of evening disturbed the remaining leaves of the trees, as he at length pursued his road through the long and broken avenue leading to the gate. He felt relieved from an uncomfortable sensation of loneliness when, on knocking at the door, it was opened by a blooming damsel of eighteen, the daughter of the gamekeeper, who informed him he had been long expected, and that supper was waiting his arrival, ushering him at the same time into the cheerful atmosphere of the steward's room, where he found his expected friends, and the octagenarian owner of the apartment, round a cheerful fire under one of those over-arching porches, which served, in former times, not only as a receptacle for the blazing faggot, but as a protection to the welcome guest, for whom a seat in the chimney-corner was assigned as the place of honor and comfort, at once fixing him in a conspicuous station, and guarding him from all fear of annoyance from the partial or intruding blast. The mantel piece, like others of the same period, was surmounted by the family arms and crest, cut out of the solid oak, with the motto enscrolled beneath, whilst pendants of fruits, and flowers of ingenious workmanship, and branching from either side, seemed to indicate the honors and abundance which emanated from those noble insignia. The wainscot of the room was of the same finely polished material, though less elaborately carved, affording an opening at one end for a semi-gothic window, whilst the floor was but scantily covered with an ancient figured carpet, of Flemish manufacture. In the midst of this room was placed a circular oak table, supported by massive beams, round which King Arthur's Knights might have been supposed to have placed themselves in time of yore, such was its appearance of strength and durability-in

different parts of the room were tall chairs, whose lofty backs, interlaced with tracery of cane-work, and of the same substantial material, seemed suited for the stately formalities of a courtly feast. P. had not, however, much opportunity for reconnoitring the place, for the worthy old steward was clamorous in his inquiries after the health of the new guest, and in demanding the speedy entrance of refreshments, which soon smoked on the board in such hospitable profusion, that King Arthur's aforesaid Knights, all twelve of them, might have wagged their steel-clad jaws till they were tired, before any sensible impression would have been made on those substantial viands, or that huge pitcher of October.

The feast was ended, and the warm bowl of toddy inspired the guests with topics of animated discussion. The old steward was still the only oracle of the party, and as P. was naturally inquisitive about the family history, with which his host seemed most perfectly acquainted; he drew largely on the old gentleman's store of reminiscences, whose garrulous faculties were most readily exercised in gratifying his inmate's curiosity—legends of the olden time were again recapitulated—the civil wars again fought over, and sundry private aneodotes related, whose origin might be traced to the contents of a certain strongly iron-ribbed chest, in which were deposited sundry diaries and memorials of deceased members of the family, unfolding state secrets, once of deep moment, and recording private transactions, too important to be communicated even in a whisper, at the time they were there inscribed, but which now lay exposed to view, unguarded by lock or

bolt, in this deserted abode. "Strange things have taken place within these old walls, my young gentleman," repeated the aged domestic, with a condensed brow. not many years since part of the left wing was taken down, and under the floor of one of the strong chambers were discovered the remains of a human skeleton; various conjectures arose on the subject of this horrid disclosure, and many surmises were excited as to whom those bones might have belonged: alas! they brought to my recollection the tradition of a fair maiden, whose frailty once brought disgrace on this honourable She was suddenly missing, and none could tell, or chose to tell, It was left to after-times to discover that her proud what became of her. relations trampled daily over her infamy and remains"-" but why, my friend, look so sad?" "the nobles of former days had a nice sense of honour, and their revenge was cruel; take another glass, and let us drink to the pretty damsels of the present day, who, we hope, will be less frail,

The story made such an impression upon P.'s mind, that it was in vain he tried to assume his usual gaiety, therefore, pleading the fatigues of his journey as an excuse, he bid his friends adieu, shook the old steward by the hand, and the same fair attendant who had greeted him on his arrival, now undertook the task of shewing him to his bed-room. He drew his habit more closely round him as he encountered the chilling atmosphere of the wide hall and lofty staircase, after ascending which he passed along a gallery, where the stately graces of antiquated beauties, and the grim features of a range of martial ancestry, glared dimly

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upon him, fixed upon as the perpetrator or the victim of that direful deed, which he had just heard alluded to:—

The forms of the grim Knights, and the pictured saints Look living in the moon; and as you turn Backward and forward to the echoes faint Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint Start from the frames, which fence their aspects stern, As if to ask you how you dare to keep A vigil there, where all but death should sleep. And the pale smile of beauties in the grave, The charms of other days, in star-light gleams Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave Along the canvas; their eyes glance like dreams On ours, or spars within some dusky cave, But death is imaged in their shadowy beams, A picture is the past; even ere its frame Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

He was glad when his blooming guide placed the candlestick in his hand, and with a modest curtesy informed him he was now arrived at the door of his sleeping apartment, and after wishing him good night, left him to his own reflections. On opening the door, P. found himself in what had formerly been the state bed-room of the place; it was unusually large for a mere sleeping room, and contained, as he observed, two beds, one of them extremely lofty, and hung with figured silk of a deep crimson edged with gold, and looped up at the centre with a tarnished coronet. The other was an unpresuming camp bedstead, evidently prepared for his reception, and standing in one corner of the room, whilst the old chest, above alluded to, occupied the other. rattling of the casement, and the undulating motion of the old faded tapestry suspended from the walls, announced to him that the night was become boisterous, and he had more than once to move the situation of his light, lest it should become extinguished by some sudden gust. finally placed it by his bed-side, not venturing to encounter total darkness until he found himself comfortably bestowed within the bed clothes. But sleep, which is usually most coy when most solicited, refused to visit his pillow; in vain he turned himself from side to side; the recollection of that fatal event still haunted his imagination—such an air of desolation there was too in that large apartment—the appearance of that stately couch not far from him, so full of mournful recollections of departed greatness, for there surely had many of the deceased nobles of that house reposed in the stillness of death—in that very room had much funereal pomp been displayed—the velvet pall emblazoned with gorgeous quarterings, the dull heavy flame of the funeral-torch, too, had spread a doubtful light over that mournful panoply, whilst the mortal remains of fallen dignity lay exposed to the view of weeping kinsfolk and retainers, ere they were for ever hid from sight in the lofty mausoleum. With such thoughts no wonder that P. found sleep impossible;

With such thoughts no wonder that P. found sleep impossible; he was obliged to console himself with that sort of grateful rest which the exercise of the day, and the hospitality of the evening, had tended to require. The storm began gradually to cease, and he was no longer annoyed by the fitful burst of the wind, and at length seemed falling into a gentle doze, when he fancied he heard a rustling noise, and pre-

sently observed a soft gleam of light issue from that corner of the room at which he had entered; this was succeeded by the door slowly opening, and the entrance of a tall gaunt figure. But what was his astonishment to perceive that it was no being of the present age that met his view. It appeared to be a stately dame, equipped in the court dress of the early part of George the Second's reign, and looked as if it had stepped out of one of those old frames which he had lately observed in the gallery. Her high lace cap was secured by enormous corking pins to the top of a head of perfectly white hair, apparently powdered, and combed entirely back from the face, the features of which bore the marks of many wrinkles, but were stamped by an impression of aristocratic hauteur; round a long scraggy neck was tied a narrow band of black velvet; the dress of stiff brocade was decorated by a tightly adjusted stomacher, to which lappets of considerable length were appended, through which protruded a pair of long skinny arms, one of them bearing a lamp, the other securing a part of the lower dress, from beneath which was advanced a foot, elevated on a high-heeled shoe, terminating in a point of unusual acuteness.

P- shrunk as he beheld this apparition stalk into the midst of the room, raising the lamp above its head, and viewing the surrounding objects with its hollow but piercing eyes; it was again in motion, and directing its steps to the very bed in which he lay—was an alarm to be sounded?—he had observed no bell—speak he could not, for his tongue had attached itself firmly to the roof of his mouth, and was immoveable; to what could he attribute this visit from an inhabitant of another world? was he to be made the confidant of a second dreadful secret in the annals of the house? the whole man sunk within him, and he shrunk beneath the clothes, tremblingly awaiting the awful announcement. The figure spoke, indeed, but it was to unfold no tale of dreadful import; it merely said, "I beg you ten thousand pardons, sir, Alice did not inform me you had retired to rest, and I came to see if all was ready for your reception." It was as much as my friend could do, to assure the lady in brocade he was not in the least disturbed, and his unbidden guest, whom he afterwards discovered to be the old housekeeper of the castle, an ancient dame of 79, with fifty curtesies and a hundred excuses for her intrusion, retired from the apartment. It seems that the aforesaid lady, partaking of that common failing of the sex, called vanity, had from time to time, as occasion required, converted to her own use certain garments in the neglected wardrobe, which at once afforded a plentiful supply of apparel, and raised her much in her mental estimation, as the representatives of those lofty dames who had formerly borne sway in that very place.

The old steward and housekeeper are long since dead, and the ancient edifice is levelled to the ground; a small house, built out of the ruins, and occupied by the gamekeeper, alone marking its scite. My friend paid several visits before the demolition of the structure, to the aged domestics, and imparted to me some interesting particulars, which he had gathered partly from their recitals, but chiefly from an inspection of the contents of that worm-eaten chest. What, P— assured me, afforded him most interest, was the perusal of a manuscript in the hand writing

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of one of the cadets of the family, purporting to be a true relation of some extraordinary events which transpired in Germany, whilst he was occupied in making the grand tour: these he had thrown together and embodied in a regular narrative. P— was kind enough to favour me with a transcript, which I am now enabled to furnish you, with a request that you will make it public, being assured your readers will consider it to be one of the best "Ghost Stories" they ever perused.—I have the honour to be, Mr. Editor, your very humble servant,

JACOB CORCORAN.

ON SCIENCE.

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science guides, Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; Instruct the planets in what orbs to run; Correct old Time, and regulate the sun; Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule, Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, Describe or fix one movement of his mind? Good sense, the fairest, purest, gift of heaven, Though no one science, fairly worth the seven. 'Tis not for science moral truth to scan; But thought and sense, the guide, the life of man.

ALL ancient and modern nations, appear to me to have pursued science, to the neglect of sense, and this mistaken practice has occasioned such general ignorance on moral subjects, that it would be difficult to point out any number of institutions, from the earliest records to the present hour, that were not calculated to produce misery, instead of happiness to mankind. Science, or speculative knowledge, is only useful to social man, as it can be reduced into art, or practice, to make him better or happier. What real good can it possibly afford to society, for its members to be acquainted with the distance of the earth from the sun, or the periphery and diameter of the moon, or whether Saturn's belts be round or flat, or what are the number of his satellites? I confess, I never could discover any, nor can I conceive how this knowledge can add to man's happiness, or give increase to morality, or virtue, or how it can aid him in the discovery of the various relations that form the character of useful ideas, or to multiply his ideas into the full evidence of a moral subject, or to reason, compare, and conform the action of thought, with the nearest and most useful relations of things. I am not therefore surprised that Voltaire should have said of Sir Isaac Newton, that he consoled the envy of mankind, for his preeminence in science, by his defect of sense. The allegory of the tower of Babel, is explained in the pursuits of science, "Let us build a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." The Chaldeans, and Egyptians, directed their speculations to attain a knowledge of the stars; they endeavoured to discover the remotest, and hence, most useless relations of things, and by astrology they pretended to foretell events, and to predict the fate of men and nations, instead of seeking to discover the nearest, and hence most useful relation of things, to gain correct notions on moral subjects, and to apply them to regulate the conduct, and expand the views

of social men, so as to obtain for him, present and future good, and imbed community in the bond of union and love. The introduction of an abundance of unmeaning words, which this study occasioned, and which are found in the vocabulary of science, confounded their language, and these counterfeit counters of knowledge, captivated their shallow understandings, and fed their vanity, while it gained them credit with the ignorant multitude, for great store of learning; and with

the intelligent few, for a very contracted paucity of sense.

This mania of the pursuit of science to the neglect of sense, in modern times, has been greatly increased, and our present Babel far surpasses the one of olden times, while the foolish jargon of metaphysics has been added to this tower of folly, to separate sounds from sense, or words from ideas, and has introduced such confusion of speech, that, that which is termed conversation among those who wish to display their scientific attainments, is mere chattering of nonsense, as a substitute for rational amusement, where the parties engaged in the conveying of sounds, are utterly unable to comprehend one another's language, for meaning they have none, and stand confounded by the use of their own tongues.

J. A. W.

TOM TYERS.

Tom Tyers, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, drew up a set of resolutions, short and pithy, e.g.-Rather to wear out, than rust out. To waste as little of life in sleep as may be, for we shall have enough in the grave. - To continue the practice of reading books on all subjects, for variety is the salt of mind, as well as of life.—To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination.—To try to think more of the living, and less of the dead, for the dead belong to a world of their own.-Never to drive away hope, the sovereign balm of life, though she is the greatest of all flatterers.-To recollect that he who can keep his own temper, may be master of another's. - To be always doing something, and always to have something to do, -To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal to fill up, for time is the material that life is made of.-It is natural to catch hold of every help, when the spirits begin to droop. Not to be too communicative, nor reserved.—A close tongue and an open countenance, are the safest passports through the journey of the world.—Not to make an enemy, nor to lose a friend.—Not to like or dislike too much at first sight .- Not to wonder (for all wonder is ignorance,) that possession falls short of expectation;—the longing of twenty years may be disappointed in the unanswered gratification of a single hour; while we are wishing we see the best side, after we have got possession, we see only the worst.—To enjoy the present, nor be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom respecting the future.—Not to lose sight, even for a single day, of those good and proverbial doctors, Diet, Merryman, and Quiet.

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AFTER the return of William the III. from Loo, in Holland, where he had ratified the treaty of peace, at Riswick, his Majesty found himself very much indisposed at his palace, at Kensington; and as usual, after his physicians in ordinary had given their opinions, he would have Dr. Radcliffe's advice. When the Doctor was admitted, the King, who was reading Sir Roger l'Estrange's new translation of Æsop's Fables, told him that he had once more sent for him to try the effects of his great skill, notwithstanding he had been told by his body physicians, who were not sensible of his inward decay, that he might yet live many years, and would very speedily recover. Upon which the Doctor, having put some questions to the Royal patient, begged leave to turn to a fable in the book before him, which would inform the king how he had been treated; and the physician began to read as follows. "Pray, Sir, how do you find yourself," says the Doctor to his patient. "Why truly," says the patient, "I have had a most violent sweat." "O! the best sign in the world," quoth the Doctor. And then in a little while he is at it again; "Pray how do you find your body?" "Alas!" says the other, "I have just now such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!" "Why, this is as it should be," says the physician; "it shews a mighty strength of nature." And then he presently repeats his questions; "Why I am all swelled, (says the patient,) as if I had a dropsy." "Best of all," quoth the Doctor, and bids him good day. Soon after this comes one of the sick man's friends to him, with the same question, how he felt himself? "Why truly, so well," he replied, "that I am even ready to die of I know not how many good signs and tokens?—This done, may it please your Majesty, your's and the sick man's case in the fable, is the very same," continued the Doctor; "you are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away by persons that know not by what means to do it; and know not the true cause of your ailment. But I must be plain with you, and tell you, that in all probability, if your Majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years, but beyond that time nothing in physic can protract it, for the juice of your stomach is all vitiated; your whole mass of blood is corrupted; and your nutriment, for the most part, turns to water. However, if your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford (where the King sometimes drank rather more than his health required,) I will try what can be done to make you live easily; though I cannot venture to say that I can make your life longer than I have mentioned." At the same time he left a prescription, which was so happy in its effects, as to enable the King not only to make a progress into the western parts of his kingdom, but to go out of it, and divert himself at his favorite palace of Loo.

ON THE ART OF CARRYING AN UMBREULA.

"On the art of carrying an umbrella,—humph!" perhaps some one may say, what nonsense to fill up the pages of the Literary Magnet with a discourse on such a foolish subject: now, let me say, it is no such thing; every person finds in this our "cloudy clime," the great importance of this article; and therefore what is in so general request deserves a consideration equal to its universality. I must own that for some time I was fearful of giving my lucubrations on the subject to the public, for fear of being written down alongside with Dogberry, an ass; but the many accidents that have befell me in the course of my walks through this crowded city, and the disagreeable consequences thereof, have induced me at length, for the benefit of all those who would profit by my instructions, to stem the "world's dread laugh," and give the rules that I have drawn up to the public.

But in the first place, I think it will not be amiss to give an account of the pains and penalties I suffered, ere I reduced the use of an umbrella to an art; and the disaster that first befell me was this,—walking along with my umbrella tucked under my arm, and the hooked handle turned outwards, it had the misfortune to catch hold of a lady's silk dress, and made as "envious a rent" in it as Casca's dagger did in Cæsar's mantle. No words can pourtray my confusion, for to heighten my pain, it was in one of the most frequented streets of the town. The lady held her skirt, and looked as much as to say, "See what an ugly rent is here!" This expression, viz. of the lady's eyes, filled some round with indignation big against poor I. In vain did I apologize, and utter "beg your pardons" fast as hail; I was not able to satisfy the lady's ire, so, burning with blushes, I retired chap-fallen like a cock from a

defeat.

In the next place, I was boldly marching forwards, holding my umbrella in the middle, when a man coming briskly on, and I not being able to recover arms in time, gave him, to use Mrs. Quickly's phrase, "a shrewd thrust in the groin." The man, "unable to conceal his pain," writhed and groaned, writhed and groaned, writhed and groaned, and groaned again, until he had drawn a pretty goodly crowd around himself and me. And there was I, wedged in for about an hour, unable to stir, with about a hundred tongues expostulating with me, the man, and one another; some advised him to take the law against me, ay! marry did they; others said, 'twas only an accident; the man said, 'twas a bad speck; and an old apple-woman, from a stall adjacent, piped out, "arn't you ashamed of yourself-arn't you ashamed of yourself?" about fifty times. Having at length succeeded in getting disentangled from the mob, I shot off as quick as possible from the scene of my valour, and on clearing the corner of the street, a loud, "Arn't you ashamed of yourself, you sneaking son," &c. from my old friend the apple-woman, faintly died away upon my ear.

Another time, walking at a brisk rate, having my umbrella under my arm, its point backwards, and inclining some few degrees upwards;

my eye having caught a caricature in a window representing a storm of "cats, dogs, and pitchforks," I suddenly stopped, jabbed the ferule of my weapon into the mouth of a person behind, and sent him backwards on the pavement with a vengeance. If the blow had met his teeth, it would certainly have punched two or three of them clean out, and fearing this was e'en the case, I put the question; upon which he began to curse me up hill and down dale, swore he shouldn't have cared if I had sent one or two of them flying, for he'd one or two that ached d——bly, but vowed that I had punched a hole through his throat. Upon his getting up he seemed inclined to show fight, but I, not being in a puglistic mood, very readily gave him an half-crown, to wash the wound with gin and bitters down.

Another disaster that befell me, was the lugging nearly off, and very much disarranging an old lady's bonnet, and this was almost the worst misfortune I met with; for she harangued away on my conduct from Cateaton street all the way down Lothbury. Persons might learn to walk, she thought, without driving over folks, but she supposed the pavement was made for me alone—no doubt I was some crow out of a gutter, a dressed up spark without a farthing, &c. Forsooth she'd got more than appeared on her outside; she'd no doubt she could buy twenty such, out and out; but she didn't like her bonnet spoilt any the more for that, &c. Poor old lady, I never shall forget your "peck o'troubles" as long as I live; as for me, I dived down Copthall-court, as

soon as I could, leaving her to her further reflections.

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In the last adventure I shall mention, my rain-protector came in contact with a gemman's "new glossy beaver," and whirled it off into the mud; for which, as soon as he had picked it up, he whirled its dirty load in my face, discoloured my shirt, my clean cravat, and completely pieballed my white waistcoat. These are some few of the disasters out of my chapter of accidents, but they are not all; many other scrapes did I get into, for some of which I was obliged to compound, and in other cases, the sufferers being peaceable creatures, in reply to my expressions of sorrow, only replied, "No matter, sir, no matter," though very frequently these same had suffered by my awkwardness more than

many of those who made the greatest " coil and stir."

And now, having performed the first part of my promise, I shall proceed to lay down some very useful rules, for the guidance of all those who would wish to handle their umbrella with the same ease and skill as the veteran does his firelock. Firstly, then, never let the hook of the handle project outwards, (this was the cause of my first misfortune) but keep the same turned always towards yourself. Secondly, If you carry your umbrella by holding it in the centre, take care the ferule is pointed downwards—look at my second disaster, and be wise by another's experience. Thirdly, Should you carry it on the shoulder like a musket, do not wave it fore and aft, for else you will, as I did in the days of inexperience, knock off hats innumerable. Fourthly, When your umbrella is open, keep your little finger at the bottom of the stick, while your thumb and other fingers hold it; it will thus revolve as it were upon a pivot, and you will carry it with an elegance astonishing.

When meeting with a person who keeps his umbrella tightly clenched, slant your canopy under his, you will thus prevent the wet border of his umbrella coming in contact with your cheek, and pouring its deluging contents within your neckcloth-no pleasant thing. Next, if going through an alley, and before you there should chance be an old lady hobbling in pattens, with an umbrella so held that you vainly attempt to get before, depress your umbrella against her's, and gently bearing forwards you will improve your pace wonderfully. I have sent an old woman repeatedly through a narrow passage full trot, and left her at the end, breathless with the augmented speed in which I made her foot it. I also adopt this method (providing it then rains) when walking a narrow pavement behind a person who pertinaciously keeps the centre of the way, and seems determined, if you will get before him, you shall dirt your shoes in the muddy road first. I shall just mention another rule which particularly claims the notice of the gay blood, it is this when meeting with another umbrella, which, as well as your own, is unfurled, particularly if the bearer is a lady, depress your's downwards, and with a circular motion of the wrist bring it over your head again; this movement has great beauty, it is the third or fourth cut of the broad sword exercise, according as you make it from right or left. You will thus get noticed, so enviable a thing to the beau.

I could give many other rules, but the above are the principal, a due regard to which cannot fail to make a person thoroughly able to carry an

umbrella with ease and elegance.

Since writing the above, I have thought, whether it might not be of advantage to both the public and myself, to open an academy for the teaching this novel, but truly useful, and decidedly necessary art. If upon further consideration I should decide upon so doing, I shall lay my plan before the world, and have no doubt but I should, in a very short time, be as much sought after as the Mounseers who teach grown gentlemen to dance; at any rate, I can calculate upon having the attendance of all the Tom-fools—I mean Toms and Jerrys—in the kingdom; particularly when I acquaint them, that from my mastership over the subject I shall be able to teach the whole art in six lessons only.

DR. Wharton is said to have lost his election to the headship of Trinity College, Oxford, in a very singular way. As one of the Fellows of that Society, (by no means remarkable for an uncommon share of wisdom,) was reading prayers, he came to that verse in the Psalms, "Lord, thou knowest my simpleness." "Why," said Wharton, "that is known to everybody." When the headship was vacant, Wharton asked his friend for his vote—"No, no," replied he, "I am not so simple as that."—And Wharton lost his election.

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THE GOLDEN JEW OF BRUGES.

LIGHT as noon, though at midnight, shone Bruges' great square, All illumin'd and bright, whilst the noble and fair Throng'd the palace of Shivaz, and Catholics true, Grac'd the passover feast of that fam'd "Golden Jew."

To the Banquet saloon—at the shrill clarion's call, Their host led his gay guests from the dance in the hall, Costly viands, rich wines, in magnificence spread, Stood around the unleaven'd pure festival bread.

High the revelry rose, while reiterate shout Of loud ungovern'd mirth, peal'd in echo's without, As the multitude quaff'd, to the honour and health Of Joanne—lovely heiress of uncounted wealth.

"Where,—where is my daughter?"—with quick wandering gaze Cried the Hebrew,—as springing in startled amaze From his canopied seat, he surveyed the void chair, Where his Joanne had sat—but, no Joanne was there!

"Nay, my Lord,"—quoth the page, who his jewel'd cup bore, "My fair Lady Joanne, through the low garden door Bent her way even now, and cannot be afar; The Scotch Knight was her escort—Sir Claud de la Barr."

"Away!—find her," yell'd Shivaz—as seizing a torch, His white hair wildly streaming, he rush'd from the porch, In vain search of Joanne, led by love's guilty fire, Lost to virtue, she flies, from her heart-stricken sire!

Soon the agoniz'd father confirmed every fear,—
To his chamber is brought,—ghastly calm!—not a tear
That wan cheek has bedew'd—and the succeeding day,
Poison spotted and breathless, the "Golden Jew" lay.

Scarce fifteen summer suns on young Joanne had shone, When hopeless of pardon, heart and innocence gone, With her paramour, reckless, to Scotia she sped, Soon a mother to be, unacknowledged!—unwed!

'Ere that moment arrived, to his nephew and ward, Came an angry summons, from the stern ancient Lord. Who by lineage and law, of Sir Claud held the rein, With a curb, the proud Knight did not dare to disdain.

An embrace!—a warm kiss!—and, an oath of return!— Gone is Claud de la Barr—leaving Joanne to mourn, Till a dread missive told—"he was doom'd to abide, His fierce uncle's award, in the choice of a bride.

"That election too made—all his struggles were nought, 'Twas a parent's last will!—still his tenderest thought To her welfare was given, and, his Joanne should find, Though sunder'd in person, still their souls were conjoin'd."

As the fair victim read, her frame stiffened to stone, Fixed, her dark eye balls glared—but, she utter'd no groan,— Pale as parian sculpture, mute and motionless sate, A beauteous despair, o'er the mandate of fate!

An untimely mother, 'ere long, Joanne became—And, when night cast a veil o'er sin, sorrow, and shame! From Claud's castle she fled, with her last earthly tie, To her breast nestled warm!—though she sought but to die.

Sworn are false, heartless vows! 'tis the nuptial day—Hark, the merry bells ring!—hark, the peasants huzza! As the carriage whirls on—that in high, open state, Bears the Bride, and Sir Claud, to his ancestral gate.

To the welcoming portal the fleet horses urg'd—As the mansion they near'd, from the thicket emerg'd A wild shadowy form !—swift as lightning it speeds, And, with unholy cry, soon approaches the steeds!

From encircling embrace, as she flew o'er the last Verdur'd spot in her path, with soft caution she cast Her infant!—then headlong on eternity rush'd, And Sir Claud saw Joanne by his bridal wheels crush'd.

In cold horror he gaz'd on the disfigur'd breast,
Gash'd, torn!—that had pillow'd his eyes to their rest,
And the white, broken arms! and the blue, livid lip
Froth'd with blood! for the dew, 'twas his bliss once to sip!

He gaz'd !—yet he died not !—but old chronicles say,
That his fair auburn locks the next morning were grey!
Cheerless, heirless !—he lived, a lone, unblessed man!
And his last mortal breath shriek'd, "I come, my Joanne!"
ROYEL

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF M. AND MADAME DACIER.

Andrew Dacier was most fortunate in his connections: his father was a lawyer of Cortes-a man so much esteemed and respected, that it was a common wish, that the son might inherit his good qualities; and his wife was one of the most learned persons of her age, admired not only for her knowledge and genius, but also for her virtue, firmness of mind, evenness of temper, and generosity. Young Dacier discovered in his infancy great talents, and a strong inclination for learning. Whilst he pursued the course of classical studies, he perceived that there was something still more important than a mere literal comprehension of them; something which seemed placed beyond the verge of common schools, and yet was not to be attained without a guide. A most excellent one his father engaged for him in the then celebrated Tanaquill Faber, or Le Fevre, who possessed the happy art of leading his pupils through flowery paths to the sources of the learned languages, and who displayed their beauties with a spirit and amiability which blended delight with instruction. A more remarkable, and not less agreeable circumstance, contributed also to his proficiency under this eminent tutor. Miss Le Fevre, his daughter, was a prodigy of learning, excelling any of her father's scholars; a parity of age, a conformity in religion-both being protestants-and a congeniality of talents and inclinations, inspired these young people with that emulation which is indispensible to complete success.

M. Le Fevre had an acquaintance, who prided himself on his skill in judicial astronomy; on the day that Mademoiselle Anne was born, he requested permission to cast her nativity, for which purpose it was necessary to be informed of the precise moment at which that event occurred. The astronomer, after finishing his figure, told M. Le Fevre that he must have misinformed him as to the time, for the nativity which he had cast assured a fortune, and a fame, far surpassing that which ordinarily falls to the lot of the softer sex. The lady herself, when she grew up, would often allude to this circumstance, as a proof of the inefficacy of that art which pretended to shew so many fine things in the horoscope of a girl without fortune; but others have adduced it as a confirmation of that science, applying those magnificent presages of fortune and grandeur, to the wonderful reputation she acquired by her mas-

culine intellect and extraordinary acquirements.

It was very far from M. Le Fevre's thoughts to make his daughter a scholar, but an incident ordered it so to be. He had a son, whom he educated with the greatest care, and while his lessons were going forward, the daughter sat by, at her needle; the lad, happening one day to hesitate in an answer to some question proposed by the father, his sister prompted him what to say, though she appeared to be all the time intent upon her work: the father, however, heard her, and overjoyed at the discovery, resolved to take her under his tuition. The young lady repented of her interference when she found herself confined to regular lessons; but her reluctance to proceed was soon overcome by the father's

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commendations of her aptness and assiduity, which were such, that from being his scholar she became his confidente, consulted in all his

designs, and an assistant in all his compositions.

M. Dacier's course of Belles lettres came to a conclusion, in his opinion, much too soon; and though to most young men it seems delightful to be sent to the capital, it was with regret that he quitted Saumur for Paris, to study the law: this indeed, he only made a show of, being much more frequently among the literati, than the lawyers; and contenting himself with law enough to display in his correspondence with his father, whom he prevailed upon not to hasten his departure for Castres, where the father intended to settle him as an Advocate.

In the meantime, M. Le Fevre died, and soon after his daughter removed to Paris, where her reputation for learning had already begun to spread; she signalised her arrival by a fine edition of Callimachus, with the Greek scholium, a Latin version, and critical notes. This essay revived the emulation of Dacier, her former school-fellow, who soon after introduced himself into the literary world by a translation of Horace, and his remarks on the Greek text, by Longinus. The rising reputation of these rivals coming to the knowledge of the Duke de Montausier, governor to the Dauphin, they were both put in the list of those who were appointed to make commentaries on certain Latin authors, for that Prince's use. Miss Le Fevre's task was Florus, Dictys of Crete, Aurelius Victor, and Eutropius; while Dacier was charged with Festus, which for its length, and the difficulty of the text, may be accounted equal to the other four.

The applause of the public, and the liberality of the court, were not the most valuable reward of these performances: their former esteem was now improved into a tender complacency, which, without a formal courtship, was cemented by a marriage,* and which continued without alteration till her decease in 1720, during a period of forty years.

Both parties had been educated in the protestant faith; but they both, at the same time, declared that their attachment to literature had diverted their attention from religion; that they were about to sequester themselves from company and authors; and would retire for a time into the country, there to employ themselves in canvassing the arguments of the Catholics reformed. The result of their retired disquisitions, which lasted several weeks, was a declaration for Catholicism; the public profession of which, however, they deferred till their return to Paris, out of tenderness for their relations, whose concern at their defection, would, they conceived, be much embittered by that ceremony.

Upon their return to Paris, in 1686, the new converts were received with the utmost joy; after which, they were permitted to resume their usual exercises. The Comedies of Terence now received from Madame Dacier a light equal to that which she had imparted to those of Plautus and Aristophanes; while her learned spouse, who had already

^{*} On this occasion, an admirer of their's complimented the bride with this

Docto nupta viro, docto prognata parente, Non minor Anna viro, non minor Anna patre.

published five volumes of his translation and commentaries on Horace. completed the work in five more.

Hitherto we have seen this extraordinary couple consulting their own individual taste in their compositions, without producing any joint work, the praise of which might be common to both. Such a work was first recommended to them by the president Harley, their patron, who put into their hands the Moral Reflections of Marcus Antoninus for a French translation; to this they added a variety of curious remarks, and a life of the author, which has been thought to compensate, in some measure, for the loss of that which the Emperor himself is known to have written. Soon after M. Dacier lost his father, the inheritance of which he became possessed, though properly his own concern, seemed to require a skilful management, of which he thought Madame Dacier more capable than himself; at his suggestion, therefore, she readily postponed her beloved occupations, to the necessity of going to Castres upon her husband's affairs. Those who have seen the letters which she wrote from thence, speak of them as surprising combinations of exactness, the details of her proceedings, of the most tender sentiments of love, increased by absence, and of erudition, in her remarks on what occurred to her in reading, to which she devoted her leisure hours.

During this period, M. Dacier translated Aristotle's Art of Poetry, and enriched it with many notes: it was also during this kind of solitude, that he formed the grand design of a new translation of Plutarch's Lives, intending to sound the inclinations of the public with a volume containing six Lives; two he had finished before Madame Dacier's return, when they agreed to divide the other four, and it is said, they were highly amused at anticipating the speculations of the learned, and the diversity of opinions among the public, as to whom each particular Life was to be attributed; the perfect similarity of their genius and

talents, having transfused itself into their very expressions.

M. Dacier's pen first taught Hippocrates to speak French, and certainly it came with greater advantage from a neutral humanist, than from a professed physician. His next work was a translation of Plato, with notes, and the life of this philosopher, whose precepts on the soul are still more entitled to value than those which are limited to the welfare of our frail bodies; this was also followed by a version of other

moral philosophers.

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The charms of M. Dacier's translations gained him a seat in the French Academy, in 1695, to which honour was soon added, that of Inscriptions and Belles lettres; and possibly the public opinion, which placed Madame next to him in both, would have been gratified, if her indifference about distinction had not obstructed it more than the silence of the Statutes, which had made no provision for the election of females. The high opinion they entertained of M. Dacier is evident, in their unanimous choice of him, upon a vacancy of the office of Secretary. dame resigned to her husband the entire honour of the version of Plutarch, and gave herself wholly to a more arduous undertaking, namely, a translation of Homer, hoping thereby to ingratiate that incomparable bard even with the warmest admirers of modern poesy.

If the ardour of this distinguished lady, for the ancients, carried her in some few instances beyond the gentleness of her sex, and caused some strong expressions to escape her in the heat of literary controversy, the following instances are sufficient to prove, that her asperity did not proceed from conceit, or from any deficiency of feminine diffidence. It was a custom with the savans of the north, whenever they visited any individuals, eminent in literary reputation, to request the favour of them to write their names, with some sentence, in a little book which they always carried with them for that purpose. A German gentleman of great learning waited upon Madame Dacier, and presented his Album, expressing his wish that she would insert her name and a sentence, but she answered that she was not worthy to appear in such company; that for her to add her name would be the highest presumption; but the gentleman would take no denial; and at last, overcome by his importunities, she took the pen, and wrote her name, with a verse from Sophocles, which is, in English, "Silence is woman's ornament." Another instance is this:—She made some very luminous remarks on the Holy Scriptures, which she was often desired to make public, but she said that a woman ought to read and to meditate on the Scriptures, and to regulate her conduct from what she learned; but that upon such serious topics she ought to keep silence, conformably with the precept of St. Paul.

Valuable books were not the only fruits of this couple: they had a son and two daughters; a son so promising, that before he died—and he did not outlive his eleventh year—he was acquainted with some of the best Greek authors. The eldest daughter betook herself to a nunnery. Of the youngest, who seemed formed for the joy of the family, they were deprived when she was but eighteen. The last trial of M. Dacier's affections, was the death of his excellent wife, which happened in August, 1720. The eulogiums which followed, on her talents and virtues, could not alleviate his sorrow; he survived her only two years, when he crowned a studious life, by a calm and devout death, in the seventy-second year of his age.

THE PERILS OF EDITORSHIP.

8

It is not many weeks ago, that our friend J. H. H. complained, in very pathetic terms, of the "perils of authorship," it is now our turn to complain of the still greater dangers which attend upon the duties of editorship. Of all lives in the world, that of an editor is the most miserable. First, there is the publisher to please, then the contributors, then the printer, and then the public—the last, perhaps, the most difficult to please of any. Now we would beg to recall to the remembrance of each, and all, of these parties, the story of the old man and his ass, and the awful result of the old man's endeavours to please every body. We shall keep his misfortune in view, and learn from it, that our wisest plan, in all cases, will be to please ourselves.

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We have been led to make these remarks from certain letters which we have lately received on the subject of our Magazine. Many, we may say the greater part, of these letters, contain commendations of the spirit in which our publication is conducted; but, on the other hand, there are certain testy, fastidious old gentlemen, who have taken it into their heads to abuse us most wofully. One of these worthies, whose precious epistle is dated from Islington, addresses us thus:—

"Sir,—The very manifest improvement that every number of the second volume of the Magnet indicates, I am sorry to observe is not to be found in the last three numbers. Each of those numbers will bear no comparison whatever with those contained in Parts IX. or X.; and only resemble those miserable compilations, Parts VII. and VIII. decidedly the worst, as the former are the best, that have yet appeared in your once promising work. May I ask whether your correspondents, Clearsight, B., And H. are of the same opinion as myself, that they do not correspond with the work? When such men as these discontinue their services, I think it is a hint for your subscribers to follow their example. In this little village I hear that above a dozen have dropped since the last three weeks—Verbum sat sapienti.

Your's, &c.

We are here told that the manifest improvement which every number of our second volume indicates, is not to be found in the last three numbers. Wonderful intelligence! That each of these numbers will bear no comparison with Part X. is not our fault, for they were from the pens of the same writers who produced the parts of which Mr. J. P. speaks in terms of approbation. By far the longest and best article in them was from the pen of our able contributor (3, though that signature was not attached to the production; Clearsight and B. were actively engaged in them; and although H. was not brought into action, he, we believe, "is not dead, but sleeping." So much for J. P.'s judgment. If our worthy correspondent, as we infer, means that a dozen of his neighbours have "dropped" our Magazine, we can only say, that is their misfortune, not our's. We have never taken into the account, either of our hopes of success, or of the chances of failure, the caprices of individuals. We write generally for the community, and not with any particular views to gain favour in the sight of the good people of Islington, or their redoubtable champion, J. P.

That our efforts to render the Literary Magnet deserving of the public patronage, have been unceasing, our own consciences tell us—that we have succeeded in doing so, the increasing sale of the work demonstrates to us—and if any further confirmation of our success were necessary, we would refer to the letters which have called forth these observations. We grant that our Magazine is open to improvements, (where is there one that is not?) but still we have never followed the philosophy of

Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.

LAURA TO PETRARCH.*

Calm was my bosom, as the waveless deep;
Still as the chamber of forgetful sleep;
Almost my flatter'd heart believed its lot,
That love and Petrarch were, at once, forgot.—
Yes, yes; how vainly did thy Laura deem
That love had vanished like a pleasing dream;
Which, while its visions o'er my mem'ry burn,
I cherish'd still, but dreaded its return.—
Vainly I hoped,—oblivion o'er the past,
The lover to the wife might yield at last;
That all the errors of my passion's dream,—
Petrarch forgotten—duty might redeem.—

Thy fond epistle comes!—and ah! no more
My bosom sleeps;—its dream of peace is o'er.—
"What!" do I hear thee ardently exclaim,
"Can words which, form'd in pure affection, came
Warm from my heart; a heart too, such as mine;
My sighs would fain have wafted into thine;—
Can they destroy my dearest Laura's rest;
Or banish peace one moment from her breast?—
Then must my notes indeed for ever cease,
Since Petrarch's pleasures wound his Laura's peace!"
No, no! my Petrarch—rase the stern decree,
Laura still cherishes each word from thee!

Yet, how to answer?—or to answer not?—
(Hate is less keen, than is—to be forgot—)
How shall I tell? or how the thought conceal,
Of one who would not wound, yet dares not heal?—
By fate another's, pledg'd at Heaven's throne,
I blush to name what still with pride I own.—
May I declare it, nor offend above?—
I honor him, but Petrarch still I love!
Sade has the hand this feeble verse that writes;
But thou the heart that ardently indites!—
O, hard decree of Destiny severe,
Thus to contract enjoyment's narrow sphere!—

The subject of the present epistle is in reply to one supposed to have been written to her by Petrarch, and which is to be found in a collection of poems written by Mr. James, published in 1808.

^{*} The loves of Petrarch and Laura are too well known to need much observation. At the time of the commencement of their unfortunate passion, Laura was the wife of one Hughes de Sade, but that passion, however criminal in its rise, was never indulged in guilt.

Why was I given, e'er my will could choose, Or passion knew the gem it had to lose? Why was I led, untutor'd as the dove, To be united, e'er I knew to love, To one my heart ne'er crav'd dominion o'er, And ripening passion still refused the more?— O had it been my fortune to be bless'd By him I loved,—to be ador'd, caress'd,— Instead of forcing nature still to cloy On heartless, soul-less scenes of frigid joy; To join heart—soul, in one embrace of bliss, Nor think of other worlds, enjoying this!— What has thy Laura writ? her own disgrace-Yet love forbids, what virtue bids me rase! Yes; let it pass—receive it as thou wilt; It speaks affection more than taints of guilt!

But ah! no more let thought roam wildly free; Nor Fancy muse on scenes—that must not be.— Let sad reality my mind restore To that which is, or—that which is no more.—

If sad to thee the well remembered hour,*
When first my heart reclaim'd its rifled pow'r
Within my breast, how doubly sad to me
Must that still cherish'd recollection be!
Source of my ev'ry woe,—my tearful eyes—
My virtuous struggles—and my guilty sighs—
When first my Petrarch's form in rapture stole
My thoughts from prayer, and from Heav'n my soul!—
Yes,—virtue, honor, faith, all loudly say,
I should abhor the memory of that day:
Yet must affection still the truth confess,
When I would rise to curse—I kneel and bless!—

Say, could the years their currents backward trace,
And every record of their course erase;
Could ardent prayer, or e'en a wish restore
Those hours of tranquil innocence, before
Thy form I saw; and give me power to fly
The lightning glances of my Petrarch's eye;
Letting the moments fleet as they had flown,
And Petrarch be to Laura still unknown!
That wish would linger on my lips, until
Death should forestall the purpose of my will!

^{*} In Petrarch's epistle, alluding to their first meeting in the Church of St. Clair on the 6th day of April, 1327, he says,

O time for ever dear, tho mark'd by woe,
Afflictive source of all the griefs I know.

Too soon shall speed the sure unerring lot, When Petrarch, Laura—all—must be forgot!— Yet why too soon ?- since Hope, tho' wither'd here, Stills blooms in prospect of another sphere; And whispers to my fond enraptur'd soul, That, free from custom and the world's control, Each earthly tie, but that of love, shall cease, And hearts here sever'd there be join'd in peace; For ever and for ever there to reign, Uncloy'd by pleasure, and unknown to pain! I must no more—less welcome duties wait, Demand me hence, and I obey my fate-Tho' but half told the dictates of my heart,— Howe'er reluctant still I must depart;— For weary hours my irksome task must be, To join my lord, yet think alone of thee!-Adieu!—thy heart, no longer fondly blind, Shall dare to think thy Laura still unkind!—

JOKING,

Or Grave Thoughts on a Gay Subject.

"It is no uncommon arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes thou gettest a hundred enemies."

Sterne.

IF Yorick, in this instance, has not a little over-stated the reality, what a melancholy tinge does it cast over the summary of human life; how much does it tend to make existence that gloomy, cheerless scene, which philosophy paints it to us, and age too often finds it. Now, although I am inclined to believe, that truth has been a little sacrificed to round numbers and a rounded sentence, yet the moral intended to be conveyed, though too strong a light may be thrown upon it by the ray of eloquence, is plain and striking. That moral is,—the dangerous nature of a joke.—"How!"—the man of good humour and thoughtless vivacity exclaims-"Can the mirth-moving, laughter-loving joke, be the source of ill-humour and enmity? Can that which springs from vivacity end in sorrow? Can the unpremeditated offspring of a moment of levity be the cause of lasting hatred? Can danger lurk under the open smile of jocular mirth?"—"Aye, can it!" the man of reflection replies: and a little consideration will soon convince us of the disheartening truth. In reading this passage of Sterne, many there are, whose inexperienced and benevolent natures, in disputing the correctness of the calculation, flatter themselves that they destroy the veracity of the

moral, and, wisely perhaps, do not trouble themselves to search for the truth which lurks benéath the glaring inaccuracy. Their ingenuous hearts can make no allowance for poetical fiction, when not sanctioned by measured lines, especially where that fiction would dispel much of the reality of their own enjoyments. Yet to more experienced and less sanguine minds, those who have known

Which humour interposed too often makes,

there requires little penetration to fathom the depths of Yorick's cloquence; and less experience to attest the truth of the moral it would

convev.

Far more difficult is the task of him, who would seek for a smile of honest approbation by hazarding a joke, than his who seeks in the paths of eloquence to amuse or instruct: the one has to contend only against our knowledge, our passions, and our taste; while the other, besides passing through the same ordeals, must also beware of coming in collision with caprices, humours, and eccentricities; and take good heed to avoid the various ruling passions, which assert their sway in every breast. In viewing the subject in this light, the rays of truth begin to dispel the fiction in which Yorick's arithmetic seems to be involved. As in eloquence it has been said, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so of jocularity it may be asserted, that its partition from offensive levity, or constructive insult, is but the division of a hair's breadth. Vanity's "lean and lynx-eyed" jealousy; pride's imaginary dignity; the lofty honour of gilded ignorance; the testiness of ill humour; the jealous irritability of wounded genius; are all upon the look-out to seize the well-meant joke, and torture it into insult and offence. Thus, to judge with any accuracy of the propriety of a joke, and to guide it through its dangerous course, requires what those who venture them can never possess—the judgment of a philosopher. The philosopher, indeed, would shrink back from the difficulty of the task, and discard jocularity altogether from the list of rational enjoyments. Accordingly, we find that the joke is the offspring alone of those independent and mirthful spirits, who pass through life in eccentric orbits, rising above the frigid forms of propriety and good breeding; of those

Whose arithmetic's this,
To enjoy the world's bliss,
A smile's worth ten frowns, and a score makes a kiss.

And who, in their zeal for the cause of mirth and good humour, over-look the calculating dictates of freezing philosophy, and often sacrifice at their shrine, at once their substantial interests, and their unsubstantial friends. In the height of their hilarity, roaming thought begets the joke; and, before reason can chill the glowing image, perseverance puts it into execution. It is ushered forth into the world; and be it ever so innocently intruded, although it be "as pure as grace," and as free

298 JOKING.

from malice as chastity itself, yet shall it never want for reproof and condemnation. One, whose actions fill up the whole formula of decorous and undeviating existence, and which are all stamped by the die of reflection, and the approbation of his own frigid reason, finds this flight of mirth too elevated for his compressed ideas, and accordingly it is by him condemned as mere folly, forgetful that, according to Hawkesworth,

All the world is folly's stage, And all that act are fools.

Another's irritability will distort it into a studied affront; while a third, in whom pride is the ruling passion, will discover, even while smiling at its conceit, that it is insulting to his dignity, or at least disrespectful to his Or should friendship for a moment throw upon it the ray of truth, and show it in its dress of humour, there are not wanting those who, living upon scandal, or whose interests it may serve, will be ready enough to instil the venom of suspicion into the ear of good-humour'd credulity, and turn the forgiving smile of mirth to the relentless frown of insulted pride.—Others again may, out of its very ability, find cause for offence; and rich are they who deem the reversion of all praise to centre in themselves, and who judge all approbation glanced in the regions of jocularity as so much stolen from themselves, and who therefore deem their rivals their natural enemies. Thus it happens that they, who are the most ready to play a joke against another, are the least able to bear, and the most uneasy under, one against themselves .- Again, a slight harshness in the execution may give occasion for sensibility to wound itself with imaginary unkindness, or for wounded friendship to close up for ever the avenues of reconciliation.—Indeed, so numerous are the distortions of intention and meaning in this distorted sphere, that to attempt to point out all the probabilities of misapprehension and error, were to propose a task for life. The fate of a joke partakes of the fate of all our actions; and might indeed form a pretty correct metaphor for human life.

In speaking of Joking I do not mean to include that trash and non-sense which levity begets on folly, nor that first-of-April foolery, which is as far removed from real humour as it is from philosophy itself: I speak of that vivacity of intellect which, neither restrained by cold calculation of cause and effect, nor measured out by the scale of contemplation or reflection, dares to barter with the moment for a smile of mirth at the expence of life's severe and more important occupations. And let those who find in life too much of gaiety, condemn the endeavour, I shall still treasure up the smile, not as a moment wasted in frivolity, but rather as a moment saved from the wreck of years.

It is strange, as it is affecting to the contemplative mind, to see the assiduity with which mankind are continually, as it were, seeking out real trouble from imaginary causes; and, as though life wanted the relish of a little sorrow to temper the sweetness of existence, are continually apprehending dangers which exist but in their own minds, or pick-

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ing up offences, and starting quarrels, from the phantom of their own humours or passions. Half the period of existence is thus spent in dispelling the delusions of fear, or in bringing about reconciliation for offences that were never given; and, where the misapprehended is as obstinately proud as he who misapprehends, it too frequently happens that years roll on in enmity, that should have glided in friendship, till age points out their folly; while it, at the same time, proves that the enjoyment which they have thus lost is irrecoverably gone. The joke that has wounded a man of pride, or touched, however tenderly, his darling passion, becomes the cause of a silent unmanly resentment; a thousand little inattentions or pointed neglects, shew the general contempt, when the object of them has perhaps even forgotten the cause. To avow openly the cause of enmity might expose his weakness to ridicule, or his principles to contempt, and he therefore treasures up in his own breast the error of his pride, and watches every opportunity for revenge, as secret as his own dark passion. Thus revenge, from some baleful corner, will level a tale of dishonor at its victim; or by some other indirect means will accomplish its hellish purpose; for we may remember the words of our Noble bard.

> "That if we do but watch the hour, There never yet was human power Could e'er escape, if unforgiv'n, The patient search and vigils long, Of him who treasures up a wrong."

How often has a joke destroyed the tie of friendship, or broken the bonds of affection. He who sees an offence taken before it was meant, and resented before known, often considers, and rightly too, himself as the injured party; and disdains to seek, by humility, a continuance of that friendship, which irritability or caprice has wantonly broken; deeming it to be of little worth, when so slight a cause, even if founded on truth, could destroy the gem of kindness in the bosom of a friend. Thus he returns contempt for contempt, and frown for frown, till that friendship, which we are told is

" Of tender violation apt to die,"

lingers out a short period, and at last, if it sink not into enmity, dissolves in apathy, or expires from the wounds of humour, rankled by the hand of stubborn pride. "It was a joke he never forgave," we find continually repeated in the biographies of our greatest men; and the more we consider the subject, the more shall we be inclined to believe in the sad history of human frailty, which is contained in poor Yorick's arithmetic.

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POETS.

THERE is a mystery about poets, which sets at defiance the acutest investigations of philosophical scrutiny. They live in a world of their own; and, though bearing the outward appearance of ordinary men, are the elevated spirits of a diviner creation. They mingle in society, and join in its amusements, and go through the ordeal of its forms and ceremonies; but their affections rest not on the objects and circumstances which surround them. Their souls seek for communion with holier things, and shrink from the rude and withering influence of artificial The pleasures of social intercourse are gross and earthly, enjoyments. in comparison with the exalted feelings which spring from their own silent reflections. There is no companionship, to them, equal to that of their own thoughts. They look upon the bustle of commerce, and the drudgery of mechanical employments, as though the beings engaged in them were of a different species to themselves; and thus elevated above their fellow-mortals, they become abstracted from the world, and move in a sphere where every thing is vague and undefinable.

Such a state of existence naturally produces, in them, a dissatisfaction with every thing that does not partake of the absolute perfection which belongs to the creatures of their imaginations. They are accustomed to dwell so much upon visionary things, that the cold realities of common-place life have no charms for them. They seem born with feelings that entitle them to the converse of beings of a higher order; but are still chained to a world in which they are compelled to pace the dull round of mortality. Hence arises the gloominess and despondency which so forcibly mark the productions of some of our greatest bards. And hence too we are indebted for those beautiful effusions, which raise us, as it were, above ourselves, and enable us to catch a glimpse of things

mysterious and holy.

It is our good fortune to be acquainted with several of these anomalous beings. There is, in them, a simplicity of character, which awes us into a reverence of the nobleness of their nature. They are, however, the victims of a morbid sensibility, and are deeply tinged with the gloom and despondency of which we have before spoken. We cannot better illustrate what we have said of this hopelessness of feeling, than in transcribing an epistle, which we lately received from one of these disconsolate gentlemen—and no less a person is he, indeed, than our respectable and respected friend, Irwan Alleyn. But we shall first give an extract from a letter which called that epistle forth:—

devils, and the atmosphere of your intellect is still crowded with the green and yellow phantoms of a melancholy, desponding imagination. Why do you not take arms against this host of mis-shaped, grim, unearthly sprites? Let not the lethargy of your soul be a nurse to them, but stand forth in your might, and say to them, "I am Alleyn, the gay, merry, light-hearted Alleyn! Hence! begone! I'll commune

with you no longer." Come, my good fellow, rid yourself of these morbid sensibilities! Break through this mysterious gloom, and let us behold you in the majesty of your true nature. Let not the poppy, and henbane, and deadly night-shade, take root in your heart. Pluck them from its soil, that the sweet flowers and rich blossoms, whose germs are pining there, may burst into life, and light, and loveliness.

"I can assure you, that notwithstanding the vivacity of my own disposition, and my innate love of fun, frolic, and sunshine, and that I verily believe Bacchus and Momus stood by at my birth, to welcome me into the world; it has still cost me many an effort to free myself from the dark imaginings and gloomy fancies, which at times will steal upon me. This a brief life, let us make the most and the best of it. A few years, and the halest of us must yield to the mortality of our nature. A few more suns may pass over us, and then our ashes must sink into the dust, and our spirits must be given to the elements. Death is a frightful being -the destroyer of our affections, and the blighter of our hopes—the silent keeper of the mysteries of eternity. Where, in a hundred years, will be the present generation? Who will be then the Scotts, the Wordsworths, and the Tom Moores of the age? Would to heaven, that to these I could have added the name of Byron. He already sleeps with slumbering millions. He has vanished from us like a day-dream, and we have awaked to the sad, sad certainty, that that beautiful vision

"Now could I find it in my heart to be as grave and melancholy, and as dissatisfied with the world, and full of sorrows for things that are past, as your right worthy self when the azure devils have got hold of you. But, I'll have none on't-bring me my elbow chair-"give me a cup of sack," and let soft music steal upon mine ear. It comes, it comes, the soul-dissolving strains quit their mysterious cells, and creep upon my senses like the sweet sighs of morning zephyrs or the summer breeze. Oh! this delightful melody will lull me into dreams of love—the devil it will -then I'll hear no more-love makes man a fool-I'm for war-strike up the drums—clash the cymbals—blow the trumpets. "He comes, he comes, the conquering hero comes"-light the faggots-fire the squibslet off the crackers—discharge the cannon—crack—whiz—pop—bang

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Now let us hear Master Alleyn. "Friend! hast thou lived until thou wert satisfied with life? thou drank of the fountains of sensation, until thou wert dry? thou poured out the streams of thy heart, until thou hadst not a drop remaining to invigorate thy life? Hast thou felt the rush of these streams back into the cavities of thy brain, contaminated and corrupted by the foul air of the world, and impregnated with the vapours from withered and perishing hopes, flowers that thou hadst nourished with the strength of a new-born joy? If thou hast not felt all this, thou canst not minister to a mind diseased; thou canst not prescribe to the smitten soul. Thou art not qualified to act as a doctor to the infected blood. Nay, friend, thou wilt not be angry with me for my freedom—thou mayest truly have been mastered by as deep a spell, but thou art then more discreet, and 302 POETS.

keepest it to thyself, for which caution peradventure thou art to be commended, but there are those who have sensations weaker than thine; and for such of thy brethren who are wandering in this valley of the shadow of death, I recommend thee to pray, and pray as the spirit moveth thee, that thy faith in such things may be known unto the world.

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" It becometh me not to quarrel with thee, for any heresy thou mayest adhere unto; but I see thou art one who putteth his trust in the pride of mind. Thou thinkest, in the triumph of thy understanding, that men can be what they will, not what they are; forgetting, in the humble judgment of thy humble friend, that the will to do is bred from the passions we feel, and a will to feel is quite unknown. Thou dost, therefore, caution thy friend not to give way to certain feelings, which thou dost affirm are hurtful to the health of the mind. But is it not the practice with the men of physic to cure the disease, before they think it absurd in the patient to complain of his pains? Truly, thou speakest as of a sound body, when the blood is in a fever, and the liver is touched with disease. Nevertheless, there is virtue in the Balm of Gilead, which thou offerest, and I have drunk to the healthy nourishment of my thoughts. Pour out thy liquids, my friend, and I will swallow thy draughts, with greedy pleasure; send me some more of thy nostrums, and quickly, that I may taste the sweetness of stolen waters, and the bread that is eaten in secret which is good.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, my worthy and generous friend, I have perused with deep attention thy said epistle, wherein thou hast given the reins to thy fancy, and displayed unto me things worthy of being remembered. Thou hast touched on hidden mysteries, and sublime and eloquent truths, with the hand of one who was willing to dwell With thee I in meditation on their profound and unimaginable depths. could wander into the regions that are so fertile with beauty. I could abandon myself to these dreams and visions that have haunted me in my repose, and still haunt me even amidst the uproar and confusion of an active life. But it must not be, my friend; at least, not now. I will arise and begone-I will hide myself, that I may not see the morning light. Knowest thou not that my heart is like a poor, feeble, weak, and infirm old man's? It is but as a fiddle that hath been cracked; its strings are broken and useless, and the tones, which once were heard, are changed into hollow sounds. The wind creepeth among its chambers, and the cold frost hath settled in its veins. Wilt thou play? I tell thee it is but as a fiddle that hath been cracked.—Believe me thy friend, ALLEYN."

Oh! master Alleyn, master Alleyn, what a sad thing it is to be a J. H. H.

A MASQUERADE.

Mrs. S. the banker's wife-Pshaw! lady - at the county town of H--, to the great surprise of the whole neighbourhood, issued cards for a masquerade, a thing almost unheard of at such a distance from town. But, however, as it was, as an auctioneer would express it, " a genteel neighbourhood," and contained several lively families, the idea was seized with great avidity, and the evening looked forward to with extreme rapture by most of the inhabitants. The man arrived with the masquerade dresses from London; and whilst many a fair one, with a very excusable vanity, chose that which most became herself, she was still attentive to what she thought would best suit her lover, in the secret hope that, by appearing in a corresponding dress, they might be able to discover each other. I was just arrived, a total stranger in the neighbourhood, on a visit, during the Vacuum longum, to a maiden aunt, who, having a card for one person, offered it to me, with permission to take the footman and pony-phaeton. When I had accepted it, I determined to go in the character of a friar, as under the cloak of the Romish church I might, in perfect concordance with my assumed dress, keep silence, and make my observations on the party. I settled on this cha racter, from the detestation I have of seeing the medley of dresses, without a single corresponding trait in the manners of those that frequent masquerades in general. Thick-set, knock-kneed harlequins, unable to dance, Don Giovanni's sitting glum in one corner the whole evening, monks playing the "gallant gay Lotharia," embonpoint Columbines of seventy, Griseldas of seventeen, laughing, giddy, spirited Queercurs, and other absurdities, which we are sure always to meet with in such parties.

At the appointed hour I entered the large drawing-room, which was brilliantly lighted up, at the same time that the door was opened by a figure dressed as a gipsey fortune-teller, who, after seeing me seated, slipped out again. There were very few masques assembled, and I took my seat on a sofa chair by the door, that I might observe the personages as they entered. First came a string of foolish giggling girls, tittering at the novelty of their appearance. These passed unheeded by, as well as a row of sauntering Spaniards. The monotony of their appearance was pleasingly relieved by the entrance of a beautiful female figure, in

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"Grace was in all her steps,"

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" Heaven in her eye,"

I could not tell, for that I could not see; after glancing timidly round, she seated herself near me. I then observed the gipsey man, who had followed me, enter, and as he flitted by her, say,

'Thy lover, lady, is not here, But lay aside thy foolish fear; His wished-for form will soon appear Apparel'd for the war.'

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She started, but ere she should speak, the gipsey had fled through the door, the same time that a figure entered, enveloped in a panoply of pasteboard. His hauberk was painted to represent trellised mail, his scarf was worked in green and white, and his vizor, poleyns, ailettes, and the joints of his cuisses were tastely tied with green ribbands; he carried a light lady-lance of ebony in his hand, which was evidently formed for a softer grasp than that of warrior-knight;—as he entered, he exclaimed,

'My aventaile's tied by a faire ladye's hand, And my cointise by faire ladye wove; And here as a true knight I boldly stand, To lance for my 'faire ladye's love.'

The gipsey again appeared, and whispered the knight,

'Dost thou not know thy lady's mien, For see she awaits thee in forest green?'

The warrior peered through his beaver at the figure which thus addressed him, as he again receded through the door, when glancing to where he had pointed, he beheld the lady in green, and flying to her, he fell at her feet, saying,

'Lady, forgive my heedless sight, Lady, forgive your faithful knight.'

A figure, en Columbine, apparently very young, now entered, but

She held out her hand to him, and, kissing the gloved treasure, he seated himself by her side, and the confab proceeded in that soft and hallowed whisper, which characterises the conversation of lovers.

when she had progressed, (as Jonathan would say,) to the centre of the room, the mysterious fortune-teller again appeared and cried aloud, "Bella, horrida, bella." An universal titter pervaded the room, which completely disconcerted the fair Columbine, as the tiresome gipsey had actually discovered, by his unfortunate but apt quotation from Virgil, that the apparently slim and youthful figure, was no other than Miss Isabella Grumblethorpe, ætat. 76!!—Curiosity began now to be at work concerning the gipsey figure. "Who is he?" "What can be be?"

Isabella Grumblethorpe, ætat. 76!!—Curiosity began now to be at work concerning the gipsey figure. "Who is he?" "What can he be?" "Where is he now?" were the queries put forth, and all received for answer, "Don't know—can't tell—can't imagine." This was, however, interrupted by a sudden and shrill blast, apparently from a bugle; the whole assembly was as still as death, when the door opening, a figure in a hunting dress of forest-green and silver appeared, in the character of Robin Hood, with his bow, arrows, and silver bugle; he was followed by twelve masks, in hunting dresses also, as his outlaws; as he entered, he said,

'When twice I blow the bugle, then my merry, merry men, Upstart and seize your good cross-bows; When once I blow the bugle, and again, and again, Then rush, for I call 'gainst our foes.' The company now flocked in by troops—the men, who had, or fancied they had, good figures, appearing mostly as harlequins; while others were habited as Turks, Friars, Spaniards, Walter Raleighs, Antiquaries, Physicians, &c. &c. &c.; and the other sex as Sultanas, Nuns, Queen Besses, Dowagers, Columbines, &c. &c. &c.

I saw no more of the direful gipsey man till after they had commenced dancing, when he entered and strolled through the rooms, singing,

'I read the stars, the moon, the sun,
Before creation had begun;
Gifted with Phebus' magic pow'r,
Fortunes I'll tell you by the hour.'

He stopped before the billing and cooing knight and his inamorata, and cried,

'Fight ye on boldly as ye've begun, For ne'er was fair lady by faint heart won.'

The preux chevalier started up, and good-humouredly seizing the gipsey's collar, said, "Now, tell me who ye be, or, by the gods! I'll tear this jealous mask away!" The mysterious figure replied,

'Loose me, Sir knight, be not too bold, Or soon will I thy tale unfold.'

He then whispered something to him, of which I caught the word "parchment." A Quaker-mask by me, who had apparently heard the same, then said to me, "Good father, I now recognize the knight, 'tis friend Bindloose, the lawyer of the town, who has a great taste for the well-foughten fields of chivalry, and noble journies held for ladye's love: he makes wild legendary ballads, a la Sir Walter, and has been some time courting the vicar's daughter, who, I suppose, is that figure in green." I merely bowed my head, and declined entering into conversation with friend Ephraim. The knight, in the mean time, started and loosed the fortune-teller, exclaiming, "The devil!" The gipsey then stole off into the next room, and on my approaching the same apartment, he accosted Robin Hood thus;

'Thy arrows are made of birchen wood,
A cane does form thy bow;
And if thy merry-men are not good,
Flog them, and make them so.'

The laugh which followed this was totally inexplicable to me, till a Mexican Inca informed me, that Robin Hood was the curate, and his banditti his twelve pupils.

The fitful form now advanced towards me, and taking my hand he

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Come, awful friar of order grey,
Cast your Popish robes away,
You've sworn to hate the despot Pope,
And secretly, I know, do hope,
To fight of faith the goodly fight,
'Neath reformation's wings of light;

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. VOL. II.

For this you visit Isis' shore, For this you con your lectures o'er, For this you meet the tutor's frown, In hope at last your hopes to crown, Then, awful friar of order grey, Cast your Popish robes away.'

I listened to him with mute attention; and when he had finished, stood fixed in stupid astonishment—how could any one here know that I, who only arrived the night before, and was now in disguise, belonged to Oxford, and was reading for the church? My thoughts continually adverted to this subject the whole evening, while I watched the mystic figure as he glided to and fro, whispering to some, to others talking aloud, but causing each to start. I looked at him till I almost fancied there was something unearthly in his very appearance, so fearful did he appear as he flitted before me; and I dreaded his approach, lest he should bring with him a prophecy of my pluck at my approaching little-go.

I returned home to my aunt's in wonderment, went to bed in wonderment, and rose in wonderment the next morning. After breakfast, who should call on me but Ned B, of Baliol, who soon caused my wonderment to cease, by informing me, that he too had arrived from Scotland the last evening at Mrs. S.'s, who was his cousin; that she had persuaded him to stop for the masquerade; and that, having assumed the character of a fortune-teller, he had taken his stand in the porter's lodge; and that through a small casement he could observe the dresses of the different persons as they arrived in their carriages, he being perfectly acquainted with all their families, having often visited here before; his happy knack of extempore versification of course had assisted him much. Some few, he said, had baffled him, but the paucity of the number did not prevent his carrying on the trick to his own satisfaction. He had recognized my face on my alighting, but was not quite sure till he heard the footman cry out, as I was entering the house, "At what hour should you like the chaise, Mr. H-?" This settled all his doubts, and having thus settled mine, we sallied forth together in search of more amusement in the masquerade of every-day life. H. H.

LINES ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

O, lovely babe! how sweetly sleep
Sits on thy eyelids; and how calm
The breathing of thy coral lip;
Upon thy cheek how fresh and warm
The roses glow: whilst round thy brow Peace seems
To dwell, and hush thee in her silent dreams.

Sleep gently on; for O! no more Wilt thou so softly and so sweetly sleep, As now in childhood, ere the storm Of manhood wakes thee up to weep. REVIEW.—Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary. By Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R. N.

In one of our former articles we contended, that the bravest man is, not he who fights most, but he who writes most. If we had made this declaration thirty or forty years ago, we should consider that it had led to the many luminous works which, within that period, have appeared from the pens of our military characters, and that we were, consequently, entitled to the thanks of the nation. Taking into consideration, however, that we have been rather late in expressing our opinion, we must, we suppose, be content to forego the honour to which we should, otherwise, have been entitled. But, if we live another thirty or forty years (and we have serious intentions to make enquiries of our learned brother, the Editor of the Straggling Astrologer, if we shall do so,) and find that our declaration has led to a still further spreading, among the "little gods of thunder," of that highly contagious disease, the cacoethes scribendi, we shall then, most certainly, consider ourselves entitled to the aforesaid thanks, and make a public declaration of our claims accordingly.

The daring enterprise of Capt. Beaver; the Voyages of Captains Hall and Tuckey; and the late brilliant expeditions of Captains Franklin and Parry, have shed an unfading lustre around the history of our country. The exploits of these noble fellows (we would have said noble gentlemen, but who does not see the weakness of the expression in comparison with the former?) will long render their names illustrious. Some will admire them for their skill in seamanship, others will admire them for their perseverance, and others for the hardships they have undergone, and the dangers they have encountered; but we admire them for their

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Acting upon this principle, we beg to express our approbation of the work before us; which, in point of interesting detail, is even superior to the productions of the enterprising characters of whom we have just spoken. Its author, Capt. Cochrane, is evidently a man of very eccentric feelings and conduct: but eccentricity is frequently the nurse of the best and the bravest deeds. He is deeply tinctured with that enthusiasm, which leads men into dangers merely for the sake of being enabled to say that they have encountered them, without caring for any ulterior beneficial object. This is, perhaps, a feeling general with mankind, but we are of opinion, that it exists in Englishmen in a much greater degree than it is to be found in the individuals of other nations. Courage, with the inhabitants of some countries, is only exercised in self-preservation; with us it is a mere pastime, and we run into dangers, as it were, for our amusement. The lower members of society box each other for the love of knowing which is the better man-a grade or two higher, and we find men risking their necks in racing and fox-hunting-one step more, and we find them blustering and blowing each other's brains outone, no, a hundred steps higher, and we arrive at Captain Cochrane,

For this you visit Isis' shore, For this you con your lectures o'er, For this you meet the tutor's frown, In hope at last your hopes to crown, Then, awful friar of order grey, Cast your Popish robes away.'

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In one of our former articles we contended, that the bravest man is, not he who fights most, but he who writes most. If we had made this declaration thirty or forty years ago, we should consider that it had led to the many luminous works which, within that period, have appeared from the pens of our military characters, and that we were, consequently, entitled to the thanks of the nation. Taking into consideration, however, that we have been rather late in expressing our opinion, we must, we suppose, be content to forego the honour to which we should, otherwise, have been entitled. But, if we live another thirty or forty years (and we have serious intentions to make enquiries of our learned brother, the Editor of the Straggling Astrologer, if we shall do so,) and find that our declaration has led to a still further spreading, among the "little gods of thunder," of that highly contagious disease, the cacoethes scribendi, we shall then, most certainly, consider ourselves entitled to the aforesaid thanks, and make a public declaration of our claims accordingly.

The daring enterprise of Capt. Beaver; the Voyages of Captains Hall and Tuckey; and the late brilliant expeditions of Captains Franklin and Parry, have shed an unfading lustre around the history of our country. The exploits of these noble fellows (we would have said noble gentlemen, but who does not see the weakness of the expression in comparison with the former?) will long render their names illustrious. Some will admire them for their skill in seamanship, others will admire them for their perseverance, and others for the hardships they have undergone, and the dangers they have encountered; but we admire them for their books.

Acting upon this principle, we beg to express our approbation of the work before us; which, in point of interesting detail, is even superior to the productions of the enterprising characters of whom we have just spoken. Its author, Capt. Cochrane, is evidently a man of very eccentric feelings and conduct: but eccentricity is frequently the nurse of the best and the bravest deeds. He is deeply tinctured with that enthusiasm, which leads men into dangers merely for the sake of being enabled to say that they have encountered them, without caring for any ulterior beneficial object. This is, perhaps, a feeling general with mankind, but we are of opinion, that it exists in Englishmen in a much greater degree than it is to be found in the individuals of other nations. Courage, with the inhabitants of some countries, is only exercised in self-preservation;

with us it is a mere pastime, and we run into dangers, as it were, for our amusement. The lower members of society box each other for the love of knowing which is the better man—a grade or two higher, and we find men risking their necks in racing and fox-hunting—one step more, and we find them blustering and blowing each other's brains out—one, no, a hundred steps higher, and we arrive at Captain Cochrane,

and those who, quitting the ease and luxuries of the station in which fortune has placed them, go forth to contend with foreign climes, and the

horrors of wild and desolate regions.

The particular feeling of which we have been speaking is common with nearly every individual in the British Navy, from the Vice Admiral down to honest Jack. A British sailor is imbued with the love of action, and considers the being paid off the worst way in the world of getting on. He has the same dread of being imprisoned on shore, that landsmen have of being imprisoned in a ship; and never considers himself perfectly free till he is penned up in a vessel, and tossed about upon the ocean. A common British Tar, is the noblest, bravest, and most enterprising creature in existence; and, as there is a vulgar saying, that in some professions Jack is as good as his master, so we may say, of the British Navy, that the master's as good as Jack. This brings us, in our narrative, back to Captain Cochrane and his narrative. The object of his journey is thus detailed:—

"In the month of January, 1820, I addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, offering to undertake a journey into the interior of Africa, which should have for its object the ascertaining of the course and determination of the river Niger. Besides the bent of my own inclination, I had an inducement to this step in the conviction, established by experience, of my capability to encounter the ordinary difficulties of a pedestrian traveller; having, on the conclusion of the general peace, traversed on foot the beautiful countries of France, Spain, and Portugal—an excursion in which I certainly under-

went a full proportion of fatigue and privations.

"The plan I purposed to follow was nearly that adopted by Mungo Park in his first journey; intending to proceed alone, and requiring only to be furnished with the countenance of some constituent part of government. With this protection, and such recommendations as it might procure me, I would have accompanied the caravans in some servile capacity, nor hesitated even to sell myself as a slave, if that misserable alternative were necessary, to accomplish the object I had in view.

"In going alone, I relied upon my own individual exertions and knowledge of man, unfettered by the frailties and misconduct of others. I was then, as now, convinced, that many people travelling together for the purpose of exploring a barbarous country, have the less chance of succeeding, more especially when they go armed, and take with them presents of value. The appearance of numbers most naturally excites the natives to resistance from motives of jealousy or fear; and the danger would be greatly increased by the hope of plunder. The death of the whole party, and consequently the failure of the expedition, will be the probable result of such a plan. The difficulty of finding men, otherwise suitable, whose constitutions admit an equal degree of suffering and fatigue, is also great: and that of collecting a number of people gifted with the due portion of those virtues, without which no expedition of discovery could succeed, is certainly a greater.

"My answer from the Admiralty was unfavourable, expressing an

anwillingness to countenance the undertaking; whether from tender regard to the safety of my person, or because they considered such an expedition foreign to their department, or from what other reason, I shall leave the reader to conjecture. I was not however the less convinced of the practicability of my plan: but finding that a young commander like myself was not likely to be employed afloat, I determined to undertake a journey, varying only the object and the scene to that of the unfortunate Ledyard, viz.—to travel round the globe, as nearly as can be done by land, crossing from northern Asia to America at Behring's Straights. I also determined to perform the journey on foot, for the best of all possible reasons, that my finances allowed of no other. I accordingly procured two years' leave of absence, and prepared to traverse the continents of Europe, Asia, and America."

In this object it is proper to premise, that Capt. Cochrane did not entirely succeed. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a detail of the circumstances which led to his partial failure; we shall therefore content ourselves (whether we shall content our readers is another ques-

tion,) with giving an outline of his journey.

Equipping himself with a knapsack, he set sail from London in the Dieppe packet-boat; and after being cooped up for nearly forty hours in its four-feet-square cabin, he landed upon the shores of France, and with his knapsack on his back, "walked on to one of those most accommodating of all places of entertainment, announced by the simple words

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On Monday, 14th February," he says, "I commenced my route towards Paris, over a cultivated, but thinly peopled country, on which are a few pleasant country-seats, and neat villages, with a road far superior to that from the capital to Calais. I contemplated, as I jogged along, some of the differences between France and Spain, comparing the facilities of traversing the former, to the difficulties and dangers attending the latter; and contrasting the servile, frivolous, and seductive Frenchmen, with the noble, proud, and hospitable Dons. Nor is the scenery of the two countries less opposed; the hold, romantic, fertile, and mountainous features of Spain, to the long, low, sloping declivities, and the tame, though cultivated eminences, of France."

At Paris he remained several days, waiting for his passports; but, as every family has now its own historian of that wonderful city, we shall abstain from stating what Capt. C. saw, heard, and did there, which he himself says was very little. On the 20th of February, (we can hardly reconcile this date with the 14th, and the intermediate journey from Dieppe to Paris, and the sojourn of "several days" at the latter place,) he commenced his travels towards Petersburgh, travelling through Germany and Prussia. Of the Germans he speaks in very favourable terms. In the following passage he describes the great difference in education between a German and a Frenchman. He was

at this time at Sarrebruck, on the German frontiers.

Previous to retiring, I could not help remarking the difference in the education of a German and a Frenchman. The frontiers are the very best places to observe it; address a German, however poor or

vulgar his condition, upon any subject, and his answer will prove that he has been at least partially educated. Accost a Frenchman in like manner, and you will have for answer, "Monsieur, cela je ne puis pas vous dire," with a shrug of the shoulders, which none but a Frenchman can render equally expressive or ridiculous; nor does the comparison stop here. The manners of the people, their diet, the economy and cleanliness of their houses, nay, the modesty of their females—in a word, every thing that renders life agreeable, reminds me forcibly,

that I am not going to bed in France."

Of the Prussians, he complains in very strong language; through whose inhospitality and brutal behaviour he appears to have experienced considerable mortification and inconvenience. A pretty correct idea may be formed, of the difficulties he experienced, from his statement of the plight in which he arrived at Romini, a post-house some distance beyond Berlin. "My cap," he states, "I had lost in the icy swamp, and in default, my head was bound up with a piece of flannel. My trowsers were literally torn to tatters; my shoes tied to my feet, to prevent their falling off; my shirt, except a flannel one, and waistcoat, superseded by my outer jacket. All I had retained was sound health, and a contented mind, and wanted no more."—It will be recollected that our worthy traveller formerly expressed his intention to pursue his journey on foot; but in order to be more expeditious, we find him at length engaging for a conveyance in a stage coach. Hear, U ye drivers at the rate of fourteen miles an hour-hear, O ye Brighton Vans, and even ye Russell's waggons, what sort of a coach it was.

"I now started for Dantzic, distant about thirty-three miles; at about the tenth I was overtaken by the post-coach, and bargained for a convoy for three francs. This wretched vehicle, which does not ment even the name of a waggon, professes to accommodate nine passengers. It has three benches—the two back ones looking toward the front, the centre bench without a back; beyond the hindermost seat is the depository of the baggage, amounting to about one-third of the whole machine. It goes upon four wheels, each moving on a strong axle-tree, and is without any sort of spring, whatever. The tout ensemble is probably

more like a show-cart than any thing else."

In this vehicle he proceeded towards Dantzic, which he reached in fifteen hours; having travelled, in that time, the incredible distance of 32 miles. At Narva, he was accosted by a black gentleman, who informed him that he was a resident and retired merchant in Petersburgh. He made very particular enquiries as to Capt. C.'s rank and country, the object of his travels, and his reason for pursuing them on foot, and finally offered him a conveyance in his carriage, (drawn by four horses.) to Petersburgh. This was too good an offer to be rejected, and Captain C. agreed to wait his new acquaintance's pleasure, "rejoiced at the opportunity offered of entering Petersburgh in style." He says, "in the mean time, we ate and drank freely at his charge; and, not to appear backward, I ordered for myself the luxury of a proper bed-room, where I slept well." The two proceeded together as far as Kipene, where the following dialogue introduces us to a secret.

"While at breakfast next morning, and just as the horses were annonnced, my companion asked me whether I was furnished with a passport. I replied in the affirmative. He requested to see it; and observing my name, inquired if I was related "to Admiral Kakran, who was in de West Indies, at de capture of de Danish Islands, in 1807?" Being informed I was the Admiral's nephew, he asked, "Are you the son of Massa Kakran Johnstone?"—"Yes, I am."—"You are den," said he, "dat lilly Massa Jonny, I know, at de same time."-It now turned out that this black gentleman, with the two carriages and four horses each, had been my father's and uncle's servant thirteen years before, Having talked over old matters, he remarked that he could never have recognized me, from the alteration that time had made in my features; observing that I seemed to have verified the West Indian proverb, "Like the black man's pig, very lilly but dam old." I acknowledged the justice of the remark, and proceeded to inquire his history; but, as he did not seem inclined to be communicative on this head, I did not press him; and we proceeded—both in the same carriage; my friend no longer considering me as a menial follower.

At noon, on the 30th of April, I reached St. Petersburgh, having been eighty-three days from London, in performing a distance of sixteen hundred miles, an average of nearly twenty miles a day. My sable friend, at parting, declined to give me his address. I suppressed my chagrin; but felt an increased curiosity to learn the source of his wealth

and his situation of life.

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"The following morning I was relating the adventure at a friend's house, where Doctor Ryan, (the medical attendant of the young Prince Labanoff's family, with whom I had dined at the house of Mr. Rose, in Berlin,) was present. He was mentioning that the young Prince being on the road from Petersburgh to Berlin, had been overtaken by winter in his summer carriage; and as the latter season was near at hand, had sent his black servant to Narva, to bring his carriages to the capital. Fortune's frolic was now explained; my wealthy, dashing, overbearing and intriguing companion, being no more than the very humble attendant of his Highness."

We are certainly getting on pretty nearly as slowly as the Dantzic coach, for when we should have been in the midst of Siberia, or on the frontiers of China, or in sight of the Polar Sea, we are simply getting into Petersburgh. We find we must make a few short cuts, or we shall

never get to the end of our journey.

At Petersburgh Captain Cochrane met with every possible civility and attention. The Emperor Alexander made him an offer of pecuniary assistance, and promised to afford him every facility in the prosecution of that part of his travels which lay through his Imperial Majesty's dominions. After remaining three weeks in the capital of Russia, he set off for Siberia, with an order addressed "to all civil governors," commanding them to afford Capt. C. every possible security and assistance, with an open order to the police not to interfere with, or molest him, and an especial letter to the Governor of Siberia. A few miles from Tosna, he sat down at the road-side to smoke his segar, and was sud-

denly seized by two ruffians, who forcibly dragged him off to the wood, robbed him of all his property and papers, and tied him, naked, to a tree. From this situation he was relieved by a boy, and in a state, nearly as free from artificial ornaments as when he came into the world, proceeded on his route. He soon met with General Woronoff, who supplied him with clothes and other necessaries, and through whose active interference he, ultimately, recovered his papers.

At Vladimir, in consequence of certain informalities in his conduct, his hostess, with the assistance of others of her sex, drove him from the house at the point of the —— broomstick. Difficulties now began to creep around him. At Pogost, he says, "I thought myself fortunate, being too jaded to proceed further, in being enabled to pass the night in a cask:"—it was certainly, for that night, a cask of proof spirit. He passed the Volga and the gold mines, and a great many other places,

which we think proper to pass too.

On his arrival at Omsk, the merchants endeavoured to prevail upon him to accept a commission to the Kirgeese and Kalmuck's country; but he avoided the engagement, (Captains in the British Navy are not celebrated for avoiding engagements,) by proposing terms which they did not think proper to accept. Whilst he remained at Omsk, he was treated in the handsomest manner. Feasts and fetes were given to him by the first individuals, all of whom vied in exemplifying to him the boundless hospitality of their nation. From Omsk he proceeded towards Irkutsk. He complains that the road between Chorneretsk and Malokemtchoutska (oh! one's poor jaws,) is wretchedly rugged, and he proposes to call the faculties of the director-general into exertion by making him ride over the road, fifty miles every day, in a telega—we perfectly agree in the propriety of the remedy.

The habits and customs of the Yakuti are dwelt upon at some length. The manners in which they go through the ceremonies of the tea-table is, certainly, perfectly original; if, indeed, we may except that of the ladies in New York, mentioned by Knickerbocker. It is thus: "each individual takes a small lump, which he grates between his teeth in such a manner as only to consume a very small part of it; and thus, although the person has drank three or more cups, the greater portion of sugar remains, and being placed upon the inverted cup, finds its way back to the sugar dish, when the party has broken up; so that, probably, at the feast on the following day, a lady or gentleman may happen

to get his old friend back again."

He departed from Yakutsk, which he terms "the last limit of civilization," on the last day of October. Here, we should imagine the interest of the work begins; but we have been told the contrary, and therefore leave our readers to decide the question for themselves.

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It has been remarked, that those who rise above the individuals who were once upon an equality with them, will have many malevolent gazers at their eminence: and no man ever experienced the truth of this statement in a more eminent degree than myself. I commenced life under peculiar disadvantages—I was an orphan. My parents had long slept the sleep of death; and from the inadequacy of their means, my education had not only been neglected, but what was even more to be dreaded, I was left portionless. In this forlorn condition, I became the protegé of the benevolent rector of the parish, who had had a particular friendship for my late father. He treated me in every respect as the adopted son of his affection, and under his judicious guidance I shortly became a good classical scholar; and had some hopes of being admitted a member of the clerical profession, as soon as I had gone through the usual routine collegiate studies. But the king of terrors again stepped between me and the attainment of my wishes: my benefactor died suddealy. And as his fortune naturally devolved on the nearest of his kindred, I was once more left in a state of destitution.

At this period, I was introduced to the brother of the late rector, a rich manufacturer; and with his recommendation I obtained a commercial situation—an avocation ill suited to my aspiring inclinations. My attention, however, was such, that my employer ultimately took me into partnership, and finally gave me the hand of his only child. I thought I had now arrived at the height of felicity; but I was soon convinced of my error; for I could not fail of observing, that I had excited the envy and ill will of those who, in less prosperous hours, were wont to call me friend and companion. My wife, too, who inherited from nature a love of finery and expense, waited only for the expiration of the honey-moon, to disclose her propensities. She reminded me of the handsome fortune she had brought me; and in consequence expected I would launch out into life, in a manner becoming my wealth; and threw out certain hints about a country-house. This was a difficulty not easily surmounted; for though, in gratitude, I was willing to oblige my wife in every particular, yet not so her parents; who, conscious of the influence she possessed over me, apprehended some disastrous occurrence, were their daughter permitted to stray from their paternal roof. The mother, indeed, could ill support the thoughts of being separated from her darling child; and, to gratify her, persuaded my father-in-law to purchase a pretty country villa.

Here, in the constant society of these worthy parents, we passed our days agreeably enough. I was as attentive as ever to business; and when the father died, I found myself in possession of a very considerable fortune. As the old gentleman had never kept a carriage, or lived with any degree of splendour, it was generally thought that he had given away the principal part of his property, when he bestowed his daughter in marriage; and that a rising family, somewhat extravagantly inclined,

would at last bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

My two sons were now, in the world's sense, fine, spirited young men; the elder of whom I designed for an independent gentleman; the younger, from his own predilection, to enter the military service. The visits of my intrusive neighbours now became very frequent. One thought it a matter of conscience to inform me of the dangers my boys incurred by leading an inactive life; another related that he had just heard my eldest son was at that moment seated knee-deep in cards, in one of the most nefarious gambling-houses in town, and surrounded by

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sharpers of every description.

I had scarcely patience to hear the end of his relation; but, snatching up my hat, away I posted to the house in question, taking the precaution to secure the attendance of some police-officers, in case I should be refused admittance. Scarcely had I gained the outer door, when a well-known voice reiterated my name: I turned, and beheld the son, whom I believed to be immured within the dark recesses of a gambling-room, actually seated in a stage-coach, returning from a visit to a friend at Richmond. My daughters were now become elegant young women; and dressed in a very neat, though some would say, stylish manner. This was also a subject of offence to many a well-meaning family. The mammas and daughters would throw out ill-natured observations, that they wondered how they did it; at the same time giving a significant smile, and an equivocal nod; and the fathers would cast a prying eye into the real state of my finances.

These repeated annoyances eventually drove me to give up business, and retire to the peaceful seclusion of a little village, in a distant part of the country. Here I anticipated a little peace; but again committed an error in my calculations. My daughters, having few rivals of any consequence, actually became the proud beings they had before been falsely represented—my wife became more ambitious than ever—and my little mansion was one continued scene of hurry and confusion.—In a little time my younger son Harry, being of a fiery disposition, was wounded in a duel, and his brother Tom broke his neck in fox-hunting. "Ah, me! miserable man that I am!"

LETTER TO TOBIAS MERTON, ESQ.

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Whether I am acting wisely or not in forwarding you the inclosed epistle, its contents, and the manner of its coming into my hands, must

decide; the latter I will at once explain.

or of the mer parants; wire remarked of the

While seated, sir, yesterday in my chair, (I say my chair—it being, 1st, the only chair in the room; and, 2dly, with the exception of my own invaluable MSS, the only article to which I am entitled to attach a pronoun possessive,)—while thus seated, I say, lost in bright visions of the future, (for the past has left nothing to dwell upon with pleasure, and still fess has the present to boast of,) I was, all at once, startled with the sound of a heavy footstep, approaching my "aerial citadel." I hung

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for an instant in breathless expectancy, not daring to let down the elevated leg of my chair from its oblique position, lest, in the event of its being that "monster hated by gods and men,"—a dun—it should, by its touch, prate of my whereabout. But I was soon released from my anxiety by a gentle tap at the door, as different from the thundering peal of the demon before mentioned, as from the familiarly vocal—alas! too familiar—periodical salute of my landlady. It was, in fact, a hesitatory knock from the hand of Underdone, my baker's journeyman.

You know, Mr. Merton, a view of the interior of the temple of the muses, i.e. the study, kitchen, bed, dining, and drawing-room, of a poor devil of an author, like myself, is not an exhibition the best calculated in the world to win respect to our outward man. Ourselves, to be sure, who have a "temple within us, not made with hands," feel not this; or, regard it only as the royal bare-footed actor in Gil Blas.

But I saw it had made an unpleasant impression on my visitor, which I endeavoured, in vain, to check with an awful look of the sublime; and I was obliged to sit patiently while he thus delivered himself, treating me,

as Oliver Goldsmith would have said, just like a common man.

"Well, Mr. Ductile," said he, with (to him) a very unimportant distortion of the name I was born with—Dactyle; "well, Mr. Ductile, as we are upon very good terms, (here you must be pleased to set down all such phrases as these to his ignorant familiarity, and not to an acquaintance, which I wholly disavow,) and as I know you to be a bit of an author, (here I must own I was wroth and my countenance fell,) seeing as how these two things are the case, I thought it would not be himpertinent to call upon you to request your patternage for my friend Joe Maten, who has just published a book, exposing the rogueries of the master-bakers—you wont tell my governor, Mr.——." "No, to be sure." Just as he had uttered the word patronage, I dropped my left leg on my right, partly to shew the sense of my own importance, and partly to hide an "envious rent," I had that instant discovered in the dexter limb of my inexpressibles; which, I am grieved to observe, are inexpressibly the worse for wear.

"I will do what I can for the poor fellow," said I, assuming an air of dignified condescension. "If writing to the Edinburgh, or a word to Gifford, will be of any service to him-I am intimate with the Quarterlies." "O, as to quarterlies," said he, "that'll never do; what thou dost, do quickly, says our parson Drawl. A friend of Joe's, the newspaper-man's man, persuaded him to take no notice of it for a few years, and 'twould be like £10,000 at 5 per cent. for his old age; for then, says Joe, the Ratter-respective (a very respectable name, certainly), would draw it out from its security, and 'twill sell like the Scotch novels, and you will be immortal for ever. But I said, none of your dead men for me; I know a gentleman that earns a handsome livelihood (looked rather shy) by writing for the perihodicules, and I'll get him to say a word for you. He snapp'd at the offer in an instant." "No doubt," said I. "And Joe, you see, the newsman," rejoined my interlocutor, seeing the chalks were going against him, ran tally with us, and said there was a very clever thing, that I can't recollect the name of, that had

an immense sale, (I dare say you know it, sir,) and he should recommend; that it is very much read by the quality, and people as lives high in the world." This was too much; I thought the fellow looked impudently sarcastic, so I cut him short with, "The Magnet, you mean." "Ah," said he, "that was it. If you could but get Joe's work well sponged there. I know Joe Maton well, he's a spirited fellow, and likes nothing that's mean; and if he could throw a dead man or so in your way, I"—here, maddened with fury at his infamous suggestion, and full of the unassailable integrity of Milton, Marvell, &c. I seized the wretched varlet by the nape of the neck, and hurled him, (my eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,) down three flights of stairs; cursing the venality of low-minded worldlings, and wishing them a Tarpean rock for his sake. I went into my arcanum, and he got up as well as he could, and departed, and I never saw him more.

By the way, I am inclined to think that this laudable show of spirit has done me no harm with my landlady, for she certainly eyed me as he came "rumble-tumble down," with a look I had never seen before, of mingled fear and respect. With her daughter I saw it excited a decided movement in my favour—coming just after my sonnet on her left eye; her right is walled, so I was too delicate to touch upon that.

However, to return to my letter: notwithstanding the fellow's insolence, I had the magnanimity to forgive him in my heart; and I have here inclosed the epistle of his expose friend, begging you to believe me, Sir, a votary of the muses, and an admirer of the Magnet,

From my garret in Grub-street—another proof that merit is not, as it has been said, alway appreciated where it appears in this age of literature.

J. A. G.

To the Head-hitter of the Literary Magnet, per favor of Mr. Dactyle.

"Sir,—You've heard of me, as gained immortality the other day, (a thing they say as lasts for ever,) by writing a letter to the Lord Mayor, exposing the rascally practices of master-bakers. Well, sir, I only wish I had written it to you; for Joe says, (would you believe it, sir?) and Joe's a keen lad, that where he leaves one of any other paper, he leaves ten of your's. And if they tell me right, that your's is a genuine, healthy, unadulterated batch, unlike the weakly productions of some of your contemporaries, full of stale, heavy, and pernicious ingredients,—why then we are brother peels. Mr. H. and I have no doubt but you will shift my dish, if it lays in your power.

"If you could speak in my behalf, now, to the new "Bread Company," so as to get me the conducting of it, you'd do yourself credit by the recommendation; and I'd take care, that if you took our bread, your Magnet should read the better for it.

"It's what goes into the mouth, makes what comes out of it; and you may rely upon it, both the Literary Magnet and the Bread Company would be the better for it. So, sir, expecting to come out handsomely next batch, I remain, your's, full weight,

"Jos. Maton."

SOME FEW MATTERS CONCERNING MYSELF.

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Most great men, at some time or other in their lives, favour the world with a word or two concerning themselves. Some embody themselves in the heroes of their poems and tales; others develop their characters, in patches, in sketches, and fragments; and others speak boldly out in the unsophisticated strains of auto-biography; the latter method be mine. My father—but who cares any thing about my father—it is sufficient that the world knows I had one: who and what he was, is it not written on a tomb-stone, in the south east corner of Ashdown church-yard? Now then to myself. My father-" your father, Sir, why you said you were going to speak of yourself"-don't interrupt me, if you please - my father, as I was about to say, was an exceedingly loyal man, and had as great a hatred against Wilkes and Tom Paine; in the time of their lives, as the present poet laureate has of their memories—he regularly made loyal speeches at the parish dinners, and invariably joined in the chorus of "God save the King." If the reader will enquire what connection these circumstances can have with my own history, I reply to him, the most important. Knickerbocker, with the philosophical sagacity for which that old gentleman was eminently distinguished, thought it necessary to establish the existence of the world before he called upon his readers to believe in the existence of New York; and I, with a similar precision, think it proper to prove that I had a father, before I can call upon the world for such an act of faith as to believe there exists such a being as myself.

Well, I was born on the fourth of June, in honour, I suppose, of his late Majesty George the Third; for, as I said before, my father was excessively loyal. The first three or four y ars of my life passed over me without the occurrence of any thing from which my friends might prognosticate my future waywardness; but at five began to evince certain decided traits of character. Ambition was the star of my destinies. Even at that young age, I had a desire to be distinguished, and as I

grew into boyhood, I became the terror of the neighbourhood.

"For I had heard of battles, And I longed to follow to the field Some warlike Lord."

I made soldiers of my little companions; provided them with swords, and bows and arrows; divided them into opposing parties; and led them on to victory upon the village green. It may be as well to remark, that the pantry window was my armoury, to the great comfort of two or three epicure cats, which thereby frequently obtained a comfortable meal. I had read Robin Hood, and wished that the little copse at the back of my father's house, had been Sherwood Forest; I had read Robinson Crusoe, and longed to go to sea and be shipwrecked on some uninhabited island. The smell of gunpowder was as love to me, and my father being sergeant-major in the Ashdown Volunteers, I was enabled, frequently, from that circumstance, to procure a few blank cartridges, and

indulge myself in letting off squibs and crackers. Our old cook Margery was, as she said, "frightened to death at these goings on;" and she used to tell my mother, that unless Master Harry were kept away from the kitchen fire, nobody could live in the house-for this advice one of her pots was sure in a very short time to be blown from the grate into the middle of the room. The poor old woman had as instinctive a dread of gunpowder, as I had a natural affection for it.-The sight of a cartridge almost threw her into hysterics, and she could never be brought to believe that it did not sometimes explode of itself. The very idea of a brass candlestick, or any other metallic substance, being placed near her, would make her turn as pale as a ghost. Sometimes she would call me into the kitchen, and make me a present of a custard, or treat me with a few of the cherries out of her little brandy bottle; but this act of old Margery's friendship, was sure to be followed with some such exordium as this, " Now, master Harry, I wish you'd throw away that nasty gunpowder, you can't think how it frightens me." "Well," I used to say, just as I had had as many cherries as I wanted, " so I will throw it away, Margery;" and into the fire would go a whole packet of crackers-off they went one way, and off I went the other

Thus then was fostered within me, a spirit of enterprize and a way-wardness, which led to a violent and uncontrolable temper, which even at this, the latter stage of my existence, has not altogether forsaken me. It is surprising, how slight an occurrence, in our youth, will affect our future destinies; a day's excursion, a little tale, or even a word, will frequently have an ascendency over our after-fortune. So was it with me. There was scarcely a country I read of, to which I did not wish to travel; or a battle of which I heard, in which I did not long to be engaged. I would dream, in ecstacies, of being a big man among the Pelew Islanders, and awake to the mortification of finding that I was not tattooed. I longed to go to Greenland for the sake of seeing a whale, and to the Indies that I might behold a tiger hunt. The thoughts of ships and fortified towns continually haunted me; and the great gun in St. James's park, of which I had heard so many wonderful stories, was ever uppermost in my imagination.

I was of a daring disposition. I climbed the highest trees, and swam across the deepest and most dangerous part of the river—indeed, I almost wished, on some of the latter occasions, to have one of my great toes bit off by a crocodile. I robbed the justice's orchard, because one Bill Shakspeare had robbed a justice's park, and afterwards became a great poet. At home I was continually at the bottom of some mischief or other; and at school I was continually at the head of every thing—except my class.

It has been a maxim with me to permit my passions to be my guide, instead of endeavouring, like many of my more sober neighbours, to guide my passions. I have ever been the child of impulse, hurried away like a spirit floating upon the elements. I am a kind of community within myself; if I commit an error, I offer myself up to the tribunal of my own conscience; and if I do a good action, I look for no

applause beyond the confines of my own heart. I have never cared for the opinion of the world. I have never paused in my actions to consider what other men would do under similar circumstances. I have

been, what I still am, and ever shall be, an obstinate fellow.

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In looking back upon my past life, I have few feelings other than I should experience from reading the history of a being, whose movements had been the counterpart of my own. Indeed my existence appears to me nothing but an indistinct historical recollection. My young hopes and my sweetest visions have vanished before me; and the castles which I have built in the air, some of them bigger and grander than Solomon's temple, have melted into "airy nothingness," and "left not a wreck behind."

J. H. H.

ON A WEEPING WILLOW.

Where dark Euphrates' gloomy wave
Rolls in sad majesty along,
Moaning o'er many a hero's grave,
And many a bard of sweetest song;
There first the weeping willow rose;
There, flying from the haunts of folly,
The muse of sorrow sought repose,
And tun'd her heart to melancholy

There Babylon's thrice beauteous daughter,
Lov'd 'neath the willow shade to rove;
And gazing o'er the dark blue water,
Gave her impassion'd soul to love:
There captive Judah's tuneful choir,
Forgetful of each strain of gladness,
Hung on the boughs each silent lyre,
And mus'd on thoughts of bitterest sadness.

Emblem of grief! I love to view
Thy pensile boughs at early morn,
Weeping the drops of pearly dew,
That every trembling leaf adorn.
Bright they reflect the sun's first beam,
Then shook by Zephyr's balmy sigh,
Trickle like tears into the stream,
That steals in mournful murmurs by.

Let joy her myrtle chaplet twine;

Bind the proud palm on victory's brow;

A weeping-willow wreath be mine!

And oh! when lingering life has fled,

Reclining on its clay-cold pillow,

Ah! gently lay my peaceful head

Low beneath you weeping-willow!

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. II.

(Letter from the Secretary.)

Most Amiable Readers,—As I walked into my little breakfast parlour this morning, the first object that saluted my organs of vision, was a letter addressed to me in my friend Merton's dash-away scribble. This being no unusual occurrence, I proceeded, very leisurely, first to stir the fire, secondly, to pour out a cup of coffee, thirdly, to seat myself, and fourthly and lastly, to break open the letter, which ran thus:

DEAR H.—Many of our subscribers have expressed their surprise that no notice has been taken of our last Round Table. We must endeavour to appease this discontent as soon as possible. You will, therefore, send on the report immediately.

Your's, faithfully,

TOBIAS MERTON.

"Well, upon my word," as Lady Grizzle's maid says, "was there ever such a thing heard of?" Talk of what our subscribers say, indeed! Who are our subscribers, I should like to know, that they dare interfere with Mr. Merton's arrangements, or suppose that the Secretary of the Round Table attends to any body's will but his own. I pray you, most refractory readers, be a little more subordinate, and endeavour to home.

The truth then is, that in consequence of the indisposition of some of the members of the Round Table, and the out-of-disposition of others, our last meeting, as an Irishman would say, did not take place; or rather, in consequence of no one being present except Mr. Merton and myself, several important matters, which were to have been submitted to the consideration of the members, were postponed. It is but justice to Tobias to state, that he expressed his high displeasure on the occasion, and caused the following resolution to be entered in the minutes of the evening.

Several of the members of the Round Table having absented themselves from the meeting this evening, and such absence being prejudicial to their own interests, as well as to the interests of the Literary Magnet; we, the president and member present, in order to mark our disapprobation of the proceeding, and to prevent a recurrence of such neglect, do, by and with the consent of ourselves, resolve that the aforesaid absent members be compelled to read the last number of the Old Monthly Magazine.

Another meeting will take place next Wednesday, when it is expected that every member will be present. The claims of our various correspondents will be then decided, and in our next number they will be enabled to ascertain their doom.

Believe me, my dear readers,
Your loving acquaintance,
J. H. H. Secretary.

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ROMANCE READING.

states workings of ardent passion and affection, we shall find that the to whom the pares of diomance territor the greatest attaction, and

looking out for some object on which its feelings and allerings made

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VARIOUSLY as the human mind develops itself in the progress of years, and the unfolding of life, it becomes an important question in what manner, and by what latent causes, that variety is produced. The difficulty of this inquiry, indeed, almost exceeds its importance; and hence we find it a continual theme with philosophers, as well as moralists, who are daily discovering some new cause working to this great end. While some have endeavoured to get rid of half the difficulty by maintaining the original and constitutional difference in the mind itself, the warmth of passion, or the turn of sentiment; others have been found bold enough, not only in spite of general belief and common experience, but in absolute defiance of the systems of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, and the whole race of craniologists and physiologists,) to maintain, that all men are born with equal mental powers, and that education and other accidental circumstances make the only difference between the wisest and the weakest of mankind. It is not our intention to argue this abstruse point, but since it must be agreed on all sides that accidental circumstances do have a vast effect on the mind, we shall point out one which we are inclined to believe has more influence upon our passions and actions than any other branch of our early education.

In tracing the ills which spring from Romance reading, it must be remembered, that although the cause is confined only to a particular age of life, and that perhaps of a short duration, it is an age that every one of us must pass through. The effects are not as transitory as the age itself, but last too often to embitter the latest moment of existence; making the shortest life too long, and wearing down the constitution that promised to have decayed in the gradual tide of years, by the un-

timely pressure of disappointment and misanthropy.

In this age of intellectual improvement, when the habit of reading is become as general as the ability of doing so is common, we need not be very violent in our assertion, nor very strenuous in the support of it, in saying, that the Romance forms no small portion of the amusement of the reading public; and is of far more importance in morals, whether for or against, than all the volumes of sermons and essays, and all the tracts, religious and irreligious, that have ever been published. Let us look into the circulating libraries, and we shall find books of science, of morality, of religion, and of every other description but that of the Romance, almost as undefiled as when turned out of the binder's hands: but the latter we shall find undistinguishable by their once lettered backs, well dog's-eared and scribbled over, and in many parts illegible. The pleasing, seductive nature of these works, the gratification they afford to our natural curiosity, the pleasure of participating another's PART XIII.-49.

happiness, and the sympathy which misfortune raises—interweave them, as it were, with our nature. And from these causes, combined with the strong workings of ardent passion and affection, we shall find that those to whom the pages of Romance possess the greatest atractions, are not of cold and spiritless constitutions, but those whose minds are stored with the best gifts of intellect, and whose hearts are replete with the finest feelings of humanity; whose vividness of sensibility is continually looking out for some object on which its feelings and affections may be exerted; and who, for want of finding other objects in real life, resort to these to fill up, by imagination, the void that nature seems to leave in her own works.

Life has, indeed, few enough of joys, even in its "most high and palmy state;" and we must all be unanimous in deprecation of that which may lessen their number, or increase that of our pains and sorrows. And this is the charge that we venture unhesitatingly to bring forward against Romance reading. Youthful minds in the spare hours (and not unfrequently stolen ones,) of education or domestic duties, get hold of a romance, pore over its fabulous schemes of romantic affection, and in the glow of imagination, they never pause to say, this is fiction. Their feelings and their sympathies are struggling with real objects:fancy is busy planning schemes of revenge for injured innocence, and loud in its approbation of suffering virtue; the living heart palpitates for ideal danger, and the warm tear flows plenteously on the pages of fictitious sorrow. Is this not true? nay, more; is not the reality so strongly impressed upon their minds, that even in society they can pass away hours, in canvassing the merits and demerits of the respective characters? No wonder then that they confound fiction with life, or which is of infinitely more importance, life with fiction. Yes, accustomed to these glowing images, which gain strength from repetition, they look forward to life as the theatre on which they are to become the hero of some strange tale; and thus become enamoured of the scenes which life, they vainly suppose, has yet in store for them; and although, according to the dispensation of Romance justice, they expect some few buffets from the world, in the shape of sturdy fathers, treacherous guardians, or wily seducers, yet, in the common flattery of self-delusion, they are to escape all these snares, and finally be united to the man of their choice.

It is not for us, speaking to those who, as ourselves, are

"Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,"

to begin to prove how widely different are the dispensations of Providence in real life, where an hereafter is to counterbalance all; to that Providence of fiction, or that dramatic justice, which is generally made to mete out to virtue and to vice their due rewards. Different, they assuredly are, and yet Romance readers can scarcely imagine how crime and vice can lord it over virtue and rectitude; and that, too, not for a moment's capricious sway of fortune, but for the period of life itself: still less can they imagine how ingratitude can unblushingly stand before suffering kindness or virtue, and innocence expire in

wretchedness or ignominy. Thus their young minds are reared in the pleasing expectation of constant affection and ultimate happiness, however the one may be attacked by force, disappointment, or interest, or the other overclouded in its course by casual misfortune, or chequered by unforeseen sorrow.

With these feelings, with these illusions of virtuous sentiments, they

pass forward into life, a life which teems with

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"Schemes foil'd, hearts broken, happiness destroyed."

To their hearts, it is passing from the gay clime of Eastern indolence, to the frozen region of Northern barbarity. The promised fidelity and friendship which their own hearts had vowed, are met only by deceit-fulness and ingratitude. The cherished schemes of mutual affection, which fancy had formed so strong, are broken by vanity, or "some punctilious pique of pride." And thus all their anticipated joys

"Go out by one and one,"

and the high swell of visionary pleasure sinks into the aching throb of cheerless misanthropy. Here again we find the heart run into the extreme of apprehension, as far from the real gloominess of life, as their former anticipations had overleaped the mark of rational enjoyment. A gloom settles upon their minds, which the efforts of time, nor the maturity of experience, cannot dispel: their former ideas, though falsified as to the world, they still believe true as to themselves; they still think themselves capable of all the extremes of virtue, generosity, and truth, which they had vainly expected to find in others; they hang over the enchanted illusion, until their very senses shrink back in the contemplation of the beings with whom they must hold communion for life; and, at last, find but one object which their hopes and wishes dare contemplate with expectation of relief, and that is-death. Thus, in society, it is no uncommon occurrence to find youthfulness, whose social hours should be hours of vivacity, and those of retirement, of mirthful remembrance, or lively anticipation, become hours of self-imposed reserve, or of sombre reflection on the insincerity of life, and delusive wishes for its speedy close. And this, not to be accounted for upon the score of that rational philosophy which induced Young to say,

> "There's not a day, but to the man of thought Betrays some secret, throws a new reproach On life, and makes him sick of seeing more;"

but proceeding, we are convinced, alone, from the sudden obstruction of all their long-cherished ideas of life. When the new current of life sets in upon them, they give themselves credit for having seen a world of sorrow and disappointment; grow more sullen on the belief of their own unequalled experience; and mistake for philosophy, what at best is but churlish misanthropy. These characters are to be found strewed thickly through life; and where one proceeds from real experience, or true philosophical knowledge and reasoning, there are ten which proceed from the disappointment of unreasonable hopes. Let it not be sup-

posed, that the latter are entitled to no compassion; on the contrary, perhaps they merit the more; but sufficient for us is it, that it strengthens

what we have ventured to assert respecting romances.

If we might be allowed to trace further this silently operating cause, we should see the discontent of the mind preying upon the health of the body, until consumption lays its withering hand upon its youthful victims.—Then, when too late, they feel the full impression of their own error—see at once how much they have lost of true life in their visionary enjoyment of it. They learn at last to live, when pressed with the full conviction that—they must die; and thus quit a world, which they too much loved at first, and at last too much despised.

These are the great evils of Romance reading; and when we see how directly they strike at the root of happiness, and sow the seeds of human suffering, all the benefit of superficial blandishments, or the polish of social manners, always doubtful, and often insincere, resulting from this source, sink into comparative insignificance; and we are forced to confess, that to the inexperienced mind there are few things more dangerous in

the perusal than the Romance. To those, indeed, who have

" In the original perused mankind,"

such works can be of little importance; they are content to read them as works of fancy, and smile, yet sometimes sigh, at the contrast of their scenes, with those of real life; they take them up as a relaxation from severer studies—permit their minds a moment to wander into their ideal regions—then close up the book; and, as contentedly as before,

descend to the mundane sphere of poor humanity.

If, unfortunately, almost every family did not supply an example of what we have been advancing, we might produce the character of the unfortunate, or at least unhappy, Rousseau. We learn, from his own work, which "never had an example, and the execution of which will have no imitator," that the first works he was accustomed to read were romances; and when we consider this with relation to the whole tenor of his life, and the romantic nature of his own "Confessions," can we doubt the influence that circumstance had on his course of life? But were this less apparent than it is, or could we have a doubt of such influence, let the misanthropist speak for himself: "In a short time, I acquired, by that dangerous habit, not only an extreme facility of reading and understanding, but a knowledge of the passions singular for my I had no ideas of things, but sentiments were already known to me. I had conceived nothing-I had felt all. These confused emotions, which I experienced one by one, did not bring forth my reason, which as yet I had not, but formed another of a different cast; and gave me singular and romantic notions of human life, of which experience and reflection have never been able to cure me."

He afterwards says, that he "became the person whose life he was reading;" and through the whole memoir the same character is plainly discernible. In one part, indeed, he tells us, "The only thing that interested me in the bustle of the court was, to see if there were any princess worthy of my homage, and with whom I might act a romance."

That Rousseau was the victim of an extreme sensibility, no one who has read his works can for a moment doubt. It is too much, perhaps, to assert, that Romance reading was the original cause of that sensibility, yet we may, without fear of contradiction, assert, that that fatal disorder was fostered and nourished by this early habit. speaking of romances, says, " My father and I read them after supper. At first the only object was, to exercise me in reading by amusing books, but the interest became so lively, that we read in turns without rest, and passed the night in that occupation. We could never leave off but at the end of a volume. Sometimes, my father, hearing the swallows in the morning, said, quite ashamed, " Let us go to bed, I am more a

child than you."

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We have said enough, we conceive, to support our objection to Romance reading, and backed by such an authority we say, that parents will do well to take heed of putting them into the hands of their children, before their minds have been prepared by reading, and some little experience, to repel their pernicious effects; and we shall only add, that although romances only have been mentioned, all our observations apply as strictly to Novels, which are, indeed, romances of a less excursive nature; and which, as they approach a little nearer to real life, may, on that account, be the more dangerous. We wish not to destroy the illusions of boyhood, provided they affect not our future happiness; but, when the misery of after years is the consequence of the fairy visions which surround us in the spring-time of our existence, it is proper to prepare the young and enthusiastic mind for the knowledge of the truth, which it must, one day, inevitably discover, that the world in which it has "lived, moved, and had its being," is built upon the baseless fabric of its own fancies.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was at the theatre one evening, during the representation of one of his comedies; at a certain part, in which the audience expressed considerable disapprobation, "Ah," said Oliver, turning to a friend who was near him, "they've found out that, have they? well, I knew it was bad long before they did," and began to hiss most heartily.

DISCOVERY IN SCIENCE.

Two boys were lately sitting beside each other at school, working sums in the Rule of Three. The one had to find, how many persons could perform a piece of work in a certain time; and the other, what sum of money was to be given for a certain quantity of cloth. The latter found his quotient came out "pounds," whilst the quotient of the former was "men." He, whose quotient was pounds, multiplied the remainder by twenty, to bring it into shillings; whilst the other multiplied his answer by nine, to bring it, as he said, into tailors, and actually carried up his answer to the master, 26 men, 7 tailors.

THE LADY ISABELLE.

Where you huge tower its shadow flings,
Across the sunny wave,
Lord Albert dwelt in courtly pomp,
'Mong Knights and Barons brave.

There many a Knight in youthful glee,
Hied at the trumpet's swell;
In the torney's joust to gain a smile,
From the Lady Isabelle.

The Lady looked on the gorgeous show,
She looked—but smiled not once,
Till the nodding plumes were all borne down,
Before young Edwin's lance.

Then a smile lit up her dewy eye,
And a burning blush her cheek;
And the glance was like the sunbeam bright,
And as the moonlight meek.

For Edwin was her own true love,
And she loved him passing well;
And nought to him was half so dear,
As the Lady Isabelle.

But with her smile there came a tear,
And in her glance was grief,
To think that true love's joys should be
So bright, and yet so brief.

For Edwin to the Holy Land
Was bound, with helm and spear;
To fight against the Infidel,
And earn his Knighthood there.

At the altar's foot the lovers met,

To weep a long farewell;

And breathe their vows and parting sighs,

To the long and fretted aisle.

And her heart grew cold and dead,

And a faint farewell rose to her lips,

And died before 'twas said.

But Edwin brought her hopes anew,
By many a well told strain
Of future love, when from the wars
He should return again.

And pledged his word, when winters three,
Saint Agnes' Eve had brought,
To come again to that altar's foot,
And kneel at the holy spot.

And there with priestly benison,
And his true love at his side,
'Mid festal pomp and beauty's smile,
To hail her as his bride.

And the Knight is in his bounding bark,
And the bark has left the shore,
And the lady's eye upon the sea,
The white sail meets no more.

At time's slow step long did she pine,
Long did in secret mourn;
When circling suns at last brought near
The day of her love's return.

Then aye she looked from her castle wall, Upon the distant waves, Where the stormy sky in the crested sea His angry forehead laves.

But her straining gaze was all in vain,
No lover's bark drew nigh;
Though the skiff of the lonely fisherman,
Oft mocked her tearful eye.

And thrice St. Agnes' Eve has come,
Which love had marked as her own,
And the sun his farewell glance hath shone,
And to the caves of ocean gone.

The lady looked on his setting beam,
With the soft tear in her eye,
And aye she watched the misty wave,
Where it joined the evening sky.

But her soul grew sad, and dim her eye,
When the clouds of evening rolled,
And the curfew bell its hollow knell
Across the night-wave tolled

Then her sorrowing steps she slowly turned
To the holy altar stone,
Where last her true love in his arms,
Had clasped her as his own.

Each look he gave—each word he spoke,
She called again the while;
'Twas here we parted—there he turned
To look again and smile!

So long she mused, the busy hours
In swift succession fled,
Till the chilly damps of deep midnight,
Fell thick around her head.

From the hollow womb of the castle-bell
The midnight hour has pealed,
When unrested sprites in their yawning graves
To their earthly longings yield.

Then fast on the sorrowing maiden's ear,
The tramp of a war-horse rung,
Though well she knew that the raised draw-bridge
Aloft in safety swung.

To the warders, ho! there came not a sound,
Save the clang of an armed Knight,
As he onwards rushed, like the lightning's glance
On the crested wave at night.

The lady heard the war-horse snort,
As the Knight to the causeway sprang;
And her heart grew cold, as the lonely aisles
To the clank of his armour rang.

With wild amaze she lboked around—
Her Edwin met her eyes!
To his open arms, with mounting joy,
And eager haste she flies.

But no word he spoke, nor soft sigh breathed, Nor dropt one love-born tear; With anxious look the maid up-gazed, Heavens! what a sight was there!

Where the eyeballs once in brightness gleamed,
The worms had made their nest;
And the red red lip, and the rosy cheek.
Had been their nightly feast.

No shriek rose to her ashy lip,
Though her gaze was bitter and keen;
And away from her heart each vision of joy
Passed—as a dream that had been.

Through the echoing aisles the warrior strode,

Till his restless charger neighed;

He's mounted, off like the wind he scours,

When it sweeps the wintry glade.

But aye on St. Agnes' Eve he comes,
To the holy altar's side;
With knightly pomp to claim the hand
Of his love and betrothed bride.

And aye on that eve the lady waits,

With a heart, though sad, yet strong,

To gaze on her love as he hastily strides,

The sounding aisles along.

But weak grew her step, and dim her eye,
And the hand of death drew near;
And the tear shed on her pale, pale cheek,
Soon fell on her early bier!

But never since that did the warders hear,
At the toll of the midnight bell,
The Knight sweep past, his tryste to keep
With the lady Isabelle.

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SONNET.—TO MAY.

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and the reserviced a fine party of the beginning propie become area and Welcome again, thou ever lovely May! Welcome thy dappled sky, and budding flowers; Welcome to me the bright and sunny hours That fill the compass of each lengthening day; To greet thee, music breathes from every spray, The fields assume a livelier tint of green, And in the woods cool waterfalls are seen, Calling wild verdure round them as they play; Welcome, sweet month, thy blossomy array, The goodly promise for the after year; Welcome the sun that shows the summer near, Welcome thy crimson morn, and evening grey; For thou art youth and beauty—all we see In autumn ripe, is springing forth in thee! I have good one him come on again, I am ins match for a hundred to a thousand, or what

BOXING.

The Art of Boxing is one of those remains of barbarism, which are found to agree with a certain attainment of civilization. The value of this attainment is best known after a review of the art itself, which consists chiefly in the following points:—An attention to health sufficient for the development of muscular strength; a peculiarity of diet, that shall give firmness to the flesh; a freeness of dress, in order that the lungs may acquire an athletic exercise, a vigorous expansion; a study of anatomy, so far as to discover the weak and stronger parts of the human frame; a perusal of the bended hand and knuckle; and a trial of those blows which close the eyes, break the nose, strike out the wind, stun the senses, and knock to the earth; or, in scientific terms, which darken the day-lights, polish the proboscis, tickle the bread-basket, shut up the knowledge-box, and floor the yokle. Here the generous ambition of the art makes its full stop.

This noble art is, at the present day, in England, one of the most encouraged; and being, unquestionably, meritorious, it must, as certainly, become a general acquisition. Let us reflect upon the prospective advantages of so devoutly-to-be-wished-for a consummation. Our youth, then, being practical boxers—for constant practice alone insures the art—will, like their masters, shew all the characters of it. The firm step, the wary attitude, the stout shoulder, the hard hand, the stern look, the tattooed complexion, the shifted nose, the broken teeth, the uneven jaw, the quarrelsome temper, the insolent tongue, and last, not least, the aptitude for injustice. The precise state of civilization which the art requires may now be estimated, and it remains for philosophers to

declare its fitness for human advancement.

Professed boxers are men of high consideration. Their acquaintance is sought with eagerness, and their sayings are carefully noted down. Are they in want of money? a battle is immediately proposed, and crowds of gentry meet, with open purses, to wager upon the well-poised probability. Newspapers advertise the distant day, the chosen spot, and extol the merits of each contending chief, such as his shape, weight, and previous deeds of valour. The listening people become more and more excited, long for the hour of battle, witness it with the grossest admiration, and shout, over the reeling, bleeding, fainting victor, their brutal commendations. A second scene ensues less sanguinary, and therefore less attractive. The victor in a few days takes his benefit at the sparring court; a platform is erected for scientific display; and the victor, with thick stuffed gloves, makes his set-to. He spars for some minutes, and then presents himself to the audience. Cheers are now wafted to him that finely expand the bruises of his face, and he delivers an address, something like the following, with all expected dignity:-"Gentlemen, - what I have got to say is as this - that there fight the other day, was as fair a fight as never was; and if any gentleman says it was a cross, and foul play, why then I say he is a false teller, and I dont't care for him to the amount of a flea-bite. Gentlemen-Respecting the losing man, I say as this: if he has not had his belly full, why let him come on again, I am his match for a hundred to a thousand, or what

his backers like, and so I settle with him. Gentlemen—for all your kind favours I have only one thing to say, and that is this: I thank you, gentlemen, from the very bottom of my heart; and so, gentlemen, I finish my speech." So brilliant an oration is of course followed by loud acclamation, and being succeeded by minor sparring and minor speeches,

the company separates with high satisfaction.

If it should be inferred from the above speech, whose excellence it must be owned can only be expected from the top of the profession, if an inference should be made that boxers, in the intervals of their art, accustom themselves to the walks of literature, as a relaxation or additional pleasure, it is necessary to state, in contradiction, that after the best inquiries, there appears no ground for the supposition, but that their oratorical powers may be thus accounted for. It has already been alluded to, with what eagerness the acquaintance of this sort of men is sought after, not only by their fellows in society, but also by richer men of dashing exterior. The acquaintance is easily formed, for genius is in some cases very accessible, and the result is on both sides an extraordinary acquisition of talent. We know the proverb, "Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are"-it applies to the present case, and here the difficulty is solved. A second inference might be made touching the champion's spirited denial of foul play, that boxers must be deeply learnt in the principles of justice, and consequently are impervious to bribery; but in this inference, as it is of the most delicate nature, the Magnet must not be involved; the examination might draw upon its devoted head, or rather upon our heads, the vengeance of the party whom it affects.

A question seems to propose itself, whether the introduction of Boxing, generally, into society, may not, in its alliance with literature and politics, promote our spirit of improvement. Let us apply this question in reference to the House of Commons, our first of institutions. The best mode of applying the fistic art, must be in creating an additional vigour beyond what is derived from mental pursuits; and therefore a portion of the business of the House of Commons might consist in a a general clenching of the fists, and pugilistic thumpings, which, by increasing the zest for discussion, would exclude all desultory matter. And, with regard to the Magnet, a similar set-to might be made between its readers and writers, which would, perhaps, prevent occasional

dulness on both sides.

et at The highest praise given to boxing is, that it is a promoter of courage and an art of self-defence. Courage is either blindly physical, such as characterizes brutes, or it is the incitement of reason, such as gives birth to heroism. In the first case it is already of fearful operation, without any increase to its native perniciousness; and in the second case there is no illumination of reason in the study of an art, which does not ascend to the province of reason; nor is the intellectual character exalted by cherishing a faculty so liable to rebellion. The art of self-defence consists entirely in just behaviour, which is of a dignity independent of pugilistic study; and there is no accident or calamity arising out of a right line of conduct worthy of the least degree of lamentation.

R. A.

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. III.

"We are na fou, we're na that fou; But just a drappie in our ec'."

Wednesday, Oct. 20, 1824.

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THE preliminaries of the evening having been gone through-"but what,"—says some inquisitive old maid, "do you mean by the preliminaries of the evening?" You shall hear, madam. In the first place, we meet, or rather ought to meet, at seven o'clock—some of us are too fashionable to be within at least an hour of our appointment—suppose then, we say, we meet at eight o'clock—we, meaning the members of the Round Table. In the second place, having met, we begin to talk over public affairs, an amusement in which Clutterbuck and Oakley take especial delight,—the latter, as has been before stated, being a monstrous Whig, (all Whigs are monstrous, says Paul,) and the former being a noted Tory, (all Tories are notorious, says Timothy.) The benefit of these discussions will be best understood from the following statement of the result of them. Twice we have decided the cause between the Turks and the Greeks—thrice we have gained immortal victories for the Spanish Constitutionalists—and more than twenty times we have annulled the proceedings of all the companies that have been formed within the last nine months. Speaking of companies, it may be as well to mention, that the gravity of one of our late discussions on the subject was disturbed by a proposition of Clutterbuck's. We were discussing the relative merits of the "Thames Water Company," and the proposed new "Bread Company," when Paul proposed, that the two should be united, and called the "Bread and Water" Company. The legitimacy of Sir Gregor M'Gregor's claims to be Prince of Poyais, brother to the man in the moon, lord of the seven stars, and keeper of the boar's tail, is yet undecided.

Our political discussions being ended, we talk over the literary matters that are going on in the world. Alleyn is in ecstacies at the thought of Campbell's forthcoming poem, but Tobias shakes his head, looks mysterious, and mutters something about the "Last man"—"Reullara"—and "falling off." Mr. Merton, it should be known, was a poet himself in his younger days; but, as our poet-laureate says, the very twilight of his imagination is almost gone, and, like the strings of an old æolian harp, the cords of his heart are music-less and broken. Still, he considers himself possessed of some share, even if it be but the embers, of that fire "which is never quenched." He takes a great interest in all the poets that are past and present, and even those that are to come. He sometimes talks of proposing a match between young

and cheered of thementalistical.

Alleyn, and L. E. L. and has, more than once, declared his intention

to write to the Editor of the Literary Gazette on the subject.

These several topics being digested, the announcement of supper warns us that it is time to prepare for the digesting of more solid aliment. Toby, who is a veteran in every thing, and can carve as well as he can carp, takes his place at the head of the table; the members sit round it; and old Jonathan, the waiter, takes his post behind Mr. Merton's chair, swallowing our quips and jokes as fast as we swallow our supper. The cloth being removed, we drink first the health of the King, as president of the nation; and then, the health of Tobias, as president of the Round Table. The decanters are refilled, and these, madam, form the preliminaries of the evening.

These, as we said before, having been gone through, we prepared for business; and the Secretary, accordingly, produced his black bag. Why is it a black one, it may be asked? Simply, because to almost every

other colour one member or other had an antipathy.

The Secretary would not have a blue bag, because, as he said, it looked so lawyers-clerk-ish. Timothy objected to a green bag, on account of the late Queen; and Clutterbuck said, he had not been enabled to bear the sight of a red bag ever since the death of a rich old uncle, who died in a red night cap, without leaving him a shilling. The black bag being produced, the Secretary proceeded to lay its contents before our honourable board; when the following communications were read, and their respective merits decided upon.

Read an Essay on "Boxing," by R. A.

Ordered,—that it be printed, and that the thanks of this meeting be given to R. A. for this his first paper for the Literary Magnet.

The Secretary next read a letter from Tony Northlight, a contributor to the Literary Magnet, in the future tense. We extract certain passages from that letter, together with the remarks made thereon. He begins: "I am a constant reader of the L. M. which is equivalent to my being a warm admirer of it." "Q. E. D." said Clutterbuck, whose mathematical talents we have alluded to on a former occasion. then goes on: "the causticity and polish of your satirical essays, (here the Secretary made a full stop, although in the manuscript there was only a comma,) the accuracy, point, and interest of your sketches of society, (Clutterbuck and Timothy leaned forward with a look of expectancy,) the general elegance of your poetry, (Alleyn blushed,) and the permanent utility of your miscellaneous matter, entitle your work to a very high rank among the periodicals of the day, (He's right, said Toby; at the same time thrusting one hand between the button holes of his waistcoat, and the other into his breeches pocket,) and merit for it that proud pre-eminence which a discerning public has already assigned Have the goodness to pass the bottle, said the publisher.) Northlight then proceeds to deprecate the system of literary pilfering, which, he says, "is become so common among minor wits and literary pretenders." He further says, "I have with pain observed, of late, several attempts of this kind, even in your pages, which I do not choose to point out, as some of them bear signatures which have often been appended to very good articles." (Here there was a general confusion.

Some exclaimed, "infamous," others cried "name, name," and the face of Tobias became as crimson as the gills of the cock pheasant which the secretary attempted to murder on the first of September.) Silence being once more obtained, the letter was proceeded with.—"With brotherly feeling and kind regards to Paul Clutterbuck, Irwin Alleyn, Timothy Oakley, the secretary, the publisher, and yourself,

I am, your future contributor,

Dumbarton, Oct. 1824. Tony Northlight.

After considerable discussion the following resolution was passed unanimously.

That the thanks of this meeting be given to Tony Northlight for his letter, and that he be directed to send on one of his best articles for insertion in the Literary Magnet.

Read a letter signed "a well wisher," complaining, that "the intelligent Mr. Merton of the first volume is sunk into the vile gourmand of the second;" and that "the poetry of the Magazine is exceedingly stupid."

Ordered,—that Mr. Merton, by and with the consent of himself, abstain from eating and drinking; and that Mr. Well-wisher be desired to send on some poetry, of his own composition, of a higher character than that of which he complains.

The Secretary here interrupted the business of the evening in a most indecorous manner; and the following dialogue took place between him and Mr. Merton.

Secretary. I told you so Toby, I knew there was no merit in the poetry of the Magazine; (Alleyn's shirt collar bristled up, and his cravat turned pale;) I told you so. But you would not have my services; notwithstanding the trouble I took to repeat to you my epic poem, some parts of which, you were obliged to confess, displayed considerable talent: and then there was the letter, too, which you rejected.

Mr. Merton. Depend upon it, my dear H. the letter you sent me, with a specimen of your poetry, was not, by any means, fit for the Magazine; and if you will take my advice, you will give over all thoughts of becoming a Poet—you will never become a Lord Byron.

Secretary. Shade of his lordship's grandmother! Mr. Merton, (Timothy whispered to Clutterbuck, "Aye, it was she who read 'the British,'") do you mean to insult me? I tell you, Sir, I am a poet, and if you had chosen to print my letter, your readers would have told you so too.

Mr. Merton, Don't be angry, don't be angry, Mr. Secretary; if you still wish your letter to be printed, your desires shall be complied with, but the consequences rest with yourself.

Ordered,—That the Secretary's letter, wherein he offers to assist in the poetical department of the Literary Magnet, be printed in the next number, together with any of his poetical effusions which he may think proper to forward.

Read a letter from Miss S * * * * * inclosing two articles.

Ordered,—That one of them be printed, and that the thanks of Mr. Merton be given to Miss S. for her frequent communications.

It is proper to state why the thanks of Mr. Merton are sometimes given, and why, sometimes, the thanks of the members. The latter are only given when the communications of the party under consideration

of the meeting. When, therefore, the thanks of Mr. Merton are simply mentioned, it is to be understood, that some member or members, has, or have, dissented from the editor's opinion. This, we hope, will be a sufficient hint to Miss S. that her communications are open to improvement; and that if she is desirous to continue her claims to an occasional page or two in the Magnet, she must endeavour to effect them. There is a finish necessary in productions, destined for the penetrating eye of the public, which Miss S. has not, as yet, been enabled to accomplish—at least, to our satisfaction. We regret to speak of a lady in any but terms of unqualified approbation; but literature is of no sex, and we trust our remarks will not be taken unkindly. The emendations which were made by us in Miss S.'s last little essay, will point out to her the particular improvement which we consider her productions require.

Read a note from Harcourt, from which we extract the following passage:—"The pieces of mine which you last inserted were considerably

mutilated in the press, especially in the French quotations."

Ordered,—That the Compositor be commanded to take ten lessons of Mr. Hamilton in the French language; and to report, when he has done so, what improvement he may have made in consequence of Mr. H.'s instructions.

Clutterbuck now proposed that that part of the correspondence, which had not been yet examined, should be set aside for half an hour; " for at present," said he, "my throat is actually as dry as the 'Old Monthly.'" This proposition was agreed to nem. con.; and after the bottle had performed two revolutions round the table, and one hundred and eighty degrees of a third, where it stopped, (observe-Clutterbuck was exactly opposite to the point from which it started,) Timothy Oakley called upon Alleyn for a song. This the president declared to be exceedingly out of order. It was, he said, beneath the dignity of a poet, to put in practice any such powers of amusing; and he had no doubt, that his young friend Alleyn professed no such talent as that which he had been requested to exercise. Against this logic Oakley cited Burns, and a dozen other jolly fellows, "who," said Timothy, "if they lived in these days, would be an honour to the Round Table;" and concluded his argument with giving Irwin a smart slap upon the shoulder, and exclaiming, "Come, Alleyn, my boy, give us a song; let's have your last new one, on the Round Table." Irwin nodded assent; and after that awful pause and death-like silence, which is so common on such an occasion, began:

Oh! are we not told,
In the days of old.

Of the knights of king Arthur's round table;
Who in a merry mood,
Drank as oft as they could—

"That is," said Clutterbuck, catching up the tune, "they got drunk as oft as they were able." This interruption so discomfitted poor Alleyn, that he declared he would not proceed with his song; which, fortunately, enables us to proceed with our report.

The Secretary next produced a packet as voluminous as a lawyer's brief. It proved to be an article, called the "Devil's Coach," signed Æ. Read about twenty pages of it.

Ordered,-That one of the members be requested to produce a

review of Æ's article, to be inserted in an early number.

Read a letter, dated from Hampton-street, Walworth, signed G—S—, desiring to be informed, if the essay on "the folly and wickedness of having a long nose," is written by Elia.

Ordered,—That G. S. be informed, that the article is not the production of Elia; but that it is from the pen of an equally celebrated writer.

Read an article, signed "Anti-dandy," in which the unfortunate class of animals, to which the writer is opposed, is most sadly abused. Taking into consideration that we, ourselves, wear high collars, slouched hats, puckered pantaloons, and military cloaks, we think proper to

Order,-Nothing.

Read two poems by J. H. B. and G. M. of Plymouth. Neither of which possesses sufficient merit to obtain a place in our pages. We would advise the young writers of them, for they evidently are young, to read, think, and, if they can, feel more, before they again endeavour to appear in print. Let them submit their productions to the judgment of some literary friend; whose advice, we doubt not, will be of service to them; at least, he will tell them that such lines as the following, are words without any meaning:

"Together we'll roam through the pleasures of bliss."

Read a poetic scene, in favour of the Greeks, by A. D. B. P.

Ordered,—That the writer attach to the initials of his name the words which follow—A Devilish Bad Poem.

Read a Poem by Charlotte M.

Ordered,—That Charlotte M. take six lessons in poetry of Professor Alleyn, the terms to be decided by themselves.

Read an impertinent letter of an old date, from "Lionel Lion."

Ordered,—That that blustering, silly, harmless animal, read the fable of the Ass that went abroad in the Lion's hide.

Read letters from several correspondents in commendation of the merits

of our Magazine.

Ordered-To lie on the table.

Read other letters stating there was no merit in it.

Ordered—To LIE under the table.

In consequence of the very culpable negligence of the Secretary, a packet has been mislaid, in which we fear there are certain letters which require a particular answer. Our friends, we are sure, will attribute, to this circumstance, our omitting to notice their communications. If any of our contributors will favour us with an account of any article which we may have failed to mention, we shall be most happy to make the amende honorable.

Letters are left with the Publisher for Mr. B-ye, J. A. G. and

J. H. H. Secretary.

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theories to practice, I suddenly became an out-and-out angler. But if proved, in my hands, as in noved at the something and the

(A Tale, not translated from the German.)

In compliance with the commands of the President and members of the Round Table, It Timothy Oakley, a lineal descendant of Ohver Outley, who flourished in the reign of George the Third, having been moloved two days in reading an article, forwarded for insertion in he Literary Magnety proceed to lay an abstract of viti before you, Mor Mrs. Reader The title of this awfully volumnous manuscript, i wmething like that which stands at the head of these observations; he word somebody being a free translation of a name of which I, the aforesaid Timothy Oakley, have an insurmountable dread a name as lack as the ink which refuses to be polluted with it, You are now certainly aware whose coach is meant; if not, allow me, my good sir, a madam, to ask you a question. Did you ever have the blue -? Well, may the next anti-bilious pill I swallow, be changed into one of Caspar's bullets, if I can get my pen to set down the name. Do, I pray

you, endeavour to find it out by your own sagacity, bus salor out bud of

This article, or tale, or work, or whatever it deserves to be called, is mily more terrible than Der Freischutz, Valmondi, or either of the two other score of similar German monstrosities, with which we may hope to have our grandchildren terrified into good conduct during the pproaching winter. We certainly think it would have been far wiser in its author, A, to have sent it to one of the theatres, than to ourselves. There is Drury-lane, for instance, sadly in want of a piece which shall thunder and out-smoke all its predecessors; and I have no hesitation is saying, that with the addition, in each page of the article before me, of "here make some thunder and lightning,"-"now let the bell toll twelve" enter aghost" " rattling of chains" -and so on, it would Mr. Elliston's purposes, and ensure his fortune, and our correspondent's immortality of The tale begins thus de anoire tale minimortality of The tale begins thus

"I was lately on a visit to a friend in Yorkshire, whose comfortable of stands a quarter of a mile above the banks of the Air, and commands an admirable view of the ancient ruins of Kirkstall Abbey. As generally the case in the vicinity of such buildings, the country thereabouts abounds with supernatural sights and traditions, and one of my principal sources of amusement, during the time I remained in the neighbourhood, was derived from listening to the quaint and characteristic. marations of the natives, whose stories I found became more marvellous to hearer I approached the head of the river. Virgon agral a gurnupon

My friend was so constantly engaged in business, that he could not be much in my company; and I was, therefore, glad to apply myself to any thing which promised either variety or amusement. I had read; with considerable interest and attention, the piscatory treatise of Old saac; and having a good opportunity, as I thought, of reducing his

^{*} It must, then, have been in a very airy situation .- T. O. PART XIII. - 50. - Fourth Edit.

theories to practice, I suddenly became an out-and-out angler. But it proved, in my hands, as in many others before me, something

Like dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up!

The only thing I ever caught* was a bramble, which appeared to have been lodged in the mud; but I always took care to answer inquiries by an interminable catalogue of bites and nibbles. It was to no purpose that from time to time I shifted my station; the fishes nowhere seemed ambitious of my acquaintance. One day I went up the river nearly as far as Apperley Bridge, where I had been sitting for some time beneath the shade of a willow tree, and under the influence of my old fortune, when I was thus civilly accosted by a countryman:

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"Good day to ye, maaster !" againg a sail wolde O veltonil's binered

"Good day to you, my old friend; but I wish you had said, good luck to your fishing! They wont rise to-day."

"Noa; nor to morrow noather, and no wunder at that," said the old man, with a sagacious motion of his head, "noa wunder at that, sir."

"And why no wonder at that?" I hastily inquired, not a little surprised to find the rules and regulations of Isaac Walton, which I had observed to the letter, thus unconditionally impugned by one, of whom it was fair enough to presume, that he knew nothing of the matter, unless like Benjie, in Redgauntlet, he had acquired an intuitive perception of all such casualties, by frequent practice. But this did not seem very probable, for he wore a garb which intimated that his presence was too much required at the grist, to admit of his partaking often in the gentle recreation of angling.

"Gin ye mun know my thowtes anent t'matter," said the miller, with much seriousness, "all t'fishes i'this river hae bin long sin pooisoned by

"Poisoned by the devil!" I exclaimed, "and how the devil came that?"

"How com that! Why it com frae you gert house;" replied he, with another mysterious shake of his head, and pointing to a neat stone-built mansion behind us. "Mun I tell you t'history on't; may be ye're

The fisherman expressed his willingness to hear this marvellous story; and the miller proceeded with his tale in a strain which, when turned

"That great house behind us was built by Squire D—, about thirty years ago, when he came over the water from the West Indies, where, by dint of great cruelty to his negroes, he had succeeded in speedily acquiring a large property. He thought to have enjoyed it here in bonny Yorkshire, but he was sorely mistaken; for the devil, in my mind, will never let them have peace who live on ill-gotten wealth. He was an old ellow when he came to live here, and was so full of gout, rheumatics, and suchlike, that he never dared venture down any of the steep hills,

It must, then, have been in a very diry situation .- T. O.

PART XIII - 50. - Fourth Edit.

^{*} I was more fortunate on a late occasion, for I caught a cold .- T. O.

and rugged roads hereabouts, but always confined his morning and evening rides to a few turns on the coach-road in his chariot. You may see the coach-road from here; it runs along the skirt of that little wood, which stands on the right hand of the house, and looks, some say, like a cone, but I think like a hay-cock. Well, ye mind, he was as rich sa Jew, had neither child nor chicken, and was surrounded only by his servants, who, as they firmly believed him to be a devil incarnate, and not how seldom they came near him. He swore and double swore, he curst and double curst, and went on at such a rate, till nobody but John the coachman, and Joseph the farmer, would venture to approach lim, and they didn't half like the job. But he was not long for this world. His gout and rheumatics increased upon him to such a degree, that he could no longer take his drive on the coach-road, but was compelled to remain in-doors. He was a sore plague to the servant lasses; for, as he had little else to do for his amusement, he was continually scolding about something or other, and found fault where nobody else could, if they looked ever so long. They were glad enough when his legs began to swell to the bigness of his body; and his weakness and pain became so great, that he could not stir out of his bed-chamber. I heard his coachman say, that on the first night after his disorder became so very bad, when he carried him to bed, the door slammed after them with such a smack, that he thought for sure the devil was behind it. He aimed to have got out of the window for fear of encountering old Harry, but the door opened of itself, and Johnny ran through, -too much afraid to look behind him, and almost too fast to hear the ame loud closing of the door repeated."

We are then told, that the old Squire went to bed, and that the coachman rose early the next morning, and coming to the old man's bed-chamber door, endeavoured to open it. Finding himself unable to do so, "he applied his mouth to the key-hole for the purpose of enquiring if his master was any better, when a flash of fire darted down his throat." At this, John scampered off again, full of fire and full of wonder. The house was alarmed—the old housekeeper sent for the bible—the scullery maid's teeth chattered in her head—the cook was afraid to rise from her chair, or turn her head towards the door—and the whole groupe seemed

almost petrified with astonishment.

At length the party summoned up sufficient resolution to proceed towards the awful chamber; John the coachman, and an old farmer, of the name of Joseph, leading the way. As they slowly approached the door, "several strange voices were heard in the apartment, among which could sometimes be distinguished that of their old master, who seemed to speak in a hollow and death-like tone." The pulse of each individual best quickly, and every face was pale and cadaverous. John, backed by the farmer, was about once more to approach the key-hole, when an immense crash was heard within the chamber, which so terrified the whole party, that they darted down stairs with a simultaneous rush. Joseph did not stop until he reached his own home, where he related the dreadful things that were going on at the great house.

The story goes on to say, that "The farmer's curiosity was sufficient."

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ently satisfied; and the next morning saw him engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, in the remotest corner of the Squire's estate,

"Whistling aloud to keep his courage up."

But John the coachman was not so easily daunted; and having a more extensive knowledge of this world, and the world of spirits, than most of his fellow-servants, (seeing that he had been in foreign parts,) he set off to the house of the vicar, and begged him to come and lay the evil

spirit."

The manuscript became very illegible at this part of the story, so that we are at a loss to know the result of John's mission. We should suppose it did not succeed, for, a few pages further on, the tale proceeds thus: - "One means of acquiring information had been hitherto neglected; and the servants assembled on the lawn, to examine if there was any outward sign of the internal commotion. They directed their eyes toward the windows of the Squire's apartment, the curtains of which had been withdrawn; but nothing could be seen except the reflection of light dancing on the ceiling, as if a brisk fire were blazing in the fire-place. With a view to ascertain if this were simply the case, the sagacious coachman looked towards the chimney; where, instead of smoke, he perceived a large raven, sitting motionless on one of the pots, and keeping a sharp look out upon the coach-road. This circumstance gave rise to various conjectures; and while some would have almost sworn it was a weather-cock, others shook their heads, and retired without offering an opinion. But, as luck would have it, immediately after several had joined in the expression of this shrewd suspicion, there came a gust of wind athwart the ominous bird, which compelled him to extend his wings for the preservation of his equilibrium. Nothing more was needed to convince the casuists of their mistake; for they forthwith assumed the grave looks of their wiser companions, and left the coachman, whose fears still continued to give place to curiosity, to the solitary enjoyment of his own reflections.

"Some time was passed in wondering how it would all end; and the housemaid, who was rather learned in spiritual lore, had just explained that midnight was the ordinary crisis of such matters, when the clock in the corner of the kitchen gave warning for twelve. Their courage was once more screwed to the utmost, and they moved onward in a body to the lawn, where they left John; the footman, leading the way, saying, he minded no ghosts and evil spirits. All this time the coachman had kept his eye steadily fixed upon the raven; and just as he was joined by his fellow-servants, he observed the bird began to look with increased eagerness towards the extremity of the coach-road. He had scarcely time to communicate this observation to the rest, when the rumbling of wheels was heard at a short distance; and on looking round, they all perceived an unusual brilliance among the trees, which looked as if some of them had taken fire. But the next minute there appeared in sight a carriage, which, so far as could be guessed, resembled a mourning coach. It was drawn by four horses, and the whole equipage was enveloped in the dreadful flames, which issued from the wheels and

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from the mouths and nostrils of the animals. The coach stopped opposte the half door, and immediately the raven vanished off the chimney

This was the signal for the party to retreat; all of whom did so except the poor courageous footman, he "who minded no ghosts and evil spirits." tainly justify the remark which has been made 1th aotni mella bad only

"In the mean time the scene did not pass unobserved by the neighbours. I myself, saw the coach driven down from the hall, to yonder bridge; where it was hurled into the river, horses and all, and instantly transformed into a boat of flame. It went rapidly down the stream, hissing all the way like a red-hot horse-shoe, and bounding over the dam stone, vanished, and left the whole country in darkness. so and of loogson

"And is all this true, my friend," said the fisherman, as the peasant concluded his story. "Aye, that it is," he replied: "and what became of Joseph the farmer?" said the fisherman. "I am he," said the figure, than justice (both to the writer and to the public) for gratice (both to the writer and to the public) for gratice (both to the writer and to the public) for gratice (both to the writer and to the public) for gratical states and the public of the public

Thus ends this wonderful tale, which, if any of our readers are clever enough to dramatize, and the task will require no very extraordinary talents, I, Timothy Oakley, will put them in possession of the original MSS, and give them certain useful information on the subject of introducing at proper intervals, the aforementioned "thunder and lightning," have not chanced to meet with this rare and extranasiralixus replaces

form a notion of its peculiar nature and tendency, twithout even opening

the prohibited leaves, -may, in a kind of reflection, steal a glimpse of the gorgon, without danger of being Nadqianotts horrors.

The main object thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main object thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the delivery in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee, for my faith in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget thee work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget the work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget the work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget the work in the main of Yes, I would fain forget the work in the main of Yes, I would fain for the work in Is pledged to one, whom in the face of heaven Witnessed the compact, and the soft night-breeze Wasted to heaven the pledge, "I'm thine for ever."— Oh! I would fain forget thee, but thy smile hoos at that He to Hangs o'er me like a spell—each charm of thine, And every movement of thy angel form Haunts me like the presence of some lovely But forbidden spirit. Thou art, indeed, again bas bent nedw A joy, lighting the most secret places and more and ylditest dailnino: Of my soul—a thing, binding me to earth—
A voice speaking to me in solitude.
For thee, I would have gladly been bereft, preposi Ev'n of my native land; and on some shore, Where human being ne'er before had trod, in his diverberious Where the red berry and the mountain stream Had been our food, and nature's simple gifts Our only wealth, I would have passed my days, And breathed no thought save those of love and thee. And young affection's early, sacred ties, and plant and lo sand Awear, shall ne'er be broken.

INC

Posthumous Poems of Percy Byshe Shelley. 1 Vol. 8vo. Hunt,
London. 1824.

cid

Ir this volume were the only production of its author, it would certainly justify the remark which has been made by one of our weekly competitors, that "all Shelley's works have an appearance of being unfinished." But this character (however applicable to his Posthumous Poems, selected, as for the most part they are, from a chaos of incomplete and uncorrected effusions, which the author would never have thus exposed in their nakedness to the whips and scorns of criticism,) is, with respect to his earlier Poems, and especially "Queen Mab"—his glory as a poet, and his shame as a man-a striking misrepresentation. It may, therefore,—and also on account of the obscurity in which the principles of that work have involved its poetic beauties,—be no more than justice (both to the writer and to the public) for us to venture upon a brief analysis of its merits, that a daring though erratic flight of imagination may not,—however properly proscribed by the legislature, and avoided by those who fear the contamination of scepticism,—be shorn of that Apollonic lustre it is calculated to shed round the brows of the now "slumbering bard;" and that such readers of the Literary Magnet as have not chanced to meet with this rare and extraordinary book, may form a notion of its peculiar nature and tendency, without even opening the prohibited leaves, -may, in a kind of reflection, steal a glimpse of the

gorgon, without danger of being petrified by its horrors.

The main object of "Queen Mab" is to prove, that evil was not a primitive ingredient in the composition of man, and that therefore, he having, by a departure from the track originally marked out for him by nature, incurred all the dangers and difficulties which beset every other but the one true road to happiness, can, -by the same free-will which once led him into error, still return to that blessed state in which the Maker of all that is good first created him. For the poet seems to hold it incompatible with the vigilance of him who delights in the gentle name of the "Good Shepherd," that he can permit his flock, or any part of it, to wander so far from his heavenly fold as to lose all power of returning, when tired and ashamed of the "error of their ways." This is incontestibly the design, but, alas! so ill chosen are the means for accomplishing it, that they crush what they were to have cherished. The prepossessions imbibed in infancy are so grossly insulted, -not reasoned with, but knocked down, trampled on, and passed over,—the titles of God, though his existence is virtually acknowledged—are so indecently sported with, and in such blasphemous paradoxes, coupled with all that is frightful, disgusting, and detestable, that it may safely be asserted, no single individual, retaining one spark of religious feeling, can ever have had that spark extinguished by Shelley's Fairy Queen. Her diction is at all times, when theology is not, and it is not long her exclusive topic, highly wrought and magnificent in the extreme; and the progress of her magic car to the realms where Ianthe, the sleeping heroine, is to be tutored in ignorance, and a prospective view of the Millennium,

are depicted in the most gorgeous and masterly style. The former incident, is obviously the foundation of one of the finest scenes in "Cain." and the latter is as an imaginative description, perhaps not excelled in any poem whatsoever. But enough of "Queen Mab," which we should not have mentioned, but for its concentration of the same poetical powers which are displayed in a more diffuse and unequal manner throughout the posthumous volume under notice. The principal piece, "The Spirit of Solitude," has before appeared in print, as have also most of the Translations, which latter are astonishingly fluent and spirited. minor poems are peculiarly remarkable for a most incongruous mixture of the sublime and the "finicking."-Many a stanza,-many a line, of which the opening is in a strain at once both fervid and majestic, is concluded with as babyish a conceit or expression as ever satisfied the very silliest of sonnetteering simpletons. Not a whit more ludicrous would be a giant stalking onward with a little paper pigtail at his back. These objections, however, a revisal of such passages would in all probability have obviated, for it is not easy to conceive that the author of even the two brief extracts we subjoin, could have been long unillumined by flashes of true inspiration, or unprovided with language, wherein, as in a lamp, the celestial fire might be worthily preserved for the enlightening of less favored souls.

qualised THE FUGITIVES.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing,
Away!

To his voice the mad weather

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster-bell's ringing,
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man and worm,
Have crept out of the storm
Come away:

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helm's man is pale;
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted he.

And she cried: "Ply the oar! Put off gaily from shore!"

oxy of the line

Come, Come,

As she spoke, bolts of death, The former in-Mixed with hail, specked their path ne finest scenes in "Cain, O'er the sea. is as an imaginative non, perhaps not excelled in winch we should And from isle, tower, and rock, rewood last one The blue beacon-cloud broke; tronghout in the blast, ounde fast and The red cannon flashed fast of Solitade," has before appeared it mora as have also most of the Translations, which latter are astonishingly fluent and spirited. minor poems are peculiarly avoy bib akolo-bod and necongruous mixture of the sublime and the "fimekingvol bank boyol safea, -many a line, of which the opening is structed and stand boold right and majestic, is conchided with as baby saucasid buord rumning years ever satisfied the very silliest of sonnetteering simplifing not a whit more ludicrous would be a giant state of the last of the back. pigtail at his back. These objections, however notion it saisfauom sail es would in all probefilled bar award with ale that the author of bability have obviated, Sunk, shatter'd, and shifted the Board owt out nove been long unillumined by flashes of true inspiration bus bris or provided with language, wherein, as in a lamp, the celestial are might be worthily preserved for

In the court of the fortress, the self of gainst lights of Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame and shadward

On the topmost-watch turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father—
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame:

And with curses as wild

As ere clung to child,

He devotes to the blast

The best, loveliest, and last,

Of his name!

Wreek-sinoon aftromotion:

the earth is like ocean.

Art thou pale for weariness. H
Of climbing heaven, and
Looking down on earth?
Wandering companionless,
Among the stars that have A
A different birth! blod A
And ever changing, like a dw
Joyless eye,
That finds no object worth
Lise constancy? and but A

of the daily papers. With these criticisms, we were aware, such a publication would have to contestant and less into consideration the strength of the opponents, we for eson the necessity of the conductor of a dramatic magazine coming forward with more than ordinary power. Taking for granted, that the views of others, on the subject, would be similar to our own, we looked forward with worsiderable pleasure and expectancy to the appearance of the "Inamatic Guardian, or The trical Register and Review," the Magazine which we are about to

linger the above title we purpose to notice such periodical publications as, from time to time, may increase the number of those already in existence. We doubt not that, in this duty, we shall have frequent occasion to speak in approbation of the individuals to whom the public may be indebted for such an extension of their means of amusement and instruction; but, on the other hand, we have cause to fear that, at times, we shall be necessitated to speak in less favourable terms of the parties to whom our observations may apply. We will not say that, in point of number, there are already too many Magazines and Reviews in this country: but, as regards the quality of some of them, we would certainly wish that number lessened. Hence then, admitting our judgment to be correct, it is essentially necessary to exercise a certain sevemy of criticism in investigating the claims of any new candidate for the public's patronage. This duty we shall fearlessly perform: and though we shall, at all times, be glad to mete out a due portion of our praise, to those who are deserving of it; we shall, still, when we find it neces-

sary, be equally ready in expressing our censure.

We have just said, we do not consider there are already too many magazines in this country; we will now go a little further, and say that, in our opinion, there are not enough. We would wish to see some penodical publication attached to every profession; that the members of it might be enabled, through such a medium, to have a free communication of ideas. There is no occupation, however low, which we would exclude from such a benefit. There is science in every thing; and on this principle, we contend that the advantage, of which we have been speaking, should be universal. It would require, we apprehend, no such arguments as these to demonstrate the advantages of a magazine devoted to the histrionic art. Play-houses are become places of so general resort, and the stage has so powerful an effect upon the passions, that it would be an act of supererogation to attempt to prove the value of such a publication. If conducted with energy, (without the command of which no work can be of extensive service,) it might have a very commanding influence over the professors of the art to which it was devoted, and be of infinite benefit to society generally. It would be a curb upon the immoralities of the stage; and by an impartial application of its commendation and censure, it would be as beneficial in its effect as it would be interesting in its object.

With these views before us, we had long wished for the appearance of some work of the kind, which might, in a measure, supersede those hasty, though frequently clever, theatrical critiques, which appear in many

of the daily papers. With these criticisms, we were aware, such a publication would have to contend; and, taking into consideration the strength of the opponents, we foresaw the necessity of the conductors of a dramatic magazine coming forward with more than ordinary power. Taking for granted, that the views of others, on the subject, would be similar to our own, we looked forward with considerable pleasure and expectancy to the appearance of the "DRAMATIC GUARDIAN, or Theatrical Register and Review," the Magazine which we are about to notice.

The first number of this work was published on Saturday the 16th instant; and it now becomes our duty to state, that so tame and powerless a production has seldom fallen beneath our observation. This may be considered a harsh opinion—but it is, neverthelesss, perfectly just. If we had nothing to take into account beyond the feelings of the writer or writers engaged in it, we should, probably, for their sakes, have given it a milder character; but, the claims which the public have upon us, are paramount to such a consideration, and we have done our duty ac-

cordingly. The introductory address begins thus-

"The present undertaking has been suggested by the evident want of a publication dedicated to the profession of the histrionic Art; and in the pages of which they may find a faithful and comprehensive record of every thing passing in the Dramatic World. In the execution of the plan adopted, the utmost exertion shall be made to fulfil every reasonable expectation which our Prospectus may have excited; but, considering the extensiveness of the objects embraced, we may be allowed to ask some slight indulgence for any deficiencies that may appear in our first number. It requires some practice to make any complicated machinery run quite smoothly—it can hardly be expected to do so at first. Thus much in justice to ourselves, though we do not feel any very serious apprehension on this head."

This is exceedingly milk-and-waterish. The language is weak, and the ideas are "stale and unprofitable." What can the writer possibly mean by the profession of the Art? and for whom does the word they stand? There is certainly no noun going before it to which it can allude. These are glaring inaccuracies, and prove the writer to be very unpractised in his profession. Deficiencies appearing in, appears to us, rather a singular mode of expression. It is idle to talk of the practice requisite to make the machinery of the Magazine run smoothly. The object of such a work is evident; and to men of talent, the means of effecting it are equally defined. The first number, then, should be a specimen of the succeeding ones, and not a specimen of what they are not to be. We like to see an undertaking begun with confidence and vigour, and not in dilatoriness and apprehensions.

In the next paragraph the writer states the Magazine to be intended "to fill up a vacuum in the periodical literature of the day; by affording the members of the British Stage an exclusive medium for the interchange of ideas and information."-It is silly for the Magazine to have any such object. The intention may be good, but what probability is there of any one being benefitted by it? "The members of the British

Stage," are the least likely persons in the world to interchange ideas in Magazine. If, indeed, they were to attempt to do so, what could be expected from them more than their particular views of certain characters? but these, they have other, and more effectual means of in which he supported the lusty knight (what's the reason igniquely)

MA little further on it is said is year of it sould a sound out to smood

d

"There is one difficulty which strikes us in regard to the manner in which such a work ought to be conducted. We allude to the importance of preserving a strict line of independence between the profession and the public: - to escape the charge of partiality on the one side, and of hosfilty on the other. It is in this instance, certainly, our desire to serve two masters: -- whether we shall succeed in pleasing both is another matter. Certain, however, we are, that we will not be induced by any private feelings to swerve from the principles of public rectitude."

This is mawkish in the extreme. The writer must have been sadly at a loss for a few ideas wherewith to form an address of three short columns, to be obliged to talk in such a no-meaning manner. First, there is a difficulty to preserve a strict line of independence, that is, to be honestand then comes a determination "not to swerve from the principles of public rectitude," and presto there is no difficulty. Master Guardian,

"you are too shallow, much too shallow." with well a hill the and shallow."

This perfectly original address, is followed by a letter signed Candidus, "who desires, very earnestly, to know if Miss Paton has become one flesh with Lord Lennox." We are almost led to suppose, from the warm manner in which the writer expresses his sentiments, that he must, at no distant period, have had serious intentions to make Miss Paton, Mrs. Candidus. He says, "Well then, is the young lady married, or is she not married?" "Aye, there's the rub!" And he concludes the letter with the following passage, which, if it does not speak of disappointed love, of what does it speak? "that is the question." "That so sweet a vocalist and so deservedly a favourite as Miss Paton, should have involved herself in so unfortunate a difficulty (that is to be marned to Lord Lennox!) no one can lament more than—CANDIDUS."

This epistle is followed by a page of extracts from play-bills, and another page of original remarks on the getting up of Der Freischutz at Covent Garden; and then come ten columns of-of what? think yewhy of extracts from the daily papers: the whole of which we, and thousands besides, had read before. More play-bills follow, and then a series of criticisms on the weekly performances at five Theatres, which

occupy the whole of one page. and had we had we had not be one I stanto From these we shall select the first, in order that our readers may be enabled to judge of the critical talents (they certainly are very critical,) which are brought to bear upon the work. It is a critique on the per-

formances at the Haymarket Theatre.

"Mrs. W. West made her first appearance at this theatre on Monday evening, in the character of Lydia Languish, in Sheridan's comedy of The Rivals (we know she did). The character is not one of those in which she is most adapted to shine; it is too young for her; (that is to say, she is too old for the character;) but she was well received and warmly applauded, (or, in other words, she got on very well.)

"Madame Vestris took her benefit on Tuesday se'nnight, the performance was the Merry Wives of Windsor. Mr. Dowton was the representative of Sir John Falstaff (to be sure, the play bills told us so). We have not space this week to enter into any detailed notice of the manner in which he supported the lusty knight (what's the reason? what has become of the space?) Suffice it to say it was very fine, (elegant, comprehensive criticism.) Mr. Harley enacted Master Slender perhaps as well as any actor on the stage could represent the part; (how was that?) but we have seen it better done, (by whom?) Mrs. Williams, Mrs. W. West, Madame Vestris, as Mrs. Page, and Miss Povey as Ann Page, contributed their respective talents in the most satisfactory manner-(These ladies and gentlemen figure like a lot of sundries at an auction.) Mr. Dowton has since been engaged for the remainder of the season. We should, however, recommend the manager to pay a little more attention to the orchestra. A word to the wise. By the way, we wonder what has put The Times in such an ill humour this season with the company at this theatre. The tone of asperity which it has adopted, in speaking of this establishment, has evinced a degree of virulence, not very creditable to that paper, the general fairness and justice of which, in its theatrical criticisms, we do not mean to question. But in using such language as it did a few days ago, when it spoke of having "been poisoned all the summer by the people at the Haymarket," it certainly indulged in a latitude of expression neither becoming nor merited."

Extracts from, or if we must call them so, reviews of two new books, together with miscellaneous extracts, finish the number. We have carefully measured the original matter, and find it to be a little more than five pages out of sixteen. To this account we have only to add, that the motto of the work is a passage selected from an old comedy, and is of very equivocal import. "If this goose be not well feathered, our hopes nointed love, of whit does it speak? "that is the quest" qu'nwold are

have involved herself in so unfortunate a difficulty (that is to be man-

an sweet my ocalist and so deservedly a favourite as Miss Paton, should

ried to Lord Loundril no one call toment more than -Canbidus." and MERCURY, in order to know what estimation he bore among men, went to the house of a famous statuary, where he cheapened a Jupiter and a Juno. He then, seeing a Mercury with all his symbols, " Here am I," said he to himself, "in the quality of Jupiter's messenger, and the patron of artisans, with all my trade about me; and now will this fellow ask me fifteen times as much for that statue as he did for the others?" and so demanded what was the value of that piece. " Why truly," says the statuary, "you seem to be a civil gentleman; give me but my price for the other two, and you shall have that into the bargain."

rs. W. West made her figsyspeasere at this theatre on Monday

which are brought to bear upon the work, altis a critique on the per-

formances at the Haymarket Theatre. In

THE Abbe Sieyes being asked, "When he considered the French Revolution would end?" replied, in a verse of the Magnificat, "When the hungry are filled with good things, and the rich are sent empty away."

warmly applauded, (or, in other words, she got on very well.)

as I can begin, I will transcribe Tadqy on the concluding coupleten

the whole twelve Cantos, but that you may perceive I can end as well

The cruel carlew telled the kneil of parting day, When the spirit of poor old Laz'rus passed away.

SIR.

ABOUT four years ago, the writer of this letter took it into his head to be a poet—and a poet he became accordingly. He was none of your shill-ishall-i fellows, who do things by halves. He scorned to demean himself in penning sonnets to the moon, and lyrics to the nightingale. He was above the creeping process of going the dull round of the Magazines. No, Sir, the writer set lustily to work, and brought out a regular tive-shilling poem. (Here the Editor is requested to join the Writer in the following dialogue.)

Editor. Pray, Sir, what sort of a poem was it?

Writer. Oh! a pathetic one, highly pathetic, I assure you. I read it in manuscript several times to my landlady, poor widowed Mrs. Lumbercourt, and the tender-hearted old soul did nothing but cry all the time I was repeating it, and heave such bitter sighs, and look so wistfully upon me, and—

Editor. But what could there possibly be in the poem to excite your

landlady's sensibility in such an extraordinary manner?

Writer. Its title, Sir, will unfold that. It was called, "A Lament of Lazarus Lumbercourt, who lost his Life of the Lumbago." (There's an exquisite touch at alliteration for you.)

Editor. A very promising title. I suppose you wrote it in the

Spenserian stanza?

Writer. By no means, Sir; it was a regular epic poem, written in Alexandrines.

Editor. And how, may I enquire, did you divide your subject?
Writer. You shall hear. It opened, as all poems ought to do, with an invocation to the Muses, thus:

Descend, ye nine, your humble votary inspire,
And fill his panting breast with your celestial fire;
O! come, like sweet Camilla, scouring o'er the plain,
Pour down your favours on him like a shower of rain.

Woes, and the man I sing, who died of the lumbago,
Whom nought could save, not even arrow-root and sago;
Of humble trade, (yet far above his fellow-varment,)
He made coats, waistcoats, and—I cannot mention 'tother garment.
He was, and here, I say, deny it ye who can,
That master-piece of workmanship—an honest man,
He was a muster tailor, too, knight of the needle,
Sometimes a constable, and always parish beadle;
All strolling vagabonds he treated with opprobia,
And killed all wicked dogs that had the hydrophobia,
From which 'twas said by certain defamating wights,
That Laz'rus was the man who slew the Canineites.

This, Sir, is the opening of my Poem. I will not trouble you with

the whole twelve Cantos, but that you may perceive I can end as well as I can begin, I will transcribe for you the concluding couplet.

The cruel curfew tolled the knell of parting day, When the spirit of poor old Laz'rus passed away.

I must now tell you, Mr. Editor, that in comparison with this, all the poetry that has hitherto appeared in your magazine is mere trash. Your publication I tell you is in want of a poet—such a poet as I am; and if it please your editorship, I'm your man. There is, you must perceive, a freshness, and originality about my lines, seldom to be met with. 'Tis none of the "heart and impart" stuff which my uncle, Leigh Hunt, used to speak against, till the bile rose in his stomach to such a degree, that his face became as yellow as his buck-skin breeches. Oh! Mr. Editor, if you could only behold me when I take long strides across my study, you would, indeed, acknowledge that I am gifted with the genuine unadulterated vis poetica. Poetry, Sir, poetry, as a friend of mine says, is the art of lying; and if you want an original genius in that department, as I said before, I'm your man. Oh! I can mourn over withered hopes that were never in blossom, I can sing of eyes that never inspired me, I can dwell upon joys I never felt, and picture sorrows which I never wish to feel:

At love ditties, Sir, I'm quite an Ovid. I could write upon love, till there should not be an old maid or a bachelor in the kingdom; and as to the young maids, bless their little hearts, I'd turn 'em all mad, stark, staring mad. You should have seen me, Mr. Editor, when I was a young fellow, "I was the boy for bewitching 'em;" and what did it, think ye? Why, my poetry, to be sure. Did I not write upon their lips and eyes, verses as beautiful as the lips and eyes themselves?

These remarks, I should imagine, are sufficient to convince you of the service I can render to you in the poetical department of your Magazine. I, as you must have perceived, am an original writer; and I can now tell you, that I have discovered several very important errors in the old system of poetry, which I intend forthwith to correct. With mentioning one of these, I shall conclude my letter. It has been common with poets to talk of their hearts being full of sorrow, and their breasts overflowing with joy. Now this is exceedingly nonsensical, for any body who knows any thing of metaphysics, can prove that the heart and the breast have as little to do with happiness and grief as the great-toe or the elbow. I hope you begin to perceive I am able to do great things for you. Pray let me know how many guineas a sheet you give for poetry?

Later Sir, is the opening of my Poem. I will not unable you with

I remain, Sir, toot od zpinceugav guillous liA.

Your obedient and very humble Servant,

J. H. H.

Lord Byron and Mr. Exclusive ON BEING EXCLUSIVE TIM bas nervel brod

I no not agree with moralists when they insist on the inefficacy of advice. On the contrary, I believe there is scarcely a mind on which advice, if properly administered, would not produce much effect. If we sufficiently consider that the mind of man is peculiarly susceptible to impressions, above all if we reflect on ourselves, as willing and capable to be acted on by advice, we ought not to conclude that advice never produces any effect. When I look back on my past life, of no great length, however, I find many periods wherein, if I had had proper advice, especially on literary and scientific subjects, I should, to say the least, have been much more fortunate; I should have relinquished more quickly many errors into which I had fallen, and escaped falling into many others into which I have fallen—how inestimable is well-timed advice.

Advice, however, is like physic, seldom palatable; and, like physic, it may be given various ways, by encouragement and kindness, by secrecy and insinuation, by force and severity, and, lastly, in large and small quantities; and happy is he who finds a physician or adviser that suits the matter and mode to the exigences of his case.

Now I profess to have taken both advice and medicine from others; why, therefore, should I not acquit myself of the obligation, at least in part, for if I cannot give medicine I may give advice, which, if not so valuable a commodity as the former, has the advantage of being dispensed freely.

I advise then, not only all young readers, writers, talkers, and thinkers, but also old ones, of whatsoever " nation, country, or tongue," that they be not exclusive in their judgments on books, men, and opinions; observe, I say, judgments, not taste; there is a standard of judgment, TRUTH, but not of tastes. To any individual I would say, never conclude that you are right, and all the rest of the world are wrong, never conclude that the authors you admire most, are the best. If you happen to prefer the poets to men of science, never conclude that the sciences are useless; if you happen to be young, do not imagine you will always be so. If you entertain an opinion to day, do not conclude that you will always retain it -no, your mind will as certainly change as that your head will become first grey and then bald. Do not be exclusive; to be exclusive is to be the companion of youth, inexperience, ignorance, obstinacy. To be comprehensive is the result of age, observation, learn-There are two or three paths to almost every object, to every place, not excluding heaven itself. Let us not be angry with those who will not travel in our path, and in our company; let them go as they please, and let us take all possible care that in attending to others, we do not forget ourselves. In homeof test soline vilinoist

A lover of Milton should read Shakspeare; and the admirers of both should read and study Bacon, Locke, and Newton. There is a vast difference between those who make Pope the best of the English poets, and those who make him no poet at all. There is a vast difference between

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Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles. And there is as much genius in the "Lake School of poetry" as in many others, or in any other school of poetry. And I think Wordsworth at least as good a poet as Thomson or Young. And why is not the "Cockney School" as good a school as the "Lake School?" And why are not land poets as good as water poets? Let us not be exclusive, we have only to learn a science to admire it; to be ignorant of it and despise it. Science and literature mutually benefit each other, to deprive mankind of either would be the means to destroy both. The stars in the firmament are as much indebted to the firmament as the firmament to the stars. Poets, mathematicians, and philosophers, are all entitled to the veneration of each other and of mankind.

many others into which I have fallen how inestimable is well-timed

And have I learnt the fatal truth at last,

That life is but a long, mysterious dream?

On comes the awful hour, and let it come,
When the cold earth will claim this kindred clay.
The world is nought to me—for joy is dumb,
And every faithless hope hath passed away.

But where are those bright spirits now?

The grave hath closed upon them—and the dew

Of death lies damp and cold upon each brow

There was a time, when lovely visions stolers you are the conclude that you are lots enoisively when lovely visions are lost you are used that the author; nisrd ym for established that the author; nisrd ym for established that the poets to men, those ym the poets to men the same of the poets to men the same of the poets to the poets to day, do not conclude that you will be so. If you entertain an opinion to day, do not conclude that you will be so.

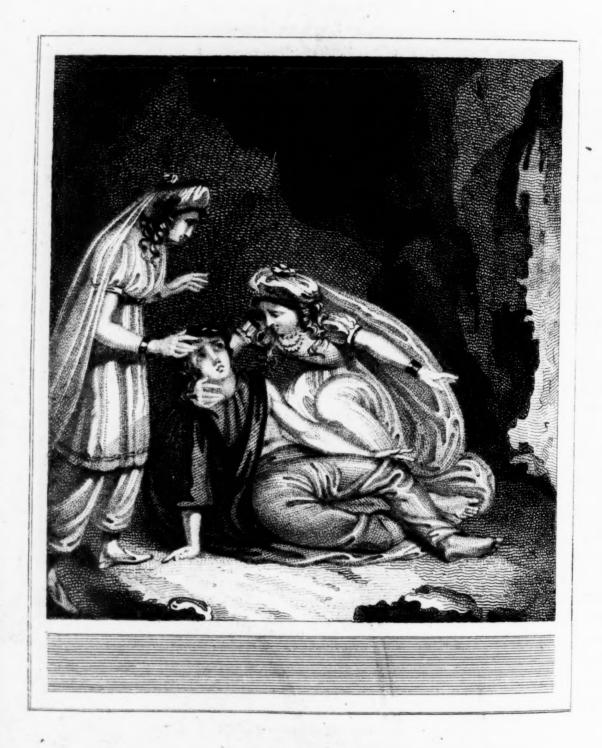
There was a time, when such an eve as this, on the nices a will add at the Brought with it every earthly pleasure; and amount has a standard of the such as a standard of the

Then freely went the mantling goblet round, but the mantle goblet round, b

A lover of Milton should read Shakspeare; and the admirers of both should read and study bayway a cylindrial bar those who have between those we won stridge thighed beach are between those who make web and the admired based who make web and the admired based who make web and the admired based of death lies damp and cold upon each both of death lies damp and cold upon each brow.

J. H. H.

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LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

London Published by William Charlton Wright 6. Paternoster Kom

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LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

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(Subject of the Plate.)

As we originally promised to give an illustration of some part in each of Lord Byron's works, it would be a breach of faith if we were to pass over his Don' Juan. On this account, and not from a partiality to the work itself, we presented to our readers the engraving which accompanied the eleventh part of our Magazine. Don Juan was evidently his Lordship's favourite production, and if he had divested it of its indecencies and immoralities, it was certainly not calculated to injure his literary reputation. Many of our cotemporaries have condemned the work as being dull and prosy, at the head of whom, as far as this opinion is concerned, stands our learned brother of the Literary Gazette. Much as we may admire this and their intentions, we cannot but call in question the propriety of the means by which they have endeavoured to effect their object. Much as we may dread the disease, we condemn the remedy. As a literary production Don Juan is studded with beauties, and as literary men we admire them.— As a work calculated to destroy our best principles, we, as members of society, visit it with our severest condemnation.

Uncontaminated as are the minds of thousands of our youth, and characterized as our females are for their delicacy of conduct; it is to be lamented that their feelings should be polluted by gross and immoral publications. Lord Byron, however, is not the only writer whose pen has warred against our virtues. There are many living authors we could ennumerate, whose works are far from being free from such pollution. This, we confess, does not palliate the offence in his Lordship; but it will serve to show, that whilst he has been exposed to the severest censure of society, others, whose productions are of an equally dangerous tendency, have been allowed to pass unnoticed. Don Juan, we repeat, is a dangerous work -it is in many parts alarmingly impious, but still it is the production of Lord Byron, and as such we have, in accordance with our plan, given a design from it. The passage which the artist has selected for illustration will be found in the following stanza from the second Canto of the Poem :-

"'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

PART XIII.—51.

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VOL. II.

"Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung Around his scarce-clad limbs: and the fair arm Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;

And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm, Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm; And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

"And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant—one
Young, yet elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave

Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

"Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,

They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air There was a something which bespoke command, As one who was a lady in the land.

"Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,

Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength,'

TO MARY.

Mary, come and bless the home That's desolate without thee; Come, and dissipate the gloom That hovers o'er about me.

Come array'd in pleasure's hues,
Come and ever cheer me;
Come, and happiness diffuse
Round him that loves thee dearly.

Come, and with thy smiles impart
The happiness I sigh for;
Come and twine around my heart
The love that I would die for.

J. E. H.

A COUNTRY FUNERAL.

When I first left the remote mountain valley, in which my fore-fathers had lived for a period, respecting which tradition saith nothing, to mingle with the many-visaged forms of busy life, few of the strange things which attracted my attention struck me more forcibly, or gave me at the time more disadvantageous impressions of the feelings of man in a congregated state, than the pompous, but heartless formality with which the last offices for the dead are conducted. Death in a in a crowded city is an every day occurrence, and like every other incident, however impressive its effect, is lost in its frequency.

A person whose living lies between death and the grave, and whose name and occupation are unknown in human life, undertakes the performance of the funeral ceremonial, and gives his official assurance that all the formalities which custom has sanctioned as a substitute for sorrow shall be strictly observed; and he performs his duty with scrupulous exactness—not a weeper is wanting, not a mourner out of

his place:

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But what effect is all the hired "mockery of woe," to the simple reality which may be witnessed at the funeral of the venerated father of a family in a country parish. I attended to a place where his ancestors were to rest the remains of an ancient friend of my grey-headed father. The body was carried from the house by his domestic servants, and placed on a couple of chairs at the door, where my father offered a prayer "to him in whose hands we all are."—Four sons of the deceased then placed the body on their shoulders (a duty which they would not for any consideration have delegated to other hands), and carried it towards the hearse which stood at a short distance, while the whole of the assembled multitude joined in the solemn hymn:

"Farewell, vain world I must thee leave! "To dust I must return."

The body being placed in the hearse, upwards of a hundred individuals mounted their horses, and accompanied it to the place of interment, which was in the parish church-yard of E-, more than six miles off. When the procession (in which no other attempt at regularity was observable than that the hearse went first, and the relatives of the deceased kept close behind it) arrived within about a mile of its destination, the small antique chnrch, with its little grey-tower, appeared in view, and the faint distant sound of its tolling bell was first heard .-A slight stop took place at the entrance of the village, when, the horses of the riders being secured, the four sons who had lifted the body before, now took it again upon their shoulders. The minister was standing at the gate of the church yard, ready to perform the last duty of his sacred office, and the procession advanced towards him singing to a mournful melody one of the sweetest songs of Zion. The venerable pastor under whose ministry the deceased had sat for nearly half a century, turned with the procession, and beginning with

soon nearly filled. The service was read with the solemnity and pathos which so few know how to give to that beautiful composition, and the body was laid in the dark and narrow house, into which the friends who had followed it, continued to look while any part of the coffin remained uncovered. The sons turned, two and two, and walked towards their houses together, and the blessing of him whom their father worshipped was upon them.

R. E.

THE VISIONS OF YOUTH.

Oh! what delightful visions steal
Upon us, when the heart is young;
When first, with extacy, we feel
That all its strings to love are strung.

or the dead are conducted to the other

The heart, indeed, breathes music then:
There's minstrelsy in all its feeling,
As sweet as that which thrills us, when
Heaven's light upon the soul is stealing.

And there is one, one holy tone,
We fondly hope to part with never,
Whose echoes, tho each joy be gone,
Will linger in the heart for ever.

What, the envious world may frown,
Or, the a few may prove unkind;
Like April clouds, those frowns melt down,
And brighter glows the light behind.

We dream of nought but summer skies,
And flowers of summer ne'er to die;
And all our pleasures, as they rise,
Are c'er unmingled with a sigh.

Delightful hours! when thus we dream,

Ere chilling care the bosom closes;

Whilst time seems lingering, and we deem,

The world is but a world of roses.

But, ah! how soon those visions fade!

How soon that heavenly music ceases!

Whilst, every hour, a deeper shade

The darkness of the breast increases.

How soon the cheated heart is taught,
Those lovely skies but falsely shone;
That life with every woe is fraught—
That all our brightest joys are gone.

Now nought but gloom pervades the mind;
False hope has quenched its guiding fires;
And now, at every step, we find
The world is but a path of briars.

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How fatiguing is the life of an editor! His labour, as they say of woman's, is never done; his cares, his anxieties, his researches, his cogitations, have no end. Every revolving scene brings him a fresh task; every coming night sends him to his pillow, not to sleep, but to meditate upon some subject which is likely to take with the public, and to increase the fame of the diurnal over which he presides; if tired nature should perchance yield him a prisoner to the arms of Morpheus, even then he does not become oblivious to the occupation of the day: the voice of the devil (the printer's I mean) still rings in his ears, bawling for copy: and whilst on one hand, some few flatterers are lauding his labours to the skies—on the other, the public are denouncing them as "as stale, flat, and unprofitable;" he wakes, and the same routine of duty as before hand, the same never-varying

course of care and trouble, opens to his view.

Yet he has some pleasures, to counterbalance his pains and privations. In a certain niche, he is looked up to as the oracle of opinion—the arbiter of fashion and of taste. He hears his works quoted and perused; and finds all obedient to his nod, and ready to do any thing to acquire the distinction of being noticed by so important a personage as an editor. In the circle of his contributors too, he reigns supreme. There he can make himself amends for whatever slights the world may cast upon him: there, enthroned in all but, imperial state, he issues forth his mandates, and dooms his victims to rigid criticism. On his fiat depends the fate of many a young and aspiring author; to him many a youth, whose mania for scribbling cannot be controlled, looks up with humble hope for the high honour of being admitted as a contributor to his pages: elated with the deference paid him, and proud of the distinction which it is in his power to confer, he forgets the bitters which mingle in his cup of sweets; he seems exalted to something above humanity,—and at length, like Philip's

"Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,—
And seems to shake the spheres."

There are few among the numerous readers of a periodical journal, who are capable of appreciating the difficulties of an editor's situation; or who have any idea of the multifarious talents which the public require him to possess. In former times, if a newspaper contained notices of the foreign and home news, with a list of births, marriages, and deaths, like a parish register, it was quite sufficient to satisfy its readers. But those halcyon days for editors are over.

A journal now which aspires to distinction, must "fly at all in the ring;" no subject must be too high, none too low for attention; no science must be too abstruse, no amusement too trifling, for discussion;—the fate of empires must be adjusted, and the fashion of a lady's curl described, in the same page; and in one the

editor is required to fix the canon of criticism in the fine arts,-in another to describe a prize fight. He must be a diplomatist, an astronomer, a musician,-in fact, he must possess all knowledge, from that which is requisite in a first minister of state, to the humble acquirements of the fancy ;-and he must be able to decide with the same degree of ease and promptitude in the disputes between two rival sovereigns, as in a casual set-to between a costermonger and a coal-man. It is needless to say, that where so much is required, something must be wanting; and that although the editor of a public journal is supposed by his readers to be endowed both with ubiquity and with omniscience—yet, that he is after all, only a man, he must sometimes fall short of their expectation, and disappoint them by the

mediocrity, the paucity, or the incorrectness of his details.

Then there is another species of correspondents, who under the pretence of giving advice, are the most abominable, saucy, and impudent fellows in the world; and who modestly give their crude suggestions as infallible axioms, which if you do not obey, you must lose their invaluable friendship and support. Thus, one will tell you, "your paper is insupportably dull, and he can't read it, unless it contains an account of all the prize fights, and other occurrences in the sporting world;" another declares that " if you pollute your volumes with such trash, he will cease to take in your journal." One correspondent thinks your paper of too literary a cast, and wishes you to give a little more variety, and now and then to pop in a few remarkable and horrid accidents—or a bloody murder: "those are the things," says he, "to make it sell." A second says, that you "fill your paper with a collection of stories only fit for old women—and begs to have a luminous critique on the various works of taste and imagination, as they appear." Mr. Dismal says, the paper is "too dull;" whilst Miss Prue thinks, "it has not a sufficiently serious turn." Miss Languish begs for "a little more poetry," and hopes, "you will let it be all about love;" whilst Farmer Giles writes to you "to leave out all that stuff of poetics, and put in more about the price of corn, and such like." A sentimental young lady, who signs herself Flirtilla, begs that you "will put in all the pretty little love stories you can pick up;"-whilst her maiden aunt says, " you ought not to suffer the word love to appear in print." Horace Gadabout wishes you to be particular in giving spirited and copious notices of the drama;" whilst Mr. Cantwell desires, that "his paper may be discontinued, unless you omit all mention of such heinous and abominable proceedings."-Thus every man wishes his own particular taste to be gratified, without any regard to his neighbours; and the only way in which an editor can act, is, to disregard all such partial solicitations, and to keep on the even tenor of his way, without paying any respect to the confined views of his correspondents.

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ORIGINAL LETTER OF BURNS.

We have, this day, the pleasure of laying before our readers, a letter from the celebrated Scotch poet, Burns, which has not before met the public eye. We hope to be indebted to the gentleman, who has favoured us with it, for many other interesting communications, as we are well aware of the extent and value of the store which his extensive connexions, his taste, and his industry, have enabled him to collect.

On the authenticity of the poet's epistle, we deem it unnecessary to say more than that the copy from which our's was taken, was made from the original, while in the possession of the individual to whom it was addressed; and it was given to us, accompanied with the following explanatory account of the circumstances in which it originated:—

"The following letter from the celebrated poet, Burns, was written to the late Mr. Robert P—n, of Alnwick. Mr. P. was eminently distinguished as a pious and philanthropic character; and he was also capable of appreciating highly the beauty of Burns' poems; but he felt the deepest regret that many of them were of an immoral and dangerous tendency to the minds of his readers, as well as injurious to the best interests of the bard himself."

Sir,—I have always held it a maxim in life, that in this bad world, those who truly wish us well, are entitled to a pretty large share at least of our gratitude; that you are so obliging as to interest yourself in my most important concerns, I can easily see by your rather extraordinary letter.

When good will to a fellow creature leads us a little out of the ordinary line, it is not only excusable, but highly laudable. Accept my thanks, Sir, as sincere as your advice, and believe me to be,

Your obliged humble servant, R. Burns.

Edinburgh-Nov. 14th, 1787.

Burns has been characterized by one who stands "if not first, in the very first line" of literary men in this country, as a person who was utterly inaccessible to all friendly advice." But advice is a medicine which few people know how to administer; and we doubt not, that in the way in which it was often administered to Burns, its effects were very different from those which were expected. To the manner in which he received admonition, when he was convinced that the adviser had no selfish feeling to gratify, the letter which we have here introduced to the public will bear honourable testimony. It was written in the very noon-tide of his popularity, at the commencement of the second winter which he spent in Edinburgh, when every man whom Scotland was proud of, vied with his fellow in doing him honour; and when his prospects of the future were all that a poet delights to image. He had just returned from an extensive tour; with all the devotion of a pilgrim, he had visited the fields which the

valour of the heroes of other days had immortalized, and the mountains which fathered the storms of his dear native country; and he had been received with welcome and gratulation in the venerable halls of her hereditary nobles,—when he received a letter of admonition and advice from a stranger, of whose name he had never heard: but the letter of his monitor bore the impress of sincerity, and it was received in the spirit of one who looked only at the motive which dictated it.

Perhaps no poet was ever, during his life, so much honoured in his own land, as Burns was in Scotland. He is, in fact, the poet of his nation. His is not the reputation of Milton, nor the reputation of Shakspeare, which, great as it is, and during as it may be, is but as a distant echo to the great body of living men, even in this our native country. His works form part of the library of every Scotchman; and they are read with equal delight in the cottage of the shepherd, and in the mansion of the duke.

We have often thought it surprising, that the spirit of the dialect in which this gifted individual wrote, should be understood so thoroughly as it is in a district which comprehends all Scotland; when, in England, the local songs of one country are often nearly

unintelligible in every other.

We made an incursion during the summer into the land of clouds and darkness, where we bought a little collection of songs in the paties of the district, called the TYNESIDE SONGSTER. Now we had fancied ourselves able to master almost any thing printed in the modern roman character; but really this collection of northern melodies has put us a little out of conceit with our skill. What think our readers of the following stanza from an anthem entitled,

"BAB CRANKY'S SIZE SUNDAY ?"

Ki Geordy, we leave i' yen raw, wyet,
I' yen corf we byeth gan belaw, wyet;
At aw things aw've play'd
And to hew aw'm not flay'd
Wi' sic in a chep as Bab Cranky.

Or of the following, from what appears to be an account of a voyage in

"JEMMY JONESON'S WHURRY ?"

The leykin myed me vurry wauf,
Me heed turn'd duzzy, vurry;
Me leuks, aw'm shure, wad opyend a cauf
Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

We doubt not that our readers are generally as unable as we profess ourselves to be to estimate the merits of these stanzas; but we were informed, notwithstanding, "in the place where they grew," that the compositions from which they are extracted are very meritorious compositions. We passed a few days very pleasantly among the dusky sons of the subterraneous regions, who chaunt these local ditties; and in some among them, over whose faces the ploughshare of civilization had passed, we saw indications of a soil worth cultivating. One of the more sober-minded among them we found engaged in the preparing of a local dictionary, and doubtless the public will thank us for shewing them, as we have here done, that the work is really a literary desideratum.

But we wander from Burns:—Let us contrast what we have given above, from the southern side of the border, with the following lines from his Halloween, in which, though the dialect is quite as remote from the English of London, the meaning is as clear to us, and to all other christian people, as it was to "the mind's eye" of the writer.

They hay't out Will wi' sair advice
They hecht him some fine brawane,
It chanc'd the stack he fathom'd thrice
Was timmer propt for thawin.
He took a swinlie auld moss oak
For some black growsome carlin,
An loat a winge, and drew a stroke
Till skin in blipes came harlin
Aff's nieves that night.

Or with the following admirable lines from

"THE AULD FARMER'S ADDRESS TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE."

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail, thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel fill'd briskit,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rairt and riskit
An' slypet owre.

Perhaps in no line that ever was penned was the sound more completely "an echo to the sense" than in the last line but one of the stanza just quoted:

"Till spritty knowes wad rairt and riskit."

But in this excellence, the poetry of Burns every where abounds.

Our object in this short paper was to introduce what is now a rarity, an unpublished Letter of Burns; the occasion has led us into some digressive, and (we admit it with all the sincerity of penitence), irrelevant remarks. We are far from wishing to have it believed, that we think the share which Burns had of prudence and discretion, and other saving virtues, was at all in such excess as to be a fit matter to account miraculous; but to

You wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but wark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly."

ASTOLING STREET

thought the the

We would address, in conclusion, the affectionate, philosophical, and christian advice contained in the following lines of the Bard;

"Then gently sean your brother man, Still gentler sister woman; Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang, To step aside is human: One point must still be greatly dark, The moving why they do it; And just as fairly can ye mark How far perhaps they rue it. Who made the heart, 'tis he alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord-its various tone,-Each spring—its various bias: Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted."

THE BROKEN PANE.

Our church clock, one of the best in England, had struck eight, and our breakfast table was still uncovered, when Elizabeth bustled unceremoniously into the parlour. From a tray, on which were jumbled cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and other equally important implements, she instantly proceeded, in a hurried manner, to arrange the requisites for breakfast. She had nearly completed her duty when,-appalling misfortune !- she discovered she had not laid the cloth.-" Was ever a poor creature so flurried?"-" who would have thought it so late ?"-" mistress will be here directly !"-were her instant exclamations, and away she flew. To verify the prediction, with the coffee pot in one hand, and a loaf in the other, Mrs. G. arrived; and in a few seconds Elizabeth returned with the unfortunate table-cloth. It was now nine minutes past eight, when these two opposing stars, warm for a rencontre, met on the threshold of the parlour door. Abuse, impertinencies, and needless reproaches, were bandied by each of these highly tongue-gifted females, and five minutes more quickly fled; the cloth was snatched from the servant's hand, and with the appellation of lazy slut, she was dismissed to the kitchen; there to boil the eggs and butter the toast, while the higher power was arranging matters above. But who can describe the allpowerful effect of passion? The richly burthened cream-jug mistook its centre, and its vaccine treasure soon mingled with the flowery covering of a Brussels carpet nearly new: I could bear no more, and hastily left the room. The bell was rung, Elizabeth recalled, and my now unfortunate hostess loud in her bewailings at the ruin of her excellent furniture. Soap, boiling water, towels, and flannels, were soon m requisition; and the whole house rung with the clattering of buckets, the scrubbing of carpets, and the heavy shoes of the servants: orders, revilings, bewailings, and exclamations, were echoed from one to the

other, with the rapidity of lightning, and the deafening clamour of thunder. Oh! ye superannuated housewives, meddling maiden aunts, and lately married old bachelors, tell me, were these matters so managed in your days?—Grey hairs, bald heads, dim eyes, spectacled noses, and all your host of sober authorities, I respect you. Sleep calmly on your shelves: be not degenerated by mingling in these

latter days of disorder and destruction.

I knew our servants were clean, active, and generally punctual, and their mistress fully qualified to supply their place: my curiosity was, therefore, not a little excited to learn the cause of these manifold misfortunes, and I soon traced their source: Sarah, Elizabeth, and Anne, generally lie snugly in their beds until their mistress's bell summoned them to their duty: now it appears a pane of glass had several days before been broken in Mrs. G.'s bed-room window, and the wind, on the night preceeding the aforesaid calamitous morning, having been very high and cold, she was induced to close the shutters for the purpose of excluding its chilling effects, but unfortunately the exclusion extended a little further—even to the warming

and warning rays of the following morning's sun.

In that comfortable situation in which we must all have found ourselves when snugly wrapped in linen and woollen covering, lay Mrs. G-, and equally comfortably laid the servants. "Bless me," said Sarah, giving Elizabeth a smartish salute with her elbow, "why an't you awake? as I'm alive, it must be past seven o'clock, I heard the milkman go by more than half an hour ago." Elizabeth muttered something about, "be quiet you slut," whilst Anne, who lay in a little cot by herself, at the other end of the room expostulated with Sarah upon the impropriety of her conduct. "I wonder you can make such a disturbance," said she, "when you know Mistress's bell has not rung, and it can't be much past six o'clock." "Tell, about past seven o'clock," said Elizabeth, who had, by this time unclosed the shutters of her eyes, "why you know the baker calls here at a quarter after seven, and—at this instant a tremendous knock at the front door announced the arrival of the baker's boy. Mrs. G's alarum was sounded, out of bed sprung the maids, and in a very short time they and their vinegar-visaged mistress-one without any shoes, another with her night-cap on, and a third with her stockings inside out, met in the kitchen. There every thing went wrong : one ordered, another ran; one stood still, another attempted to do something; so that between all little or nothing was done. In this state were affairs below, when, as I said before, our church clock warned them the breakfast hour had arrived.

At length matters were tolerably arranged—the bell again rung, and the family at 35 minutes past the usual time, were summoned to witness the distorted features of our lady president, hear a highly coloured and partial lecture on the badness of servants, eat eggs boiled 14 minutes, and sip cold coffee. Our meal was served without grace, no animating conversation sharpened our digestive powers, and nothing was heard save the clamours of Mrs. G., whose

volubility of speech formed a striking contrast to the continued. silence of those around her. Well, as the poet says,

"What great effects from little causes spring?"

Had the glass not been broken, or rather had it been mended in due time, Mrs. G. would have, as usual, called her servant at half past six, risen herself an hour after, seated herself comfortably at her parlour fire, and been ready as usual to greet her inmates with smiles, kind enquiries, and congratulations at eight; Elizabeth would not have forgotten the cloth—nor the cream been spilled, nor the carpet soiled-the coffee and toast would have been served up hot, the eggs properly boiled, peace preserved, and, above all, this soliloquy have been spared. S I wast to wast with the

DECEPTIVE SMILES.

A SMILE may play upon the cheek. Light may the spirits seem to flow; The tearless eye may peace bespeak, And yet the heart be rent with woe.

While lightly moving in the dance, Gay springing music may control Some waking sense, and yet, perchance, More deeply dreary be the soul.

Tis not when mingling with the light, The heart's real currents may be known, But on the pillow, when at night Reflecting, silent, and alone.

One do I know who can assume All that peace and joy betoken,—
Yet only mis'ry marks his doom— His heart depress'd, is lorn and broken.

in bangacalaras ta apasada Salita J. E. H.

skepenlochten die beit women.

WHAT angels be, oh, tell me, love, And where they dwell; If pure and bright, and fair above Soft woman, tell.

Love angels glide through streaming air Sun-beams their car; Themselves more bright, more pure and fair Than sun-beams are.

Yet fairer must soft woman be, And brighter far; transmitted and transmitted to the said the And purer too, exceedingly, Than angels are.

J. E. H.

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CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON: NOTED DURING A RESIDENCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP AT PISA, IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822. BY THOMAS MEDWIN, ESQ. OF THE 24TH LIGHT DRAGOONS.—HENRY COLBURN.

In "these latter days" the world has shewn a most laudable curiosity respecting the private life and conversations of great men; and it has fortunately happened that those, who in private life have been able to do, or to say, any thing worthy of being handed to posterity, have lived and moved awong those who were capable of embalming their deeds.

We have Boswell's Recollections of Johnson; O'Meara's and Las Cases' Memoirs and Anecdotes of Napoleon Buonaparte; and we have, now, Captain Medwin's Memoranda of his Conversations with Lord Byron, a volume equal in interest to any of its celebrated predecessors. The thoughts come on as fresh from the mind that conceived them; and they impress us with a more vivid conception of the prodigious powers of his lordship's intellect, than we had before received from all that we knew of his works. To have done justice to our own feelings, we should have extracted the whole of Captain M.'s powerfully interesting volume; but as so much of the work has already been laid before the public, the extracts we shall present to our readers will be few in number.

AGED BEAUTY.

"I saw a man of about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age: as was said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline that distinguishes the Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad: and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimulating itself fast to the "bald first Cæsar's." He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachoes, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features, it might, perhaps, be said, that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and when animated, possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspiration of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve."

MADAME DE STAEL.

"Somebody possessed Madame de Staël with an opinion of my immorality. I used occasionally to visit her at Coppet; and once she invited me to a family-dinner, and I found the room full of strangers, who had come to stare at me, as at some outlandish beast in a raree-

show. One of the ladies fainted, and the rest looked as if his Satanic Majesty had been among them. Madame de Staël took the liberty to read me a lecture before this crowd; to which I only made her a low bow."

SCHOOL REMINISCENCIES.

"There are two things that strike me at this moment, which I did at Harrow: I fought Lord Calthorpe for writing 'D—d Atheist!' under my name; and prevented the school-room from being burnt during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls."

A POET'S QUALIFICATIONS.

"For a man to become a poet (witness Petrarch and Dante), he must be in love, or miserable. I was both when I wrote the 'Hours of Idleness;' some of those poems, in spite of what the reviewers say, are as good as any I ever produced."

HUMAN SKULL, -AS A DRINKING CUP.

"Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking-cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoise-shell; (Colonel Wildman now has it.) I remember scribbling some line about it; but that was not all: I afterwards established at the Abbey a new order. The members consisted of twelve, and I elected myself grand master, or Abbot of the Skull,—a grand heraldic title. A set of black gowns, mine distinguished from the rest, was ordered, and from time to time, when a particular hard day was expected, a chapter was held; the crane was filled with claret, and, in imitation of the Goths of old, passed about to the gods of the Consistory, whilst many a prime joke was cut at its expense."

EPISTLES.

"I am always getting new correspondents. Here are three letters just arrived, from strangers all of them. One is from a French woman, who has been writing to me off and on for the last three years. She is not only a blue-bottle, but a poetess, I suspect. Her object in addressing me now, she says, is to get me to write on the loss of a slave-ship, the particulars of which she details.

"The second epistle is short, and in a hand I know very well: it is anonymous too. Hear what she says: 'I cannot longer exist without acknowledging the tumultuous and agonizing delight with which my

"A third is of a very different character from the last; it is from a Mr. Sheppard, inclosing a prayer made for my welfare by his wife a few days before her death. The letter states, that he had the misfortune to lose this amiable woman, who had seen me at Ramsgate, many years ago, rambling among the cliffs; that she had been impressed with a sense of my irreligion from the tenor of my works, and had often

THE POET LAUREAT.

"It is remarkable that I should at this moment number among my most intimate friends and correspondents those whom I most made the subjects of satire in 'English Bards.' I never retracted my opinions of their works,-I never sought their acquaintance; but there are men who can forgive and forget. The Laureate is not one of that disposition, and exults over the anticipated death-bed repentance of the objects of his hatred. Finding that his denunciations or panegyrics are of little or no avail here, he indulges himself in a pleasant vision as to what will be their fate hereafter. The third heaven is hardly good enough for a king, and Dante's worst berth in the 'Inferno' hardly bad enough for me. My kindness to his brotherin-law might have taught him to be more charitable. I said in a note to 'The two Foscari,' in answer to his vain boasting, that I had done more real good in one year than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turn-coat existence, on which he seems to reflect with so much complacency. I did not mean to pride myself on the act to which I have just referred, and should not mention it to you, but that its self-sufficiency calls for the explanation. When Coleridge was in great distress, I borrowed 100% to give him.

"Some days after this discussion appeared Mr. Southey's reply to the note in question. I happened to see 'The Literary Gazette' at Mr. Edgeworth's, and mentioned the general purport of the letter to Lord Byron during our evening ride. His anxiety to get a sight of it was so great, that he wrote me two notes in the course of the evening, entreating me to procure the paper. I at length succeeded, and took it to the Lanfranchi palace at eleven o'clock, (after coming from the opera,) an hour on which I was frequently in the habit of calling on him

"He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful: his colour changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permited, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality, his own expressions of "cowardly ferocity,"

" pitiful renegado," " hireling," were much stronger than any in the

letter before me. He paused a moment, and said:

"Perhaps you are right; but I will consider of it. You have not seen my 'Vision of Judgment.' I wish I had a copy to shew you; but the only one I have is in London. I had almost decided not to publish it, but it shall now go furth to the world. I will write to Douglas Kinnaird by to-morrow's post, to-night, not to delay its The question is, whom to get to print it. Murray will appearance. have nothing to say to it just now, while the prosecution of 'Cain' hangs over his head. It was offered to Longman; but he declined it on the plea of its injuring the sale of Southey's Hexameters, of which he is the publisher. Hunt shall have it.

HOBHOUSE.

" Since you left us,' said Lord Byron, 'I have seen Hobhouse for a few days. Hobhouse is the oldest and best friend I have. What scenes we have witnessed together! Our friendship began at Cambridge. We led the same sort of life in town, and travelled in company a great part of the years 1809, 1810, and 1811. He was present at my marriage, and was with me in 1816, after my separation. We were at Venice, and visited Rome together in 1812. The greater part of my Childe Harold was composed when we were together, and I could do no less in gratitude than dedicate the complete poem to him. The first Canto was inscribed to one of the most beautiful little creatures I ever saw, then a mere child: Lady Charlotte Harleigh was my Ianthe.

"Hobhouse's Dissertation on Italian Literature is much superior to his notes on Childe Harold. Perhaps he understood the antiquities better than Nibbi, or any of the Cicerones; but the knowledge is somewhat misplaced where it is. Shelley went to the opposite extreme,

and never made any notes."

TLEAVE ME. TOUR OLD Oн! leave me, leave me yet awhile, I cannot now your pleasures join; Though pure and bright, they'll not beguile Sorrow deepen'd like to mine.

No, never may I smile again,
My woes are too oppressing; I love to weep, to ease the pain
Of feelings so distressing.

to same of the course of

With pleasures bright'ning, e'er may you Retain a lasting union: O'er me they fling a dark'ning hue,

Refusing all communion.

Of what may seem so bright and gay, I wish not to bereave thee; And as I cannot gain to-day, Oh! leave me, leave me, leave me! J. E. H.

SMILES.

midera sits but an int to change By the Author of the Hermit in London.

Tcipe parve puer risu cognoscere matrem.

THE commonest expression of the human countenance, amongst wellbred people, is the Smile, yet there is no exhibition of mental meaning so little understood; it is, very often, all that it appears not to be, and, not unfrequently, any thing but what it would seem to be: the honesty of nature in general betrays deceit, in her attempts to mislead others. but practised art gets the better of the form, or in time, it requires a very penetrating, commanding eye, one of the eagle cast, to draw out concealment from its lurking place, to unmask duplicity, and to detect hypoorisy; all the subdued struggle of features, the uncertain blush. and half daunted pupil, pass unnoticed by the vulgar examiner. Nor is the uncertain smile confined to high life only, we meet with it in trade. in commerce, in company of the second class, in private intercourse with mankind, and, sad to tell, even in childhood. Yet the smile of nature and sincerity is divine, it is light, and life, a ray of sunshine, a mute impressive harbinger of love and joy: notwithstanding, smiles are so many and so different, that it is well worth while to examine and to classify them. They are, in certain instances, tokens of promise and of peace, in others, ruin to those who trust to them; but the better to describe their most important significations and operations, we will begin with infancy, which is so faithfully depicted by the Latin poet whom we have quoted.

A smile is not the first sign exhibited by man: pain ushers him or her (for, when we talk of smiles, the softer sex is most present to our view,) into life, convulsed features, cries which tear up the mother's heart, sobbing and tears, announce that we are entering into a life of woe, that our passage is marked out in the vale of tears, not in the region of smiles; but when a few fleeting days of existence flit over the infant's head-when maternal tenderness repays the fond parent for motherly anxiety, the smallest smile of woman's eye and lip light upon her darling babe, who, in time, thanks her for this token of affection, by smiling back again the language of acknowledgment and of love; the little spotless one knows the author of its being by that smile, which is its first inheritance in an untried land; and when reason irradiates the leeble mind, it teaches it to smile in gratitude on kindred and benefactors, however small the favor bestowed on childish gratifications, or early

When the human flower expands, and emits the sun of encouragement and protection, all is beaming summers, smiling hours, and, what the French call, une campagne riante, inviting prospects are ever before us, and the heart ever keeps the promise which was made by the eye, youth gaining emulation, whilst beauty is its Magnet. There are, it is 2 B

PART XIII. -52.

rue, in the school-season, many little deceitfulnesses which insinuate themselves into the mind, and move the smile of truth, but the urchin outgrows these weeds of life's garden, and puts forth blossoms of smiling Young love is won by that smile, which sparkles but once on the tide of time; and if that be a practised smile, it must, like a lovepromise, made to more than one, undo the victim who pins his or her faith upon it: full as uncertain as the smile of love is that of friendship, at first it is a pledge that's worth a fortune, it is equal to a vow, an oath, a form of devotion; it denotes that happiness depends upon the presence of a second self, that self and society are so blended that they make but one, one heart, one mind, one interest, one common lot, or fortune; that mirth exists on the approach of the object esteemed, but is visited in sadness when solitude makes its loss felt. Such are the living romances of our morning, romantic friendships, romantic honor, romantic courage, boundless generosity, and boundless confidence, fill the pages of the work. Alas! that they should ever change! that base interest should ever blot out the hand-writing of first impressions; that ambition and the colder passions should ever pollute the fair characters which form the early record. With the ripening fruits of experience, the spring tints of thought and feature wither away and fade; the smile becomes subservient to the will; the will obeys our passions; our passions war against innocence, there it may be bought and sold, trafficked, nay, prostituted to the worst of purposes: where we make for the smile of patronage, we find the pirates' beacon to lead us on, by hopeful expectation, to be wrecked on the rocks of disappointment; where we rely upon the smile of fidelity, we are deceived by that of impure desire, or of arch cunning, and may have to lament, in the language of the harmonious bard of Erin,

"Fare thee well, yet think a while
On him, whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
On him who'd rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee."

So much for trusting to warm smiles: in the winter of life, the smile grows colo, its amount is little, its duration brief, its truth is nothing then; the smile of pretended suavity is habit, breeding, or a wish to please, without endeavouring to merit our esteem; that of self-named condescension is pride in a birth-day suit; the smile of society or of court, of the minister's cabinet, or the merchant's desk, is nothing but hypocrisy in its best clothes; at public meetings, revels, and public walks, the dimpled cheek proceeds from affectation; it is not the companion of that smile which is the mirror of the soul, it has been reflected in the looking-glass, and stands in unmoved portraiture to impose upon the circle which it is intended to claim admiration from, or it is the ally of vice, acting for its interests, alluring the artless, misguiding the wavering, encouraging the lost wanderer from the fold where honor and rectitude keep watch together.

In age, or in the autumn of life, the worldly man almost forgets to smile, or it is such a dubious appearance, and comes in such a questionable shape, that, it is scarcely worthy of the name; the curled up lip

of disdain, has something laughter-like about it, but still destroys all manner of mirth; contempt smiles in scorn, as wisdom smiles in pity on herself, for being diverted, for a second, by baubles, tricks, fantasies, conceits, and other fooleries. In warehouses, store-rooms, magazines, and counting-houses, we meet smiles in abundance, but they are not without danger, or design; the crafty dealer smiles to draw off your attention from his love of gain, he puts the best face upon affairs, smiles at his success, and, very commonly, laughs at his customer when his back is turned, or simpers at clever self for so out-witting, or for carrying on a thriving concern; the buyer's concern commences when the annual bill comes in, and is as frightful to get through as a long journey to one who is short of cash; the shopman and apprentice's smile, and that of the man-milliner, hair-dresser, and perfumer, with all the other effeminate avocations, and lines of life, are a more trick of trade; it, however, seems evident, upon stricter scrutiny, that the great mistakes and errors, which gay smiles, and artful leerings, bring us into, proceed from our disanimating smiles, expressions which really are not such; pride has no smile, guilty invitation is not a smile, calm coxcomicality is no smile, neither is sickly composure, with half assumed lip, nor sly craft, nor broad mirth, nor vulgar impudence, nor waggish mockery, lying, flattery, nor the pictured hoax. A smile has more enchantment, more dignity, than all those.

The smile of virtuous love is of angel form; it is the rainbow after the storms of life, the star of destiny to light us through our wilderness; the beam that warms the heart; sweet sensibility smiles upon our sufferings but to relieve them, to bid us grieve no more: devotion wears a smile which indicates bright hope, beyond the limits of our pilgrimage; dewy-eyed charity's tender smile, is such as gives and takes at the same moment; bestowing comfort, and taking from those relieved, the pang that else might abide in the bosom until death, and awakening the smile of gratitude shining through a tear, since nothing is more certain than

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"the tear that's wiped off with a little address,

May be followed, perhaps, by a smile."

The smile of patient and pious suffering, glimmering, like a solitary star through clouds and awful darkness, is a light borrowed from a higher celestial sphere, and is twin sister to resignation; but lest our readers should think us too much inclining to a melancholy mood, we will conclude, by recommending them to cherish such smiles as—

to encourage those which harmless mirth sheds over life's path, or circulates around the board of true hospitality, to return those which love and friendship offer to our notice, to repress those which inordinate pleasure, and rosy temptation allures us with, and to fly, as from the face of a serpent, from those which scandal, deceit, and infamy, unceasingly impose upon their dupes, by exhibiting to betray, nay, ruin; (to use honest Jack Tar's language) all your half laughs, and coffee-house grins, smirks, simpers, and inuendoes, &c. &c. Such is the advice of a lover of woman's smiles.

REVIEW.

The Deserted City, Eva, and other Poems. By Joseph Bounden. Longman and Co. London.

We are exceedingly sceptical on the subject of poetry. Good poetry is scarcely to be obtained "for love or money;" whilst with bad poetry the market has been long overstocked. Possessing this feeling and this belief, we are as suspicious of a new poem, as we should be of an article purchased at a mock auction. "There must be something bad in it," is our first exclamation; and then comes the search, and the melancholy certainty that our apprehensions are founded on truth. It must be acknowledged, that in some few instances we have been pleasingly disappointed in our conjectures; but these are of rare occurrence.

We believe that every body, at some time or other in life, feels poetry; but we are far from acknowledging that this brings with it the power to write poetry. A certain education will enable any man to tagg rhymes together, and to talk of whispering breezes and blushing roses; but genuine poesy, that which is able to rouse the dormant feelings of our bosom, or to awaken within us recollections of our early visions of happiness, is solely the result of a mysterious energy that is born with us. That the writer of the volume before us possesses this energy—though not in any very eminent degree—will be perceived from the extracts we shall give from his poem of Eva, this being decidedly the best in the collection.

Mr. Bounden is certainly not in the very highest rank of poets; and it is equally certain, that he is very far from the lowest. His poem of Eva afforded us considerable pleasure: it possesses many exceedingly striking passages, and is, throughout, chaste and elegant. He has evidently studied woman in the original, and his descriptions of her are remarkably animated and beautiful.

Such souls were their's—though both forebore to speak,
Each saw in each the simultaneous thought;
Eye answer'd eye, and cheek replied to cheek,
As both at once the same idea caught;
As their two forms were with one spirit fraught—
Whether they turn'd on earth the wond'ring eye,
Or, to enthusiastic fervour wrought,
When Dian lit her silver lamp on high,
Peopled the glittering orbs that gemm'd the trackless sky.

His mind was strength and brilliance—her's the sweet, The soften'd lustre of a milder light;
He, like the noontide sun, whose blaze and heat Spreads fiercely when no cloud obscures the sight;
Shone out in all the force of mental might—She beam'd the beauties of his evening ray,
When clouds of gold and crimson herald night—His was the fulness of the perfect day—Her's was its beauteous blush, before it sinks away.

Who never loved, hath lost earth's highest bliss—
Who never felt its thrill—its sting—can know
Nothing of that where life's chief pleasure is!
The brightest days that man enjoys below,
Are those that pass in its inspiring glow;
When new sensations seem to wake the soul
As to a second being—to bestow
Thoughts, feelings, hopes, that bound beyond control:
And show in this dark world, at least one joyous goal.

Hard is the parting, when the call of death
Has bidden some loved spirit take its flight—
But scarcely with the last departing breath,
Does the survivor feel forsaken quite;
There still is something left to meet the sight—
The form is there, although the soul has sped—
But when the grave has pall'd it in its night—
Then—then we feel alone—for all is fled!
Then first we truly know what 'tis to mourn the dead.

She gave his hand her last—her farewell pressure—
'Twas clammy—cold—she felt she must—must go—
Yet hung like dying miser o'er his treasure,
About to pass from all he loved below.
Love, ev'n for things inanimate, may grow
From long acquaintance—how much more for those
Who lived affection's kindest proofs to show;
From whom to part for ever, seems to close
The door on hope, to leave life nothing but its woes.

These extracts are sufficient to prove that Mr. Bounden possesses a very elevated and poetical mind. We would advise him to cherish the feelings from which the volume before us has sprung; and we shall be most happy in again having to perform the pleasing duty of noticing his productions.

ENGLAND.

There is a charm which thrills through all her sons, Where'er they wander! Mid the battle's rage, For England, aye for England, is the thought That runs from gun to gun, from rank to rank, And fires the soul, and nerves each arm to strike, With force resistless. "What will England think?" Has been the spirit-stirring question oft, In many a bloody conflict, when the scale Of victory hung in dread suspense; and long, My country, may thy all unrivall'd sons, As now, enkindle at thy honour'd name, And England be the talismanic word, That shall, from age to age, its influence shed, The safeguard, bulwark, glory of the land.

EXCLUSIONISTS.

(By Paul Clutterbuck.)

There was inserted, in the last number of the Literary Magnet, an article from a Correspondent, on the subject of being exclusive. Desultory as the thoughts of that paper were, I am still confident, that they are founded on truths of the utmost importance to mankind. I shall, therefore, take the liberty to offer a few additional observations, upon this most important and extensible thesis. Much as I expect the remarks which I am about to make, will benefit the world in general, and literary men in particular, I have still some doubts whether I shall be enabled,

"To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own."

It has often, to me, appeared wonderful to see certain men, furiously and dogmatically maintaining opinions, which would, almost from the nature of things, be exploded the next hour; then to see them adopt an opposite opinion, and to defend this, with the pertinacity of the former. Continuing, in this way, year after year, how does it come to pass, that they never suspect that their present opinions may be erroneous; and that truth may fully reveal herself at a future period, in a form which they never saw? Ought not experience to teach wisdom, and time to teach experience? The truth is, real wisdom, in the best and most copious minds, is of slow acquisition. The depositions of truth, are like the strata of lava in the vicinity of a volcano, which, though solid and dense, are, in consequence of their paucity, and distance from each other, encumbered with a substance much less solid, yet occupying a far greater space. Or, if we want another simile, let us take Johnson's on the writings of Dr. Robertson, which were said to be "like a little gold, packed in a great deal of wool."

There can be no doubt, that we are what we are, entirely by education; if our education be exclusive, we shall be exclusive; if liberal, liberal. If we receive our education in Turkey, we become Mahometans, in Italy papists, in England merchants, in France any thing, in Germany metaphysicians, in America insolent, and in Africa, New Holland, half of Europe, and nine-tenths of Asia, savages. Let us take a young man of twenty or thirty, and see in what circumstances he has been placed. In infancy, he is necessarily dependent on, and constantly in the company of, his family: he thinks his mother the best and kindest of women, his sister the handsomest, and his father the strongest and wisest of men! This is being exclusive, you will say, but is not this true? if it be, what can eradicate, in after years, that which has been so firmly rooted at this plastic period? The next stage, his boyhood, does but strengthen and co ifirm his infantile feelings and prejudices. His father, who, it is twenty to one, is an exclusionist, doubly impresses him, at this period, with the importance of his own opinions, and of the merits of the works from

which he has gained them. The boy becomes a reader of his father's books, and from these double advantages, at the age of fifteen, he knows nearly as much as his father himself. Observe, I attribute little or nothing of this great advancement to his school education. He has, when at school, something else to do, than to acquire ideas, opinions, learning, science, and literature; he has to acquire letters, words, and sounds; to speak, not to think. Indeed, his master must have had but little experience, and possess still less talent, if he cannot pass his time to much more advantage to himself, than in attempting to give his pupils attention, observation, ideas, opinions, taste, and judgment. The sounds of some of these words are extremely harmonious, and it would be acting unfairly towards them, to take away from the sound, in order to add to the sense. Pope has been justly censured by some modern critics, for going "from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart." From all these reasons, therefore, it is obvious, that however exclusive the youth may have become, and whatever incorrect opinions he may entertain, the schoolmaster ought to stand exculpated; and if we look a little more closely into the matter, we shall find that his acquisitions are not the result of judgment, but memory, not of demonstration and reflection, but of assertion and authority. He knows, for he has often heard it said, that Thomson, Milton, Shakspeare, and Young, are great poets; that poets are born, not made; that rhyme is not adapted to tragedies; that blank verse is more sublime than rhyme; that alternate rhymes are not suited to epitaphs; that a triangle is more beautiful than a square; that the verb should agree with its nominative case; that no sentence should end with a preposition; that to compare a chaste woman to an icicle is a bad simile.

With all these acquirements, and many others, some of nearly equal importance, he is, with the assistance of the dancing master, well prepared to enter (if not society,) at least "a room." He takes his station in the party of his father, adopts the opinion of the Edinburgh or Quarterly accordingly, and is now almost qualified to teach others as well as he has been taught himself! By the time he has arrived at twenty, he is capable of instructing men of sixty; for his want of experience he atones by his flow of animal spirits, and he takes care to strengthen a weak argument by a strong voice, fierce looks, and a pugilistic attitude. His opponent, with some advantages, such as calmness of temper, confidence in his subject, long experience, and a love of truth, at length perceives a dizziness in his head from the concussions of the circumambient air, his eyes lose their precision, he quits the contest, not convinced, but

vanquished—the exclusionist triumphs. It would be well if none but young men were exclusive—we have a right to believe, that as we advance in years, we advance in wisdom; this would more frequently be the case than we find it, were it not for the pride of human nature, which, where it abounds, will neither admit of 'improvement from its own nor others' experience: to correct itself, would imply previous error; it therefore persists, although it might be But pride would have to make a still greater saits own preceptor. crifice to receive instruction from others; this would be a double humiliation, to be wrong and to be taught. How the world would improve if

men were half as solicitous to discover truth as they are to maintain falsehood. And these remarks appertain quite as much to men of extensive talent, capacity, and genius, as to the young, shallow, and illiterate.

The other evening, I supped with an old friend, who, although he had a large party of literati, whom he treated most liberally, is yet very exclusive. I will not draw his character, but give the reader a few of He maintains that blank verse is unfit for his canons of criticism. poetry, and that if the Paradise Lost had been written by Pope, all the world would have admitted its superiority—such a subject, so treated, would have remained inimitable. Although he does not understand Greek, he is confident that Pope's translation of the Iliad surpasses the original. He maintains that English Poetry has been on the decline ever since the death of Pope. He despises the "Cockney School," and the "Lake School," and the "sentimental School," and in fact all the schools, because they are in opposition to Pope's school. That Lord Byron never wrote common sense till he, in defence of Pope, confuted Mr. Bowles. He hates the sonnet, because he cannot find such a thing in all the writings of Pope. I hope these specimens will give the reader a notion of my friend's poetical taste.

There was of the party a young man, modest, but dignified, whose very fingers itched to attack, and to confute, this abettor of Pope. He set out with this observation; "in consequence of the uniformity of the versification of Pope, he has no hold of the feelings, he tires and

disgusts the ear before he reaches the heart."

He talked in an unintelligible and mysterious manner, of "in-door poetry," and "out door poetry," and said, there was more true poetry in a blade of green grass, than in the human countenance! that Wordsworth is the only great poet which the English nation has produced, and that all who think otherwise, know not what a poet is; he quoted the poem given by Hazlitt, in his lectures, "Hart-leap well," and the little piece "We are Seven," as being inimitably pathetic; he dwelt on that part of the latter, where the little girl goes to eat her supper over the grave of her brother, and he insisted, that it was the most simple possible. He was here interrupted by a gentleman, who firmly told him that he must be wrong in his judgment, for this very passage was held up to ridicule by Lord Byron himself, in Captain Medwin's late work, and had been copied into the various journals of the day; so that nothing was wanting to prove this same passage worthless. This led the company into a dissertation on taste; some maintaining, that there was a standard of taste, and others that there was no such thing: - the contest was warm and long. I admire a dispute, so I listened with the utmost attention to both sides. At length, two specimens of versification were produced, supported by my friend on his own side, and the young man on the other; the former was from Pope, the latter from Lord Byron. Two parties were immediately formed. After much ingenuity was displayed on both sides, it was suggested that the two specimens should be inserted in a periodical; a dispute then arose about "which periodical"—The specimens were soon voted (by a large majority,) to the Literary Magnet, it being known that I was exclusively attached to that work, I was requested to append them to my next article: and here they are-

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades, The morning bowers, the evening colonnades; But soft recesses for the uneasy mind, To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind! Lo! the struck deer, in some sequester'd part, Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart;) There hid in shades, and wasting day by day, Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

POPE.

Thus lived, thus died she; never more on her Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made Through years or moons the inner weight to bear, Which colder hearts endure till they are laid By age in earth; her days and pleasures were Brief, but delightful-such as had not staid Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well By the sea shore, whereon she loved to dwell. That isle is now all desolate and bare, Its dwellings down-its tenants passed away; None but her own and father's grave is there, And nothing outward tells of human clay: Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair-No stone is there to show—no tongue to say What was. No dirge, except the hollow seas, Mourn o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

Byron.

May I remark, that no man of letters in the time of Pope would have endured this article from Byron, and that no lover of the modern poets could endure this extract from Pope. For my own part, I am exclusive by generality, and must confess, at the hazard of being excluded from all poetical schools, that I admire exceedingly both of these pieces. I very much esteem Pope, and I very much esteem Byron, and I very much esteem Wordsworth.

A great deal has been said and written by some of the first men of the age, against the versification of Pope, against his poetry, and against himself. What idle exclusive babble: we first envy, then injure, then prove a man a fool, and then a-knave. - Pope is, undoubtedly, a poet, and a great poet-his versification is the best of its kind, and his subjects the most interesting to society, and his language is at least as pure as the language of any poet before or after him. These are but assertions, it is true, but they are assertions so easily proved, that I feel confident the readers of the Literary Magnet will excuse me in proof; if I thought otherwise I should be happy to gratify them.

It will be seen from this that I have my likings; but although I prefer the Literary Magnet to all other periodicals, I do not quarrel with those who prefer others, not even with the readers of the Eclectic Review, and the Old Monthly Magazine; they are occasionally of use to me, for when I have been unusually excited by the pains or pleasures of life, or by a good book, or by a train of cogitations, so that I cannot sleep, the perusal of a few pages of these produces the best effects. I

sleep soundly till morning!

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I am tolerant in all things, in religion, in politics, in literature, and science; I never hate a man who lives on the right bank of a river because I live on the left. A few degrees of latitude and longitude are nothing to me, I neither envy the giant of Patagonia, nor the dwarf of Lapland. I care as little for a few inches of altitude, as for a few shades of colour—nay, I have carried my system of exclusion so far as to conclude that, it is possible that women and negroes may have souls.

I'LL LOVE THEE.

What, the misfortune be thy store, Ev'n the thy joys were fewer, Believe me, I would love thee more, I'd love thee, Jane, the truer.

Tho' nought but sorrows mark thy path,
Tho' fate may frown above thee;
Mid all its gloom and all its wrath,
I swear, my Jane, to love thee.

Think not, the care which dims thine eye,
My heart from thine can sever;
The world's rude frowns will soon pass by,
But I—will love thee ever.

J. H. H.

SONNET.

THE SOLDIER.

I saw a man stretched on a bed of straw!
The lustre in his eye was waxing dim;
He had no kindred there to cherish him;
Such is the soldier's fate, and such the law
In martial fields.—His face, where once a glow
Of health and friendship mix'd, was pale; each limb,
Once moved to martial sounds in measure trim,
And strong—now wasted, weak and slow!
He was my friend! and kind, and brave, and free:
Long had I known him—but no more shall I
Enjoy with him bright scenes of earth and sky;
For the shrill bugle warned to victory—
I left him in a foreign land to die,
Alone, in pain and sad obscurity.

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RAMSGATE PIER .- (The Subject of the Plate.)

IT would be rather impertinent in us to say, what Ramsgate Pier is, after the admirable representation of it, which our artist has enabled us to present to our readers. We confess, with all the feelings of humility of one who has seen but little of the world, that we were never in Ramsgate, and are therefore unprepared to enter upon its local history, or to descant upon the manners and customs of its inhabitants. We remember looking at the place, through a telescope, a year or two ago, when we were on a voyage to Ostend; but the town was enveloped in such a dense fog, at the time, that we were unable to make any important discovery. Had it been our good fortune, to have taken our observation in clear whether, it is very probable we should have been more successful. All we recollect having seen, was a poor solitary seaman, walking up and down the beach, with a drawn sword in his hand: we enquired of a lady, who stood by us, who this man could possibly be, and were politely informed by her, that it was one of the Blockheads."

THE TORR.*

Majestic pile! Thus, through the dreary flight of ages, thus Triumphant o'er decay! Art not thou old As the aged sun, and did not his first beam Glance on thy new-formed forehead? or art thou But born of the deluge, mighty one? Thy birth Is blended with the unfathomable past; And shadows deep, -too deep, for man's dim eye Envelope it, With reverence, I gaze Upon thy awful form, to which compared, Our proudest works are toys. O! vain is man, Though loud on science, magic name! he calls, To rear his edifice of glory high, And bid it live for ever. Time destroys His statues, and his columns, and his domes; Flings his triumphal arches to the ground, And gnaws the names of heroes and of kings E'en from the marble tablet. Earth is strew'd Profuse, with many a solitary wreck Of all that's great and beautiful. In dust She sits, the classic city sits, the name Dear to the muses! Who can think of thee, Athenæ, † and not drop the indignant tear, As roam the dull, barbaric hosts, among Thy glorious ruins, with unhallowed step And desolating arm? Thy hour is past! Thy noblest piles are mouldering o'er the bones Of the immortal dead, while here, unhurt, Wed almost to eternity, secure In their own strength, proud, baffling all the rage Of the defeated elements, and all The ceaseless injuries of time, up rush The columns of the wilderness!

^{*} Tork's are enormous masses of granite piled one on another, on many of the hills on Dartmoor. Some of them may be seen at the distance of 20 miles.
† This was written when Athens was in the power of the Turks.

REVIEW.

1. The Literary Souvenir, or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. London.—Hurst and Co.

2. Forget me Not. London.—Ackerman.

3. The Annual Remembrancer. London.—Relfe and Co.

4. Remember Me. London.-Poole.

5. Blossoms at Christmas. London.—Poole.

Every body who has eyes to read—or, as some have the misfortune to be born blind, and we wish to be as inclusive as possible—every body who has ears to hear, will know that the volumes we have enumerated, are intended as Christmas presents. This, in other words, means that those, who, notwithstanding the frigidity of the season, have a certain peculiar warmth within them, have now an opportunity of bearing honorable testimony to the sincerity of their feelings, in those valuable Forget me Not's, and Remember Me's.

We are glad to see the trumpery pocket books, which, until the last year or two, were so much in requisition at this season, superseded by these clever productions. There is something sensible, something which we can understand, in the latter. Many of the articles in them, are from the pens of the ablest writers of the age; whilst the embellish-

ments are executed in a very superior manner.

We think, the order in which they stand, at the head of this notice, is pretty near the order in which they stand in point of merit. Of the first of them, there can be no question: it forms an era in periodical literature. Such a constellation of names, as it boasts in the persons who have lent it the assistance of their talents, is not to be found in any other book in the country. Its Editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, has shewn considerable taste, and judgment, in the conception of the work, and in the manner in which it has been completed; and, we doubt not, that he will receive the full reward of his industry and talent.

It is difficult, among the productions of so many eminent writers, to extract any particular article, without committing an act of injustice to the others: we shall, however, transcribe a beautiful little poem which

it contains, from the pen of Allan Cunningham.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O! my love's like the stedfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,—
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee!

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when , beneath Arbigland tree

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We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon Set on the sea an hour too soon; Or lingered 'mid the falling dew, When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time and care and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee and thoughts of thee belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old To silver than some give to gold; 'Twas sweet to sit, and ponder o'er What things should deck our humble bower! Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee The golden fruit from fortune's tree; And sweeter still to choose and twine A garland for these locks of thine— A song-wreath which may grace my Jean, While rivers flow and woods are green. At times there come, as come there ought, Grave moments of sedater thought,— When fortune frowns, nor lends our night One gleam of her inconstant light; And hope, that decks the peasant's bower, Shines like the rainbow through the shower; O then I see, while seated nigh, A mother's heart shine to thine eye; And proud resolve and purpose meek, Speak of thee more than words can speak :-I think the wedded wife of mine The best of all that's not divine!

The "Forget me Not," contains twelve exquisite plates, and a variety of articles from the pens of several celebrated writers, among whom are, Bernard Barton, Stafford, Henry Neele, L. E. L. H. Brandreth, Lacey, and Wiffen. The Annual Remembrancer is inferior to the "Forget me Not," both in the literary departments, and in the engravings; but as it has the superiority in point of exterior elegance we would advise any young gentleman, who has the fortune,—we do not say, whether good or bad—to be in love with more than one "sole partner of his breast," to give separate copies of these works to the objects of his affections.

The "Remember Me," is an elegant little volume, and contains a great number of coloured engravings of flowers; but it does not boast the "long array" of "honorable names," with which the former volumes

are distinguished.

The "First Flowers," is the last of these volumes, and it is likewise the "least." We do not know the price of this work, but if it be equal to the prices of the former, we can only say to our readers, "take care of your pockets."

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. IV.

We are na fou, we're na that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e.

This being our first meeting, since the important change which has taken place in the form of publishing our Magazine, there was an early and full attendance of the members; each being eager to pay his respects to the President, and congratulate him upon an event, of such moment to him, and of such consequence to the world. Mr. Merton appeared in the full blaze of editorial glory. He seemed to have attained the maximum of earthly dignity; and he smiled, laughed, joked, and complimented, with the confidence of one conscious of his own importance. He was the object of a thousand civilities—of a thousand flattering expressions; and it must, in justice to him, be said, that he displayed, on the occasion, the absorbing powers of a sponge. It was curious to observe the ingenuity with which he made the whole conversation turn on the Literary Magnet, and, as he emphatically added, Monthly Journal. "Jonathan," said the publisher, "bring us a couple of bottles from the lower bin."

Mr. Merton. Ay, my boys, we'll drink to the success of our Monthly Journal.

Oakley. Bravo! Toby.

Alleyn. Mr. Merton, the toast cannot but excite, in the whole of us, the warmest enthusiasm. With this evening the brightest of our future hours will be associated; and when the imagination wings—

Clutterbuck. Come, Alleyn, no long speeches; we need, sir, the

aid of no wings here, but the bee's wing.

Mr. Merton. My dear Clutterbuck, this interruption is exceedingly indecorous. Our young friend, I am confident, was about to address us in a manner very suitable to the present occasion; and you certainly ought to have known, that his remarks are to appear in the Literary Magnet and Monthly Journal.

Alleyn proceeded. And when the imagination wings over the obscure waste of our past years, the present moment will be its resting

place, and-

"Here comes Jonathan," said the incorrigible Clutterbuck. Alleyn muttered something about "no soul," and quietly resumed his seat.

The Secretary now drew forth his papers from the black bag, and Jonathan drew the corks from the bottles—the glasses were filled, and this drew the attention of the members to Mr. Merton's toast. All eyes were on him, and the old gentleman, as was said to the son of Fingal, "rose in his might;" and as Mr. Merton is an invincible orator, the members were placed under the dreadful apprehension of being openly aughed at by their wine, whilst they secretly laughed at the President's speech. It had frequently happened on such occasions, that certain indecorous whisperings had been heard, such as—no end to it—quite

abore—fond of hearing himself talk—and a similar spirit of mutiny was about to be displayed in the present instance; when the fears of the meeting were fortunately dissipated, in Mr. Merton's simply saying, "Gentlemen, success to the Literary Magnet and Monthly Journal." Had it been a toast proposed at the Freemasons' Tavern, and the Duke of Sussex in the chair, a greater commotion could not have been excited. There was such a shouting and such a thumping of glasses, that we have heard of one young lady in the neighbourhood who was so dreadfully alarmed, that she threw up her bed-room window, and exclaimed, "Fire." Whether the members heard this signal or not, is unknown, but there followed another such a volley as would lave raised the dead—always excepting the poor Old Monthly.

Every body appeared in the highest spirits during the whole evening; and it was observed, that even Jonathan had taken more than ordinary pains in endeavouring to make himself appear respectable for the occasion. Whenever he approached Mr. Merton, there was an observable improvement in the curvature of his body—his bows would have fitted him to be Master of the Ceremonies, in the Grand Seignior's seraglio, a post to which we intend to recommend him, provided the Greeks are

not so ungallant as to break up the establishment.

A great deal of desultory conversation took place on the subject of the proposed improvements in the Magazine. Oakley expressed his satisfaction at hearing that a detail of political events would be given in each number; "or," said he "you will now have a glorious opportunity, Mr. Toby, to expose the shallow policy of the Tories." Mr. Merton, smiled rather equivocally; whilst Clutterbuck swore by an oath, which nobody would ever think of putting into a respectable "Monthly Journal," that there was not a Whig in the country that did not well deserve to he brought to the block.

Alleyn, who, we believe, is about to publish a volume of Poems, appeared highly pleased at hearing there would be a more extended notice of new works; and the Publisher, who is known to be the most modest man in the world, said, he should not presume to interfere with Mr. Merton's arrangements, but he had very particular reasons for wishing

there might be given a regular account of the price of stocks."

Poor old Jonathan appeared to listen to these observations with the most profound attention, as if conscious of their importance to mankind. Jonathan is a valuable attendant upon us; and this circumstance induces us to permit him to occupy a chair in a corner of the room—a privilege of whose value he seems duly sensible. We have heard that the poor fellow has the misfortune to be linked to a termagant; and we are strengthened in a belief of the fact, from the awfully increasing longistade of his visage, which he displayed when some one happened to mention, that the Magazine would contain a detail of "Domestic Occurrences."

The President interrupted these desultory remarks by proposing, that the papers in the black bag should be proceeded with previous to sitting down to supper; lest by some unforeseen accident, that highly important duty might experience some unpleasant interruption. The prudence of

this proposition was acknowledged by all; and the papers in the black bag were produced accordingly.

Read a letter from Reynard, who tells us, that "beginning a new volume well, and ending it badly, is a species of humbug that has been too often practised, to be swallowed even by the egregious John Bull."

Ordered,—That Reynard be written down a sly old fox, that John Bull be requested to reform his egregious conduct, and that we be

permitted to go on in our own way.

Read a letter from another "friend," residing at Islington, giving us "advice gratis." There is a certain civility about this writer which reminds us of our old nurse, who used to administer physic to us in honey. The said friend seems exceedingly alarmed for us, and expresses his, or we believe from the hand writing, her, fears that we have lost all our old writers. "Where," she pathetically enquires, "shall we look for the elegant author of the Dejeuné?"

Ordered,—That our friend be directed to look for the writings of the gentleman, of whom she enquires, in our present and future numbers; and, that, if she is desirous to communicate with his "elegance," (oh! the flattery of the minx,) she may leave a letter at our office, and

it shall be forwarded to him.

Read a communication from Tycho, offering to put into our possession a very scarce and valuable book. There being many letters in the work which we are desirous to extract,

Ordered,—That our thanks be given to Tycho, and that he be soli-

cited to perform his promise at his earliest possible convenience.

Read letters from X. Y. Z.—J. K. K.—Henry R.—and G. I. who enquire for certain articles of theirs, which, we are sorry to say, have undergone the fate of certain sheep which we read of in history—they are lost.

Read a letter from Simon Sightly, who desires to be appointed rewiewer general to the Literary Magnet. We admit the legality of his claims; and, when we have inserted the specimen of his abilities which he has transmitted to us, we trust our readers will do so likewise.

"Simon Sightly's health, if you please gentlemen," said the President.

"Health to Simon Sightly," echoed the Members.

The communications of R. E. and S. J. F. excited some discussion; but they were ultimately deemed unfit for our pages. S. J. F. appears a a man after our own heart. We have deputed our Secretary to call some evening at "Henrietta Street," when it is very probable these two stars will come in conjunction.

Our respected friend, J. A. G. is not in the list of defaulters, but we have no room this month for his communications. Will J. A. G. allow us to hint to him, that he is now writing for a monthly magazine?

A. M.—Captain B.—N. S.—Z.—Z. the Second—H. D. S.—Watkin, and Blake, are condemned. It is possible that a reprieve may arrive for A. M.—N. S. and H. D. S.—the others are left for execution.

J. W. will find a letter at the Publisher's.

J. H. H. Secretary.

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MY ACQUAINTANCES.

By the Author of the " Hermit in London."

Ar a public school, a boy naturally becomes acquainted with a number of characters; some of them are his class-fellows, some his comrades in the same bed-chamber, almost all are his play-fellows, and all his messmates: intimacies are formed with some, and friendships with a few; still fewer continue friends through the journey of life, - a variety of incidents and of accidents deprive us of our school-fellows, ere we come to man's estate. Occasionally some of them follow us from school to college; for example, from Winchester to New College, Oxford; from Westminster to Christ Church, or some other College; from Harrow and Eton to Trinity, King's, or other Cantabridgian College. At the University we recollect with pleasure our games at cricket and trap-ball; we associate with our school-fellows, we talk over our boyish days, even our petty enmities and strifes—our early cares and fears become then amusing to us,-how we got into clubs and societies beat such a set of boys, what tricks we played a deaf lad, -how we skipped lessons together, got tick with a pastry-cook or fruit-woman, -how Smith, Vincent, Lee, Busby, or any other master worked us,-how we dreaded old Birch (the nickname for a school-master or usher), -how we held together and got flogged, were detected at Astley's when at Westminster, on the river at Eton, or begging up to town from Harrow, with many other scholastic tricks, schemes, pastimes, and scrapes? Graduation puts an end to the pursuits of the Oxonian or Cantab, and our meeting with our coums and cronies, afterwards is rare and uncertain. " Some men to pleasure, some to business take," and are lost in the vortex of a busy world: the learned professions employ some, others are seen out-doing, or out-done in Fashion's airy circle; but the number we have known is scarcely perceptible in London and in life: " Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto." It is delightful, but rare indeed, to have been at school and at college with the same man, and to meet him afterwards in the Senate, the tented field, or in our wooden bulwarks, unaltered in regard and worth, and pursuing the same career as ourselves. The brief and uncertain duration of early friendships is such, that we make many acquaintances, but have few friends, and it is on this account that (when talking of my play-mates and class-fellows) I am forced to call them my acquaintances. Men's interests, employments, ambition, success, or failure in life, are powerful opponents to a durable intimacy betwixt man and man; we soon forget what our early companions were, or only PART XIV .- 53 .- Fourth Edit. VOL. II.

remember some peculiarity or defect, some adventure or frolic connected with them, nevertheless; if we look back to the years passed in our education, we can form some idea of what such and such a boy seemed likely to be, from what he actually was, as a scholar and a member of the little community to which he then belonged; one was studious, another idle, one painstaking but dull, another volatile, but quick and full of talent; this boy was all open generosity, that youth hid his money and provisions, and promised to be a miser; gymnastic pleasures wholly engrossed one lad, who excelled in them; his brother might be a book-worm in his earliest years; craft and cunning suited our fag for a lawyer; a poor scholikely to make a good preacher; that gold-tuft's ambition was to be lar was a Nimrod.

Such early indications are liable to exceptions, since money, titles, professions, marriage, and misfortunes, may wholly alter the first dispositions of a man's mind, may also change and pervert the heart, so that good promise may end in iniquity, and evil omen may terminate in good, but the contrary is more commonly the case. I shall now come to my own school acquaintances, which will prove that I was very much mistaken in the conclusions which I drew from my boyish knowledge of those whom I met as acquaintances in life. From school to college, and from thence into high and idle life, I trod nearly the same path as others. After tuptoing it at the former, I was thought fit to be sent to Oxford; and after learning a little more Greek and mathematics there, and thinking myself a little cleverer than I was, I learned also to drink and drive; and, having what was considered then as a large fortune, I set up for a man of fashion, id est, the follower of the tailor, hatter, and boot-maker's whims and devices, to put cash in their pockets, —the imitator of the gayest young man of my day, and the doer of nothing from morning until night, but amusing myself, fancying myself in love, and raising a fever in my veins from the juice of the grape, which I was not unfrequently found to quell by drugs from a neighbouring apothecary's shop. After experiencing the baneful effects of hard living whilst a minor, I travelled for four years on the Continent, and on my return, fell in with a few companions of the school and college to which I had belonged. We met at certain times at a club, University dinner, at the Theatres, and in the Park, but out of some hundreds, only three of us visited each other. Poter di bacco! (as the Italian says), how they were changed, (not the three in question merely) but almost all! Let me see, there were Ned Frankly *, Joe Prosody, Jack Wrangle, Bertie Spencer, Charles Cloudly, Algernon Harcourt, and Lord Broadlands, a mere boy when first I saw him at school, and bearing his title by virtue of his being the eldest son of an Earl.

Ned Frankly inherited a baronetcy, Joey got into the pulpit, Jack Wrangle purchased a seat in Parliament, Bertie and Charles

^{*} The school-master's son.

entered the army, the other two sat in the Upper House. In our boyish days, Ned was the noblest, most generous fellow alive; Joey was the greatest reprobate of his age, I ever knew; Jack promised to be a great speaker, and was to be called to the bar; Spencer was an excellent scholar; Cloudly was the most distant and stupid boy in the school; the others were all effeminacy, pride, and conceit. I found Ned in a large house, full of servants, and was asked to dine with him; after dinner he introduced dice, and won a round sum of money of me. Having plied me most plentifully with wine, he proposed visiting what he called a club-house, but what turned out to be a common gaming-house; here I was pigeoned of all I chose to part with, and had to borrow one hundred pounds of him, for which he dunned me the next morning. On going to a moneylender's in the course of the day, I saw Sir Edward's stanhope at his door, and concluded that he was there on the same errand as myself; but I found out afterwards that he was a lender on annuity, instead of a borrower; that he had a share in the gaming-bank, and that he had sold his old school-fellow there, and had plucked him at dinner, being himself a regular Greek. With Joey Prosody I met in a bookseller's shop; he affected much importance, and seemed to think that he did me honour by acknowledging me, although he was my fag at school, poor at college, always in debt, and had been carried home drunk by me a dozen times; but Joseph now assumed a modesty worthy of his name—he was purse-proud and over-bearing, consequential and solemn in his pace, narrow and rigidly economical in his house—he had got a fine living from a certain Duke his patron, a manor, a share in a fishery, and was a county magistrate; he was inexorable in his official situation; brief but not not impressive in the pulpit; a great dispatcher of business in the way of committals, visiting drunkenness and faux pas with the severest punishment, and never failing to arrest those who were in his debt, nor to get a poacher transported; he never asked one to eat or drink with him, and forgot to pay at least twenty pounds, lent him at different times in small sums. Wrangle got a seat in Parliament from freehold interest, and from the very moment that he took his seat he became Orator Mum. At College, and at the spouting-club-rights and privileges-freedom of election-liberty of the press-magna charta-the sovereign people, and parliamentary reform, swelled the ample volume of his declamation. Now Jack's political creed was altered, and he once (under the influence of wine) confessed he was all for money and corruption-he did give me one dinner, but it was to ask me for a vote. Spencer, who had been the most dashing young man of his day, and was every where welcome; who had obtained high rank with scarce a bristle on his chin; he too, who would scarcely allow his arm to be taken by any but a titled man, and who was considered an officer of high promise, had now sold out, was neglected by every body, in the deepest distress, and borrowed a guinea of me under a tree in St. James's Park. Whilst Cloudly, 2 B 2

whose father bought a Borough, had got to the head of his profession, had been sent home with dispatches, got decorated and generally noticed, and procured some poor author to write a book for him that gained him the reputation of a bright scholar. Harcourt and Broadlands, whom I expected to find stars of fashion-popular men in their counties, and splendid in their town-life-had taken, the one to money-making, the other to the ring and the alehouse. Harcourt dabbled in all the loans, went meanly dressed, had a share in a tannery and a distillery—had a slice of the Gas Company, and a concern in a bridge; he sold the fruit of his own garden, and followed his cattle up incog, to watch their sale at market, Finally, Lord Broadlands had nothing of the Peer but the name, but he could drive a stage with the oldest whip on the road; he had a terrier which could kill sixty rats in twenty minutes, and which was (to use his own words) a young annuity to him; he could drink purl with a dust-man, chew tobacco with his boon companion the waterman; he smoked twelve pipes per diem, and had once a manly set-to with Molyneux the black; his Lordship had the merit of making his own blacking, and wrote a Treatise on the Glanders. This however, was not thought to be his own, but he was called by his intimates of the Fives Court one of the primest Coves in town, being the terror of the watchmen, and the protector-general of the pedestrian ladies of the streets, whom he affectionately addressed by certain inelegant abbreviations of their Christian names. Often have I said, on contemplating such characters and changes—

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

THE WARRIOR.

He left his lov'd home, Glory's path was before him, He follow'd the banner that led him to fame; And fondly he deem'd, that when years had pass'd o'er him, The renown of his deeds would encircle his name.

And bravely and proudly his dark eye was flashing,
When wounded full many a foe strew'd the ground,—
When trumpets were sounding, and weapons were clashing,
And death and destruction were scattered around.

He fell.—And above his lone moss-cover'd dwelling,
Where the Spring's early primrose in innocence weeps,
The stranger oft pauses, his heart sadly swelling,
And prays o'er the turf where the young hero sleeps.

And there too, at eve, when its last beam is shining,
And in the fresh breezes the long grasses wave,
The nightingale sits, and as day is declining,
Breathes its low gentle dirge o'er the Warrior's grave.

G. 1.

MARGATE PIER.

(The subject of the Plate.)

With an account of the pristine manners of the Margate Inhabitants.

Margate, as those among our readers who have been instructed in geography may know, is a town by the sea in the County of Kent, from whence certain strangely-rigged vessels called Hoys, laden with grain, are now and then sent to London.

The first authentic information respecting this place and its inhabitants were brought to town a few years ago by a party of halehearted and adventurous young men, from the Wards of Bishopsgate and Langbourn, who periled their existence in the first voyage

of exploration undertaken in a steam-boat from London.

They reported the inhabitants to be a merrily-disposed people, and of such hospitality, that the greater part of their houses were generally set aside for the accommodation and entertainment of strangers, they themselves, with their families, commonly occupying only " the first floor down the chimney." These acute voyagers observed another remarkable peculiarity in the Margate people.

"Young men and maidens, old men and children," all had put themselves under the tuition of a Captain Clough, a worthy and facetious gentleman, who perambulated the surrounding hamlets to improve the inhabitants in the decencies of outward behaviour. Nothing, however, was discovered discreditable either to the general intelligence, or the public spirit of this remote race of beings; indeed, their well supplied and well frequented public libraries, bore honourable testimony to their taste for literary matters, and the magnificent pier of which our Engraver has given a very accurate view, is a striking proof of the liberality of their views with respect to public measures.

This pier, which is of stone, and cost ninety thousand pounds, tends from the East towards the West, enclosing towards the town a large basin, which is the harbour of the place, the harbour being effectually protected by the pier from the rude and boisterous

vu lgarity of the North sea-breakers. The entrance to the harbour is from the West, where, at the extremity of the pier, stands a light-house well known to " those who go down to the sea in ships." Round the outside of the pier, and raised above its level, is a delightful promenade, pallisadoed on each side, and for walking on it, we believe, a toll of a penny per head per diem demanded.

We think this a fitting occasion to inform the world of a circumstauce by which the pier of Margate is distinguished above all other piers that have been built from the beginning of the world to the present time. It is the only one to which the northern breezes can come direct over-sea from the Pole. They sweep down between Greenland and Spitzburgen, and so come straight on to Margate, withou let, hindrance, or contamination, unless when they are now and then crossed in their passage by a homeward-bound whaler, an incident which it is affirmed, has more than once on Margate Pier been detected almost in the act of occurring by some of the more keen scented promenaders.

GREEK WAR SONG.

Awake each heart and hand! Flash forth each glittering brand!

And "Greece for ever!" be our banner-cry;— Bloody shall be our path,

And, like the whirlwind's wrath,

Scattering the red sand as it hurries by, We'll quell the Foeman's pride,

And ere the eventide, The war-horse and his rider shall be lying

Upon the lowly ground, Changing the trumpet sound

For murmurs of the vanquish'd and the dying!

Past are our years of shame, Now blazes forth the flame

From which the Phoenix bursts in dazzling light,

Pluming his radiant wings, Tow'rd the mid heaven he springs,

And soars on high, our standard in the fight;
And he shall lead us on

And he shall lead us on Till Victory is won,

And shouts of triumph through the field resounding,
Declare our endless fame,
And to the world proclaim

The sons of Greece in glorious deeds abounding!

Awake each heart and hand! Again as Freemen stand,

And dash aside the Infidel's cold chain!
Think what our Fathers were,
Shew what their Children are,

And wash away in blood the slavish stain; For liberty and right,

We will rush to the fight,
With our first shock the Moslem ranks convulsing—
Sons of th' illustrious dead!
Shall it be told We fled?

No! Death or Victory, we'll meet exulting!

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

By the Author of the " Dejeune."

PART I .- YOUTH.

Here's one has served now under Captain Cupid, And carried a pike in's youth—you see what's come on't.

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

At an age when the enthusiasm of youth and the vigor of manhood are alike extinct, I sit down to beguile my solitude by the recollection of my past affections. In earlier days I might perhaps have blushed at the idea of disclosing, what all are so anxious to conceal, the mishaps that have attended each successive attachment; but now, when seated by my fire-side, a sexagenarian in years and temperament, I look back upon the past, its poignant realities are blunted. Upon this principle I shall beg leave to recount my amours with the laudable sang froid of a philosopher, but if in the detail I imbibe an occasional warmth from the spirit of the past: if a transient shade of sorrow, or a quick spark of feeling, steal over my pages, it will serve to corroborate the earnestness with which I have once felt. Independently of these peculiar recollections, I have little of interest to communicate. In the prosecution of amusement, I have rarely strayed beyond the dominions of Venus, and, except on the subject of women, am innocence and simplicity personified. From my father, be it premised, I inherited an inflammable disposition, to which was added, as in that case made and provided, a most fastidious refinement of taste. high-toned enthusiasm of our novelists had inspired me in earliest life with exaggerated notions of chivalry, and in woman, as the orthodox attraction of their pages, I looked for exclusive perfection. I expected her to realize each charm that had bedecked her in romance, and the further she was removed from common life, the higher she rose in my esteem. A worldly female I even now dislike-I then abhorred her. With respect to constitution, I was equally fastidious: a lusty state of health was my abomination. Consumption alone-pale, delicate, interesting consumption, was the idol of my youthful devotion. Oh! the raptures that I used to anticipate in attaching myself to some virgin who was far advanced in the sentiment of a deep decline. How I warmed at the idea of tenanting with her a sweet sequestered cottage, whence she might watch the dying day, and illustrate her similar decline. We would retire, methought, to some secluded vale, and wander heart-linked among its winding dells and superannuated mountains. And when day broke upon the summits of these same superannuated mountains, we would ascend their alpine ridges, and turn upon the world beneath an eye of pity and romance. These, gentle reader, were the first crude rhapsodies of a boy on whom life was opening with the vivid splendor of an Indian dawn, and whom fancy, unblighted as yet by a cold and cheerless world, illumined with a thousand rainbow tints the glittering temple of its mind.

With this disposition, confirmed by an almost entire seclusion in the country, I was one day invited to accompany my father to a race ball, at the town of R--. It was my first appearance in public, to borrow a phrase from the drama; and as I was but fifteen at the time, the reader may form some idea of my rapturous anticipations. The assembly was held in the Town-hall, and presented, I well remember, a gorgeous spectacle of beauty and fashion. On my first entrance, I was stupified with delight, until the appearance of a mutual friend with a partner restored me to comparative serenity. I had always been a good dancer, and though I had received my education at home, where I had but few opportunities of display, yet I rarely suffered what I had once acquired to be lost from want of practice. On the present occasion I was desirous, as it is called, to show off, more especially so for the sake of the fair partner who stood beside me. I shall not easily forget her: she was tall and thin, with bright black eyes, a Grecian nose, and a countenance expressive of every varying emotion: her years might, perhaps, amount to twenty five—a time, in my mind, most auspicious to a female—a time when the somewhat awkward but interesting bashfulness of the girl has sobered into the graceful modesty of the woman, and the heart is steadied not blunted by experience. Such was my first love, the fascinating Maria B---, who now, in a distant quarter of the globe, at an age rarely attained by woman, achieves again in remembrance the various triumphs of her youth.

In an amiable and beautiful woman there is something ennobling in the enthusiasm with which a young heart bows itself down be-The adulation of man, experience may lead her to distrust, but the reverential worship of boyhood, when the mantling cheek, the glistening eye, the timid and faultering voice, attest its perfect sincerity, can never never be mistaken. This appeared to be the case with Maria. She evidently marked my embarassment, and with a smile of the most feminine sweetness beckoned me to a seat beside her. She then drew me into conversation, and perceiving the romantic tenor of my mind, encouraged the foible with insinuating and playful address. To the rest of the assembly I lent not the least attention: I had eyes but for one alone, and long before I retired for the night, had settled the matter with my own conscience that I was desperately enamoured. During the whole of the next morning I was restless and melancholy, and kept hovering in the neighbourhood of the house where Maria resided. On the Sunday following the race ball, I unexpectedly met her at

church, and the refreshment which the mere sight of her beautiful person afforded me was attended with the most delightful and devotional results. This love-fit lasted, on a liberal calculation, about two calendar months, during which time I turned a desperate versifier, committed atrocious burglaries on rhyme and reason, and robbed the poets of their choicest epithets, in order to lay them at the feet of my Dulcinea. Sure never was seen in those two essential articles of love and leanness, so ardent, so accomplished a Quixotte. I was all over love - a complete vaccination of sentiment. It was love in the morning, love in the evening; I breakfasted, I dined, I supped, and I slept off love. But, notwithstanding the delicate flavor of the diet, I soon became marvellously thin. My father perceived the alteration, but attributing it to any other than its right case, prescribed change of scene as an infallible specific. I was accordingly dispatched to the house of an uncle at Portsmouth, where, in the novelty of other attractions, the enamoured boy of fifteen soon forgot that his Maria had ever existed. She has since that time, I am told, married a gentleman of respectability in India, but often, when past times are the subjects of conversation, talks with kindness of her "little suitor," and his romantic attachment.

My next amour was of very brief duration. I had resided about two months at Portsmouth, when the actors of a neighbouring town, attracted by the arrival of a convoy at Spithead, announced a series of performances at the Theatre. As I had never been to the Play, my relation agreed to take me to see "Venice Preserved." Accordingly, a fine Wednesday evening—I remember the date as well as if it were only yesterday—found our little family party seated in the front row of one of the dress boxes. The piece had commenced on our arrival, and Belvidera, the interesting Belvidera, was applying the first handkerchief to her eye. I saw her as she glided across the stage, in the full meridian of her charms, and "surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more beauteous, a more seraphic vision." As the Tragedy proceeded, her part deepened in interest, and the affection which she displayed for Jaffier, the modesty with which she detailed the insults of Renault, together with her closing fit of insanity, completely ensuared my heart. The rest of the tragedy kept this high tone of feeling in countenance, for indeed there is something in its sentiment and garniture peculiarly captivating to youth. From the passionate gong-bell, the shadowy looking wheel, the black scaffold, the white executioner, and his intrepid victim, (Oh! that magnificent Pierre!!) in the last act all is stately, solemn and impressive. What increased the effect was the circumstance of its being my first play, an epoch, says Elia, in the annals of childhood that can never be erased from the mind. The next night my heroine appeared as Ophelia, in "Hamlet,"

The next night my heroine appeared as Ophena, in Trainlet, and my enthusiasm was, if possible, increased. Her face seemed to have the same delicate bloom, her movements the same elegance,

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and her voice the same sweet intonation that had fascinated me in the wife of Jassier. How she thrilled to my heart in the plaintive ditties of the insane girl, and more especially in that exquisite passage—" I would give you some violets, only they withered all when my poor father died." And then her love, her subdued, passive, but unchanging love for Hamlet. Was it possible that it could be scorned? No! I myself would be her Hamlet, subdue by gentle perseverance the chaste scruples of her nature, and prove, by the energy of my passion, that—

Of all the triumphs which vain mortals boast, By wit, by wisdom, or by valor won, The first and fairest in a young man's eye Is woman's captive heart.

In this desperate condition I was accosted by a young naval friend who had been for some months stationed with his vessel at Portsmouth. After a few uninteresting family enquiries, our conversation turned upon the play which we had just witnessed. "Well," said he, "What do you think of our new Ophelia?" "Beautiful," I replied with animation, "Beautiful as an angel, by God. How happy must he be who can win the heart of such a seraph!" My friend replied with a smile at what he was pleased to term my romance, and then, in a half-serious half-joking manner, volunteered an introduction to the actress with whom he had been long acquainted. Here was a glorious opportunity! An introduction to "the fair Ophelia" was what I had covetted for four hours and some odd minutes, as the summum bonum of existence, so we agreed to meet on the evening at the Blue Posts Tavern, and adjourn from thence to the abode of my fair enamorato. The wished-for night arrived, and as the evening gun thundered from the ramparts, I found myself standing beside the place of appointment, in deep meditation on the mind and manners of the angel I was going to visit. From her appearance on the stage, she must be young, accomplished, and graceful, I observed, and if I can but make an impression on her too susceptible heart, I shall be the most favoured and fortunate of men. I was roused from this romantic reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps, and on turning round, discovered my friend hastening towards me from the hotel. Not a word escaped on either side, but away we hurried silent and thoughtful towards the hallowed abode of Ophelia. When we reached her home, he made a sudden halt, and then telling me, with a most suspicious chuckle, that the mere mention of his name would be sufficient introduction, was out of sight in an instant. On the moment of his departure, I instinctively applied my hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a true lover's rap-palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandyhaired girl appeared at the summons. " Is Belvidera at home?" I faulteringly exclaimed; for, in the confusion of my senses, I had forgotten to ask her real name. "Belvidera," she replied with a stare, "MissMuggins, Sir, I suppose you mean; howsomdever-

"Muggins, Muggins," I repeated, interrupting her, with disgust; "Good God! what a name. However, show me the way up, girl;" and, as I ascended, the consoling lines of Shakspeare came promptly to my recollection-" A name, what's in a name? a rose by any other name will smell as sweet."-" And even so," I continued, with a slight shudder, " may Muggins be equally melodious with Belvidera." On reaching the head of the stairs, I involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that I was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. My conductress, however, made no allowance for the susceptibility of a lover, but suddenly threw aside a little dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A gemman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant I was in the midst of a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. My situation was ludicrously picturesque. There were Miss Muggins and her mother, advancing the one with a poker, the other with a frying-pan towards me; by their side was a pug-dog, fat, frisky and bellirent; and to the right in the distance, flanked by what might be called from courtesy a coal-skuttle, towered a black tom-cat in a high state of wrath and animation. "Where then," the reader will ask, "was the fair Ophelia?" Where was she, who but yester-night, to adopt the language of Gibbon, " reared her head in the splendour of unsullied beauty," whose voice, whose countenance were seraphic, and who, above all, would have given me some violets, "only they withered all when her poor father died!" God knows! she seemed likely to give me nothing now but a smart box on the ear; for some perverse enchanter, the same doubtless who transformed Don Quixotte's Dulcinea into a kitchen wench, had metamorphosed the "fair Ophelia" into the quadrangular apparition of Miss Muggins. To make the matter worse—this sentimental spouse of Justier, this insane daughter of Polonious, she who drowned herself for love of "the Lord Hamlet," was actually (tell it not in Gath) frying sausages for supper. Eternal powers ! do I live to record the damning fact: OPHELIA FRYING SAUsages!! Had it been lamb, the emblem of innocence-beef, respectable from its knighthood, or even a Michaelmas goose, sacred from its connection with Queen Elizabeth, I might possibly have gulped down the abomination; but sausages-horrible sausagesodious sausages-unprincipled sausages, which have committed adultery with fish, flesh, and fowl-the very thought was torture; it drove me to the verge of madness, and, without one word in explanation of my visit I rushed down stairs, and never once halted until I reached the sea side. From that night to the present I have never been able to look a sausage in the face without a shudder, and whenever I think of Portsmouth and its Theatre, I invariably recal the terrific apparition of Miss Muggins.

About four years subsequent to this amour, I was sent as a Commoner to Cambridge. Sentiment or folly, call it what you will,

was by this time fully engrained in my composition. I studied Petrarch with romantic ardor, was profound in the Eloise of Rosseau, and could discourse novels on the amatory writers of Greece and Rome. Few of my cotemporaries could sympathise with this enthusiasm, and I soon began to be avoided as a romantic young man, who was very well in his way, but somewhat of a fool withal. There was one, however, who, to a sensitive disposition, added a shrewd knowledge of the world, and in whose society I passed most of my leisure hours. He was a student of Catherine Hall, and though by ten years my senior, appeared to take much interest in my conversation. On one evening in particular he was unusually eloquent, and, after warning me against the miseries attendant on romance, concluded in these impressive words: "This disposition of your's, my dear Edward, will one day prove a lasting source of annoyance. I do not quarrel with your admiration of women, God forbid! but with your exaggerated notion of their perfection, and am convinced, that were you really to meet with such an angel as your fancy depicts, you would soon be surfeited. When I was your age I possessed a similar warmth of feeling-ran wild upon the subject of "love in a cottage," and married, as you may suppose, with all possible expedition. For the first month every thing was of course delightful. I rented a cottage in Wales, turned gentleman farmer, and resolved to attempt what is called by the poets "true pastoral felicity." But this state of happiness soon evaporated. My horses, with whose education I had been so particular, took a fancy to see the world, and my cows ran away to look after them. The neighbouring swains too—oh, how unlike the Daphnes and Chloes of my childhood, purloined my fruit with impunity, and my wife, whom I soon discovered to be a vixen, consummated my happiness by flinging a leg of mutton at my head. To annihilate, if possible, any lingering feelings of romance, I was one day surprised by a visit from her relations, consisting (as nearly as I can recollect the inventory), of two sisters, an aunt, and an uncle, in flannel stockings. Now as this was a species of furniture neither useful nor ornamental, I suddenly disposed of my cottage, and returned with my wife to London, where Heaven, jealous, doubtless of such an angel, kindly transferred her from mine to Abraham's bosom."-"And is this the way," I exclaimed, interrupting him with prodigious wrath, " is this the way you speak of that most tender of all human connexions, a wife? Tell me G-, is she not the pride, the sweetener of manhood, and can there be more perfect enjoyment than to wile away in her beloved society the long, long tedium of existence; to see your little cherubs sporting about your knees, and - " " Sticking pins in the calf of your leg," rejoined my friend; "No, no, believe me, Ned, this world, though exceedingly agreeable in its way, was never formed for romance. 'Tis the shrewd, the heartless, and the impudent, who can alone ransack its treasury; your man of sentiment sticks for ever at the threshold." This conversation made at the time but little impression on my

mind, and though subsequent experience has in part proved its

truth, I admit it even yet with reluctance.

It was now the period of the long vacation. The University became gradually deserted, and I, among others, prepared for my return home. With this view I took an inside place in the Huntingdon coach, and started for the metropolis, in company with two female passengers. The night was pitchy dark, and though desirous to scrutinize their persons, I was compelled some hours to decline the attempt. My nearest neighbour, however, engaged my immediate attention. Her voice informed me, that she was of the feminine gender, and by the tart manner in which she spoke of our inoffensive sex, I had little hesitation in setting her down for a confirmed spinster. Her elbows, according to the opinion of my ribs, were quadrilateral; she was consequently stricken in years, and edged them towards me with all the restlessness of a virago. As day gradually dawned, I received the full benefit of its light, in a close examination of her enormities. She was the most horrible old woman that I ever yet encountered. Her skin was seared and shriveled, her nose deep emboweled in a mountainous chaos of cheek, and her eyes seemed busy in looking for it. Her temper did not belie her person, for, among an infinity of other accomplishments, she took a prodigious delight in contradiction, closed the window with a jirk, because I requested permission to leave it open, and on my chancing to extol the beauty of the morning, abused it with the lungs of a fish-woman.—A man who has never traveled with anold woman in a stage coach, has no right to call himself a stoic. In other situations she may, peradventure, he endured, but here, the jostling of her temper keeps exact time to the jostling of her bones. Such was the case with this Duenna, who seemed to have bottled up the venom of seventy years in order to discharge it upon me. Sickening with disgust, I darted towards her a look that was answered only by a sneer, and then directed my attention to her companion, who, muffled in the folds of an ample shawl, had hitherto escaped my notice. Now, however, when the gloom of night was past, she threw it aside, and revealed a countenance of lively and versatile expression. Her figure was small, but graceful, and a pretty little foot that peeped out, now and then, from beneath the concealment of a riding habit, gave a wonderous help to my admiration. In any other place I should most likely have overlooked her, but now, when compared with the squaw who sate opposite, she appeared a first rate beauty. We accordingly commenced conversation, and by her ease of manner and foreign accent, I felt assured that she was After a pause, I somehow or other conof French extraction. trived to introduce the subject of Rosseau (a singular topic for a stage-coach) and found that she was complete mistress of the Eloise. This, of course, raised her in my esteem, and the very obstacles that her governante attempted to throw in the way of our conference added fuel to my rising flame. To shorten a long des-

cription, let it suffice to say, that I was falling in love by contract. My fancy, ever in extremes, painted the Duenna as a Devil, and her pretty French protege as an angel. One thing, indeed, somewhat cooled my ardour, and that was the circumstance of her having a cock-up nose, of the nature and genus of a fish-hook. But Roxalana—the lively the regal Roxalana was possessed, I remembered, of a similar peculiarity, and the precedent so completely satisfied me that when the coach arrived at Gerrard's Hall, I experienced all the tremors of a lover. In this state I alighted, heard a sigh of prodigious pathos, and then with a rush which sent me flying at right angles over the shoulders of a stooping ostler, bade adieu to my fellow passengers. A few days afterwards as I was walking towards the R- Coach-office, I encountered them at the corner of the White Horse Cellar. As the image of the youngest, at least, had often crossed my mind, I was delighted with this opportune meeting, and should certainly have entered into conversation with her, had not the horrible old woman jerked her by the arm, and pulled her towards Bond-street, with a violence that set her pretty little feet a gadding with the most graceful agility. Once, methought, she turned round and smiled, but the smile was qualified with a blush of maiden modesty. This quickened each slumbering spark of romance, so resolving to follow up the amour, I-tracked their footsteps until they entered a Hampstead coach, on which I engaged an outside place, and then, after discovering their abode, returned exulting to my hotel. Among the number of those who occasionally dined with me in the coffee-room, was a thick-set jolly little Irishman, by name Fitzpatrick. He had all the characteristics of his countrymen, was frank and open in disposition, and willing alike to fight or drink, to make love, or talk sentiment. To this youth, in the course of an after dinner chit-chat, I communicated my notable adventure, and was advised in return to follow it up with spirit, make instant application to my damsel, and trust to chance for success. As I was an idle fellow, and much given to absurdity, I assented with glee to this proposal, and though ignorant of her name, directed a letter to the fair unknown, (dated in my own person, from Gerrard's Hall) wherein I alluded to certain fragments of our conversation, touching the merits of serenades, and promised, on the ensuing evening, to indulge her with a specimen.

Morn, mid-day, noon, flew rapidly bye, and at the appointed hour, I accompanied Fitzpatrick, who seemed all alive at the thoughts of a frolic, to the abode of my incognita. The house wherein she resided, was then situated on the heath, and verged on a declivity, which is now called the Vale of Health. It was on the edge of this slope, and close under the bed-room windows, that we stationed ourselves, in anxious expectation of the moment when the last lights should disappear. The night was well suited to our purpose; it was wild and scowling, and lit but at intervals by a

feeble watery moon. Not the slightest sound was heard, except when now and then a solitary straggler paced along the heath, or the hum of human voices came faintly wafted on the wind. Even this at last subsided, and heath tree, and village lay rapt in the silence of the grave. We now applied ourselves in earnest to our task. Fitzpatrick drew forth a flageolet, I prepared my flute, and together we struck up a duet, that Orpheus himself might envy. In an instant a noise, as of stifled whispers was heard, the windowsash was gently opened, and a voice which I recognized as the property of the Duenna, seemed wheezing a suspicious alarm. Fitzpatrick, at this awful moment, was standing on the very edge of the slope, when a loud crash caused him to look upwards, and a huge pair of Jack-boots attached, with much neatness, to a coal scuttle, alighted in due course upon his head. Thunderstruck at such an assault, I turned hastily towards him, and observed his body descending the hill with the repercussive volition of a foot-ball. Downwards, from slope to slope, he bounded, fathoming the exact depth of every gutter in his road, until, arriving at his journey's end, he plunged head-foremost through the ceiling of a pig-stye.

By this time the household, alarmed by the shouts of the old woman, had rushed to the scene of action, where they were joined by some drunken labourers on their return from a fair at Hendon; and now began a most heroic and elaborate assault. First appeared the servants of the French lady, armed with bludgeons and bed-posts, which they flourished to the right and left with a spirited disregard to consequences. Opposite them, frowned the martial phalanx of Bacchanals, who, careless of the merits of the case, burned with inextinguishable choler. Terrific was the clangor that ensued. Bang-went the bludgeons, whack-went the fists, crash—went the bed-posts, while the leathern lungs of Fitzpatrick alternately encouraged either side. In the course of the engagement he chanced to stumble on the Jack-boots and coalscuttle, and, maddened with a recollection of his wrongs, discharged them at the leader of the household, who, falling into the arms of the next in advance, he tumbled again upon his rear-ward man, and down they all dropped, each like a pack of cards, in regular and beautiful succession. The owner of the pig-stye, who had been roused by the grunting of his logs, was the sole antagonist, who yet retained possession of his legs, but (grievous to relate) he too was doomed to fall, and in his haste to escape from Fitzpatrick, plunged head over heels into a horse pond.

It is the opinion of most philosophers that animation cannot exist without the head. Now, it came to pass that the Hampstead watchman, in rushing to the spot whence the sounds of war proceeded, came in contact with two legs, erected like sign-posts in the very midst of the water, and being somewhat of a physiologist, concluded that they were the appurtenances of a dead man. Suddenly, however, to the confusion of his theory, the pool was seen

to stir, and a head, accompanied by a neck and shoulders, burst full on his sight. In a few seconds the whole man appeared, and with a voice redolent of ditch water, related the circumstances of his ablution, and concluded with a request that the watchman would take up the parties who were squabbling hard by. But this precaution was useless, for the whole heath was now fully alarmed, and presented at each attic a miscellaneous assortment of night caps. Patrols from the neighbouring village came scampering like maniacs towards us, lights glanced from window to window with evident tokens of hostility, so, conceiving that I had already evinced sufficient valour, I respectfully called to mind its better part, discretion, and, accompanied by Fitzpatrick, retreated with expedition from the field.

The next morning, while seated at breakfast, a letter signed Auguste de Thierry, was brought into me. It was from the brother of the little French girl, who, indignant at my billet-doux to his sister, and cavalier treatment of his household, had requested the favor of my company at ten o'clock the next morning, in Hyde Park. On showing it to the Irishman, he volunteered his services as second, and seemed even to exult in the office. My own feelings, however, were of a soberer cast, for the excitement of the preceding night had evoporated, and reason awoke me to a full sense of my situation. It was impossible to avoid a duel, but to fight when the occasion was so unjustifiable, lent additional bitterness to my feelings. I am not conscious of undue timidity, but I am fond of peace, and even my last night's skirmish, distinguished as it was by ridicule, militated against my better nature. Fitzpatrick endeavoured to console me; but, when I thought of the approaching morrow, which might make a parent childless, or me a murderer, I

gave way to utter despondency.

The Abbey clock struck the appointed hour, as, accompanied by my second, I arrived at Cumberland Gate. During the walk, he had been unusually eloquent, and by way of consolation informed me, that a duel was nothing when it was in practice, for he had fought four himself. "The first," he said, coolly arranging the pistols, "was with my own uncle, for asserting in company that I was intoxicated. The second, was with a barrister, who looked at me twice through an eye-glass. The third, was occasioned by the presumption of an officer who fell in love with the same lady as myself, and the fourth, by the emulation of a countryman, who, by the way, winged me in a most gentlemanly manner. Indeed, it was quite a pleasure to be shot in so pretty a style, but here," he continued, shouldering his pistol with tremendous animation, "come, Monsieur and his elect, and accordingly, without further comment, hurried me to the place of appointment. On reaching the ground. we cast lots for the first fire. The chance favoured de Thierry, and at a given signal he aimed his pistol, drew the trigger, and missed. Unwilling to injure him, I discharged mine in the air,

but, as the circumstance escaped observation, we agreed to re-load, when a bullet fired at random from my pistol lodged in his breast. For an instant he stood firm, until, a revulsion of the blood taking place, his countenance altered, and he sunk senseless into the arms of his second. I rushed in agony towards him, but Fitzpatrick held me back, and after promising that every assistance should be procured, hurried me into a post-chaise, which was waiting at the Park Gate. Here he bade me farewell, extorted a promise that I would write to him on reaching France, and then ordered the postilion to drive with all haste to Dover. The whole of this fatal occurrence had passed within the short space of an hour, and it was not until I attained 'my journey's end, that I had leisure to reflect on my situation. In the morning I was innocent and happy: I was now a proscribed murderer, deprived by an unexpected catastrophe of home, kindred and country. These reflections fully engrossed my attention, until I reached the Dover Pier, whence a Packet was just sailing for Calais. I accordingly hastened on board : a quick breeze sprung up, the town dwindled to a speck, and as the white cliffs of England faded in distance, I felt that, like the first-born of Adam, I was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

PART II .- Manhood .- (To be continued in our next.)

EXTRACT FROM THE "MINSTREL'S TALE,"

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

I do remember well an eventide
In autumn—oh! it was a lovely scene,
Pensive yet beautiful—the summer's pride
Of foliage, from one mass of waving green,
Was fading into rich variety: between
Luxuriant meadows, o'er which hung a veil
Of clear attenuated mist, was seen
The sparkling river, where one distant sail
Spread its white canvas to the rising vesper gale.

And Sunset on the adjacent hills was flinging
A radiance soft as Love's last parting smile,
And in the distance village bells were ringing,
Swelling to spirit-thrilling tones awhile;

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Then hush'd to silence that might well beguile
The sorrows of the breast, and make of woe
That pure emotion no ill thoughts defile,
The "Joy or Grief," which we would not forego
For all th' illusive bliss that Mirth can e'er bestow.

And on th' illustrious scene was gazing one,
Beautiful as the genii of the hour,
Her glance was fixed on the declining sun,
Dismantled now of all his dazzling power,
Her head was bending like the golden flower
That drinks the sunset rays,—her dark-fringed eye
Gleam'd like the heaven which April's transient shower
Has burnish'd into liquid brilliancy—
Her eye-lash still retained a glittering tear of joy!

She was a moment pale—but the rich blood
Soon painted on her cheek an eloquent flush,
And by the current of that mantling flood,
The eye could trace the instantaneous rush
Of thoughts across her spirit, like the gush
Of waters from a newly-opened spring—
Her soul lit up her beauty in that blush
Which seemed o'er the unconscious heart to fling
A spell that evermore would round it firmly cling.

Then suddenly, as if she were awaking
From the creation of some heavenly dream,
She looked as though a passionate farewell taking
Of daylight's orb, whose last delicious beam
Shed round her form etherial a rich stream
Of sunny glory, while an exquisite shade
Of auburn hair fell on her; but the gleam
Of her white swan-like neck o'er which it strayed
Was often by the swelling southern breeze displayed.

One moment—and the lovely thing had flown;
I knelt upon the spot where she had been,
And gaz'd upon the darkening Heaven alone,
Till sparkled in the firmament serene
The evening star. I felt around me thrown
A chain my spirit once had scorn'd to own.
The scene is past—but it must ever be
Enshrined in memory—it must give a tone
To every future feeling—I shall see,
None like the bright form which she appeared to me!

at In the distance village belt were singless.

Liveling to spirit-thrilling Lance as hide;

AND SECTION OF THE PROPERTY OF

But in this his first undertakin

ORECCE IN 1823 AND 1824, BEING A SERIES OF LETTERS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS ON THE GREEK REVOLUTION, WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO THAT COUNTRY.—By the Hon. Leicester Stanhope.—Sherwood and Co.

The Greek Committee having accepted Colonel Stanhope's offer to proceed to Greece as their agent or delegate, he set off on his mission, proceeding through the south of Germany and Switzerland, where he conferred with several enlightened individuals, well-wishers to the cause of Greek independence, on the measures most likely to effectuate the object which he and those who sent him had so warmly at heart.

He arrived at Cephalonia, where his labours may be considered as beginning, on Nov. 26, 1823, and left Greece, on his return for England, in the latter end of May, 1824, having been peremptorily ordered home by the British Government, under a threat of the

displeasure of his sovereign.

He found the Greeks divided into parties, each pursuing its own selfish object, probably giving the general good the full benefit of their wishes, but in their conduct nothing but selfishness and petty jealousy appeared. The Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government viewed each other with mutual distrust, and acted in the most uncordial manner; and the chiefs, to whom the people probably looked with still greater anxiety than to the Government, had formed no scheme of mutual co-operation, but appeared as deep in trickery and chicane as those who live by the trade of politics.

Colonel Stanhope writes thus from Cephalonia: -

"The accounts received here about Greek affairs are not favourable. It is my duty to speak the whole truth to the committee. Lord Byron, Colonel Napier, all, in fact, concur in speaking of the executive body as devoid of public virtue, and actuated by avarice and low ambition."

In a subsequent letter he thus speaks of the common people:

"The people of Greece know nothing of liberty. How should they, after centuries of Turkish domination? They require to be taught the elements, the A, B, C, of good government."

Of the police of the country he says-

"The administration of the police is in the hands of the Primates and Capitanes, or rather justice exists not at all."

To arouse the public spirit of the nation appeared to Colonel Stanhope the first thing needful, and he accordingly took immediate measures for establishing a free press, that he might diffuse as speedily as possible that general information which gives its

greatest value even to freedom. But in this his first undertaking he met with opposition from almost every quarter. Even Mavrocordato, one of the most enlightened individuals, and probably the most popular and influential one in Greece, indirectly used his influence against the measure, and had it not been for the firm and decided conduct of Colonel Stanhope, it is apparent that the printer would not have put the prospectus, which announced the establishment of the "Greek Chronicle," to the press. On the first of January. 1824, however, the first number of this newspaper appeared, and Colonel Stanhope and his friends exerted all their influence to put it into circulation, and all their talents to make it subservient to their views. Even Lord Byron, anomalous as it may appear, was averse to the establishment of an unrestrained press; and he nd Col. Stanhope appear to have had some smart altercations on the subject. His lordship said that "he was an ardent friend to publicity and the press, but that he feared it was not applicable to this society in its present combustible state." That he " feared the liberals and licentiousness!!"

"I said," says Col. Stanhope, "that Bentham had a truly British heart, but that Lord Byron, after professing liberal principles, had proved himself a Turk." Lord Byron asked "what proofs have you of this?" "Your conduct in endeavouring to crush the press,

and your general abuse of liberal principles."

Colonel Stanhope, amidst all these difficulties, had an arduous task to perform; he had to enlighten the people, to allay the jealousies, and to unite the talents of the chiefs; to infuse energy, unanimity, and system into the functionaries of Government. He saw every body, and had business with every body. He carried about in himself, as he sincerely believed, the living spirit which was to re-animate Greece. He was, among them, the High Priest of freedom.

While we admit, however, that his zeal was truly apostolic, we cannot conceal from ourselves that its effects were very disproportioned to its warmth. He appears to have left the people as disunited as he found them, and to have been remarkably successful only in exciting jealousy respecting his own motives in quarters where it was desirable that should it not have existed.

The book contains a few animated sketches of the different individuals with whom the author's mission brought him in contact.

We subjoin one or two.

MAVROCORDATO.

[&]quot;Mavrocordato is a good man, but one who is not a friend to liberty in a large sense." "He is a clever, shrewd, insinuating, and amiable man. He wins men at first by his yes's and his smiles. He is accessible and open to good counsel, but he preserves a temporizing policy, and there is nothing great or profound in his mind. He has the ambition, but not the daring and self-confidence required to play a first-rate part in the state. His game, therefore, is to secure the second character, either

under the commonwealth, or under a King. What, after all, can you expect of a Greek Constantinopler?"

GENERAL ODYSSEUS.

"General Odyseus has a very strong mind, and a good heart, and is brave as his sword. He is a daring man; he governs with a strong arm, and is the only man in Greece that can preserve order. He has been a mountain robber; has never bowed in bondage to the Turks; has served under Ali Pacha; has been chosen Governor of Eastern Greece; has refused to give up Athensto a weak Government; and has lately sympathised with the people, and taken the liberal side in politics. He is a brave soldier, has great power, and promotes public liberty. Just such a man as Greece requires."

IPSILANTI.

"Ipsilanti is in mind and body a slug, but still he has shewn more public virtue than any man in Greece. His people are for military predominance and democracy."

As we proceed through the volume, we find our original unfavourable impressions respecting the Greek cause gain ground.

On March 11, 1824, Col. Stanhope writes

"The government of the Morea has been of late much disturbed. The legislative body annihilated the executive, and set up another in its stead. After a time the old executive re-assembled at Impolitye, and seized on Corinth. They have collected thirty-five members of the legislative body, who are acting with them, and they have proclaimed

their intention of holding a general assembly at Apulinent."

And on March 21st he says, "Greece is split into factions, which are enrolled into two great parties. The one consists of Mavrocordato, the Islands, a large portion of the legislative body, of the Primates, and the People. The other consists of Ipsilanti, Petrombey, Calvetrori, and the principal part of the soldiery. Odysseus professes neutrality, but leans to the latter party. Mavrocordato is a good man, but cannot go straight. He is secretly for a mild monarchy, a thing as easy to be obtained in Greece as a mild tigerarchy. His followers mean differently, but mean well." "The revolution has clubbed the Greeks."

When on the subject of monarchy, we may mention that Charles John, of Sweden, was thought of as monarch, and that he and Prince Leopold were weighed against each other. "Why," says Colonel Stanhope, "not have the Duke of Sussex?" We do not know why not; we are sure he is the most likely man in the world to put the Greeks in good humour, and besides his collection of Bibles is immense.

We have room but for few of the Colonel's interesting details respecting the present inhabitants of this classic country. He

save_

"The peasantry live ill. They have eighty-nine fast days in addition to every Friday and Saturday. On other days they have cheese, butter, and bread; and on Sundays and festivals, meat; the women are treated like slaves, and perform all the hard labour."

Their mode of electing their representatives appears very good in THEORY.

"The franchise is universal to all males above twenty years of age. Every fifty families of a village choose one deputy, who proceeds to the town of the general prefecture. The central town elects 12 deputies. These village and town deputies then elect either one or two Members of Parliament, according to the extent of their district. This is all done by ballot."

"The general assembly is thus formed. Two or four deputies are chosen in each prefecture by ballot, who then unite and form the general assembly. This is the only body that can make any fundamental change in the constitution. They discuss questions openly, decide them by

ballot, and a simple majority."

Colonel Stanhope, on one occasion, writes to the Greek Committee—" Send me no more men or things, send me money;" and it is evident that the Greeks wish for no other assistance.

In proof of this we shall merely copy a passage from a letter of Mavrocordato, after Colonel Stanhope left Greece for England.

"I have just learned that Trelawney is quite enraged against me; I laugh at his rage. This conduct on the part of these gentlemen is well worthy of the love of liberty, which they wish to make their boast. Can there be a more cruel despotism than that of a foreigner, who, without any right whatever, wishes to command without the least regard to the existing laws. My God! does the first comer think then that he can tread us under his feet, or are we thought capable of being led by the nose by the first intriguer."

This paragraph explains more clearly the extent of the benefit which the interference of the Greek Committee and Col. Leicester Stanhope, has conferred on Greece, than any thing which either we or that patriotic body could add on the subject.

REVIEW.—THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR, AND OTHER POEMS.
BY N. T. CARRINGTON.—BALDWIN AND CO. LONDON, 1820.

Our readers, we presume, will agree with us, that if Milton's Paradise Lost, or Thomson's Seasons, or any other Poem of equal merit, had remained, until the present day, buried in the secret recesses of obscurity, it would require very little apology, on the part of any man, who might be so fortunate as to discover its hiding place, and introduce it to the notice of the public. We lay this down as a general rule, for the purpose of shewing that a work, having been a long time in existence, is no argument against its receiving that notice which is paid to more recent publications, provided it is entitled to, and has not already received, such attention.

Acting upon this principle, we are induced to notice Mr. Carrington's "Banks of the Tamar," a poem which, it appears, was

published more than four years ago.

We had heard some of our literary friends speak of this most admirable production, and we had seen some few extracts from it; but, until a short period preceding this notice, we had never met with the poem itself. We have now read this really remarkable effusion; and we fearlessly assert, that in genuine feeling, in sublimity of thought, in beauty of description, and in general classic elegance, it is equal to any poem in the English language. Mr. Carrington is evidently a man of a very powerful mind; and if he be treated by his countrymen as he deserves, he will have ceded to him that high rank among British Poets to which he is eminently entitled.

The "Banks of the Tamar," as its title implies, is a rural poem; it is likewise written in blank verse—two circumstances which bring it at once into comparison with Thomson's Seasons. That Mr. Carrington may have selected Thomson for his model, we do not think at all improbable; but we fearlessly assert that he has, in many instances, even excelled his prototype. This declaration, we are aware, is calculated to alarm the prejudices of some of our readers; but we are, nevertheless, firm in our opinion, and

will stake our reputation on the assertion.

The Author describes himself and a few friends, as leaving the cares of business for the enjoyment of an excursion on the river Tamar. This momentary escape, as it were, from the rude gripe of the harsh duties of his occupation, is beautifully described:

Man is bound
By artificial ties, where cities rear
Their huge circumference; but how he longs
To quit them for a season; how he strives
Like some imprison'd bird that droops within
Its bars, to leave engirting ties behind,
And feel the breeze of Heaven upon his cheek,
The uncontaminated breeze, and rove
In the fresh fields, or skim the river's breast,
A joyous denizen of earth.

We would like to enquire of some of our neighbours, who, we know, annually enjoy their trip to Richmond, if they ever, on these occasions, experience such feelings as those of which the following passage appears to be the recollection? We make this enquiry more freely because these are persons, who, from their worldly engagements, are similarly situated to the "Man of Business" spoken of by the poet:

How grand the mountain's cloudy brow,—how sweet How doubly sweet are sunny vales, how wave

The wanton woods, how freshly flow the streams,

Responsive to the morn and eve.
He sees a million beauties, which the sons
Of Leisure miss; for they with heedless step,
And vacant eye, stroll oft among the works,
The miracles of Nature, unimpress'd
By all they see, and undelighted too
At the soft sounds that ever are abroad;—
The hum of bee, the whispering of the breeze,
The rush of wings, the leap of sportive fish,
The sky's clear song, the music of the leaf,
And the melodious lapses of the rills.

The last four lines are unrivalled in the English language. "The rush of wings" is superlatively beautiful. There is another passage in the book in which the word "rush" is used with admirable effect:

How bold the bank Of Tamar rises with its verd'rous sheet, Tree above tree uprushing.

Who that is confined to the toils of traffic has not felt his casual holiday clouded with the melancholy reflection put forth in the following lines:

He, 'mid the high, the infinite display
Of Nature, feels new inspiration seize
His quickening powers; and if he feel a pang,
'Tis at the thought, the shudd'ring thought, that soon
Of verdant scenes, reviving gales, and songs
Of the wild wood, the lays of earth and sky
At once bereav'd, he must retrace his steps
Where bloom no flowers, where every flagging air
Wafts foul contagion through the darken'd street.

We will not anticipate the reader's feelings by any further remarks of our own; nor occupy that space which may be so much better employed with the poet's own language. The following extracts are taken indiscriminately from the poem.

THE SEA.

But who that climbs the brow sublime, and thence
Surveys the dread immensity of sea,
Wild heaving often here, and seldom lull'd
To deep tranquillity, e'en by the hush
Of Summer, feels not pleasure, wonder, awe
Alternate, as in breeze, or gale, or storm,
He gazes on its bosom! On the waste
Of waters, rolling from the birth of Time,
The great and fathomless Ocean, swathing round,
As with a girdle, this stupendous Earth,
The eye would dwell for ever.

I be masted weeds, how freship flow the agreeness;

THE IVY.

"Thy walls, now trembling to the western gale, He clothes them with his spirit-chilling green, His dark and fav'rite Ivy, cheerless plant, Sacred to desolation!"

THE RIVER TAMAR.

"As some majestic tree which Sun and shower For centuries have cherished, proudly darts From trunk immense its vigorous branches forth, So Tamar spreads his hundred silver arms Among the meads, indenting all his banks, With his capacious inlets."

THE LARK.

"O! when the herald lark,
Upwinging suddenly from covert green,
Shakes his dew-sprinkled wings, and gaily pours
His 'elegant divisions,' what has Art
Can rival the rich music of the sky?"

EVENING.

"Tis o'er,—the day declines, with sober step Pale Evening comes; and every eye that saw The cheerful morn, and glisten'd at the sight, Looks westward now, where sits the God of Day Upon his burning throne; the glowing clouds Encircling him with hues no pencil dares To emulate. In vain the floating pomp-The golden blaze—the emerald tints—the seas Of sapphire, and the islets blest that sail The ethereal ocean; pensively we gaze On that which should divinest pleasure yield, And fain would Friendship, like the chief of old, Arrest the course of you departing Sun: But, ah! in characters as true as grand And beautful, those evanescent streaks Which now he scatters o'er the burning heav'n, Foretel the rapid close of day! We seek, Reluctantly, our bark, too soon to lose Woods, rocks, and verdant hills and smiling jawns, In the deep shades of the relentless night.

We would wish to do justice to our own feelings as well as to Mr. Carrington, in extracting a greater portion of his exquisite Poem, but we have already extended this notice beyond our ordinary limits. We trust we have quoted enough to convince those who may have read our introductory remarks, that the Banks of the Tamar" is such as we described it. Mr. Carrington—(but why do we mister him?)—Carrington is evidently the first rural poet of the age; and we consider it a blot upon the character of the country, that such a man is permitted to remain in his present comparative obscurity.

PART XIV .- 54-Fourth Edit.

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The Private Correspondence of Christopher Council, Esq. (Now first published.)

No. I.

To BENJAMIN BLOUNT, Esq. M.D.

"ON THE FOLLY AND DANGER OF UNRESTRAINED FREEDOM OF SPEECH."

To give advice, my dear Ben, is the duty and privilege of a friend; and though I know you will take council, even from me, with as sullen a spirit, and as many wry faces, as our Tom receives senna from his grandmama, and with as firm a determination not to swallow a drop; yet it is not impossible but the friendly exposition of your situation will lead to such serious reflections as will produce a radical reform in your manners, and eventually conduce to your future welfare and permanent felicity:—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Your wit, your vivacity, your extensive erudition, your many brilliant acquirements, are alone sufficient to command an extensive professional reputation, and a considerable influence in society; but to these you add a fine figure, a manly deportment, a noble and highly intellectual countenance, and surprising powers of conversation; there is a boldness and energy in your speech that give an irresistible impetus to your peculiar sentiments and opinions: thus accomplished, what might you not have achieved, had prudence been your principal virtue? With a twentieth part of your advantages, how many have speedily acquired handsome fortunes and brilliant reputations!

But how stands the fact with you, my dear Ben? Alas! most deplorably "cut" by all your acquaintance, shunned by your friends, and almost disowned by your family, you have failed to attain the honors and emoluments of your profession, and in lieu, have gained the hatred of every sect in religion and every party in politics: your literary acquaintance have long since recommended you to Bedlam, the ladies pronounce you a brute, no social party thinks your company creditable, you stand in society, like the Upas tree, an object

These are unpleasant consequences, permit me to detail the causes, and to suggest sundry rules and regulations for the establishment of a less equivocal reputation. You possess, my dear Ben, a lamentable lack of prudence, a too great disregard of your worldly interests, a too daring love of truth, a total want of hypocrisy, you cherish opinions the least flattering to the self love and prejudices of man, you oppose every party and all sects, the customs and manners of society are the objects of your perpetual scourge, almost all generally received opinions on matters of taste and morals find in

you an inveterate opposer, you are too fond of contemplating the darker shades of human life, and have little sympathy with your fellows;—but even with these weak claims to the world's favor, you might avoid obloquy and persecution, did you not possess, in a most eminent degree, an inveterate and irresistible propensity to give utterance to your thoughts without reserve and without restraint—with the most absolute disregard of time, place or circumstance; this is

the chief cause of that obloquy you are obliged to brave.

What can be more absurd, in any professional character, than to practise rigid honesty, especially in a highly civilized age; the very term civilization, implies a departure from natural honesty to artificial or expedient honesty. What has been the consequence of your almost continually recommending your patients to trust to nature, exercise and temperance, instead of physic? Of the hundreds on whom you have exhausted your eloquence to prove these natural modes of cure the most effectual, how many have relied on your advice? have not ninety nine out of every hundred, immediately left your door for those of the less conscientious? By advising Sir John Waddle to forsake gluttony and wine bibbing, he forsook you and cast the care of his corpulency on a more prudent practitioner? By rashly telling the fat Duchess of D- that her disorder was sloth, and might be speedily cured by battledore and shuttlecock, you gained her grace's anger and lost her custom; when called on to administer to the rich young widow E-, in desperate hysterics for the death of her old gouty protector, what was your prescription? Three weeks and a young husband. Oh, fie, Ben; these humours are too expensive! By continually exposing the weakness of your profession and the ignorance of your brethren, you have lost your practice, and gained the hearty contempt and hatred of the faculty—and very naturally, not to say justly. What would become of you as a body, were the world to grow wiser by your advice? When temperance, exercise and nature, shall be considered the best physicians, your craft, my dear Ben, will be in danger; many a fine establishment and fine equipage will come to the hammer; an honest lawyer is a fool, an honest doctor not more wise. But lauded be learning and science, and blessings on the diffusers of knowledge, the days of ignorance are passed away; this is the nineteenth century, the world is too wise to fall in with your shallow maxims, or to listen to the utopian schemes of honest men.

By too much freedom of speech, you have obtained the hatred of the clergy and the religious of all denominations. Is your subscription requested on behalf of Missionaries, Bible Societies, education schemes, for the translation of the bible into Irish or Cingalese, or any other godly purpose, you are not content with merely refusing, but never fail to shew the why and wherefore of your refusal, and seldom let the applicant pass without impugning his motives, or turning his objects into ridicule. This has proved a dangerous practice; these parties are not the most discriminating characters, they have repaid your refusal by exhibiting you as an irreligious deist, or an abominable atheist; this is a character too sinful to be forgiven;

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the greatest virtues, the highest rank, the most brilliant talents, will not protect such an one from general destestation; and though I know you to be a better practical Christian and a more sincere believer in the truths of Christianity, than nine tenths of its perverters and most zealous professors, yet the world is not so practically forgiving and just, as to give you credit for any virtue but that of ac-

quiescence in all their plans and opinions.

Let me now instance a few of those general topics that have assisted in confirming the slanders you have gained by your loquacity and love of argument. Virgil's fame has been gradually increasing. for 2,000 years, with that of many less eminent of the ancient poets. Do you not attempt to pluck the evergreen from their wreaths. Every body rapturously extols the superior knowledge of the ancients. you are pepetually underrating their pretensions. You deny Milton to be the most sublime poet, and make long speeches to prove the merit of Shakespear overrated. When all the world thought Buonaparte a tyrant who defied the laws of God and man to accomplish his ends, you pronounced daily eulogiums on his greatness. When every body was decrying the profligacy of Lord Byron, you spoke twenty speeches a day in his praise. Every body admires the Scotch novels, you call them the panegyrics of fools, maniacs, rogues and vagabonds, well adapted to please the vicious taste of the age. In short, you are a decided oppositionist, whom few have the skill to confute, but on whom all have the power to retaliate. Your hand is

against every man, and every man's hand against you.

With hypocrisy you carry on a perpetual war, and all are your enemies; for who, according to your theory, is sincere?—What can more glaringly shew the contempt you entertain for the civil institutions of your country, or rather for the pretended piety of your countrymen than this fact. A party had been to hear a celebrated divine, and a young lady, equally witty and agreeable, had pronounced a panygeric on the preacher's powers, when you delivered this untimely oration. "From your employment this morning may be estimated the exact amount of the national religion: they that do not attend church are decidedly irreligious; but are they that do attend, less so? Are their motives purely pious? Do they go, as they affirm, even to the Deity, " with pure hearts and humble voices-to thank him for his goodness, and to beseech him to deliver them from pride, vain glory and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness?" Nothing of the sort. Some go to hear popular preachers, others to inspect bonnets, caps, feathers, and faces: others to note who are absent, to wonder at the cause, and find food for scandal; while the majority go because it is the fashion, or from fear, because their neighbours would think them very atheistical sort of people if they never went to church! Look at the faces of any given congregation, do not their eyes, their manners unequivocally declare their impiety; and incontestably prove their thoughts to be on other matters? A popular preacher is injurious to the sincerity of prayer, his voice, manner, face, eyes, nose, hair, and handkerchief, are the important objects of attention and admiration for the gaping throng; and thus

a sprinkling of peculiarity in a vain worm, is sufficient to call the attention and admiration of the most religious people in the world, from their professed object-the praise of the Deity. Prayers and thanksgivings are replete with expressions of love and admiration of his power, of gratitude for his mercy and of beneficent feelings towards man; but what have the hearts of the congregation to do with these expressions: they know not what they say. But, can there be conduct more daringly hypocritical, or more decidedly blasphemous than this direct mockery of heaven? and yet how clearly do these same people, with mountains in their eyes, see to pluck the beam from their neighbours; totally deficient as the world is in sincere religion. they persecute with the most unrelenting ferocity, all who attempt to disturb their faith, or weaken their belief: how glaringly can they depict the absurd formalities of every religion but their own. No man is so unwillingly forgiven as the opposer of opinions, even opimons which produce no practical good. A Thurtell can command admiration; a Carlisle obtains no sympathy! so tender are ignorant mortals of mere opinion."

A very fine rhapsody truly! Do you recollect the profound silence that followed, the looks of those pretty girls; really Ben, thou art a most egregious ass; what did you gain by this precious exposition of popular hypocrisy? But how much more intemperate, undisguised, and uncharitable, are your daily conversations on the politics of the day, taxing one party with ignorance, another with imbecility, and all with interested views; thus have you brought on yourself general

contempt, and without conferring any benefit on society.

Let me then advise you to renounce your prevailing propensity; cherish such opinions as your observation, experience and knowledge may force upon you; but don't promulgate your notions, 'tis dangerous; disturb not the hornets, they will sting you to death. Your temper is already soured by opposition, desist 'ere you die of the spleen. Opinions that are flattering to the self love of man, you may speak without hazard; but attempt not to push back the tide. nor stem the torrent, or you will be overwhelmed. Be guided by the practice of all parties; let the customs, the opinions, the example of the majority have more influence: rail not against the evil; but praise the good. There is good in every thing, in every man, except such as you, there is something worthy of praise; even the highwayman often partakes of gallantry and generosity. If you meet with a fool, don't expose his folly: if with a clever man, tell him not of his vanity: if you converse with a Quaker, praise Barclay and industry; if with a Calvinist, talk of predestination, election, and John Knox: if with a Methodist, a few anecdotes of John Wesley, and a detail of the sufferings and benefits of their missionaries will be highly acceptable. To a Unitarian, rail against the bishops .- If chance brings you in company with an old dowager, pat her lap-dogs and call them " dear sweet creatures;" if with a lady fond of her children, praise their pretty faces, pat their cheeks, ask silly questions, and with a "God bless me," express your astonishment at their immense likeness to mama. Say little to religious or political

zealots; if you meet with a poor curate, talk of the unequal division of church funds; if with a rich dignitary, launch out against the Catholics and Dissenters. With the Whigs, praise Charley Fox, the Earl of Chatham, and the aristrocacy; with the Tories, let Billy Pitt, and the prosperity of Old England under our happy constitution, be the theme, not forgetting a few anathemas against the radicals and infidels of the age, with the lamentable loss of popularity of the Whigs. With the Radicals, talk of the consistency of Major Cartwright, and prove the right of universal suffrage. If parents deceive their children, children their parents, kings their ministers, and ministers their king and the people; if doctors deceive their patients. lawyers their clients, priests their flocks; if leaders of all parties, deceive all parties; if every man deceive his neighbour; if public writers are a pack of hypocritical cowards, who pamper the vices, and flatter the prejudices of their readers; if hypocrisy is universal, what inferences are to be drawn;—that sincerity is a virtue in theory only; that every body loves to be deceived and flattered, and what every body loves, must be better than that which every body hates; that hypocrisy and lying are more indispensible to the benefit of this generation than sincerity and truth, and that a perpetual promulgation of opinions, contrary to the established and legal ones, is a breach of good manners, good sense and sound discretion.

Let me then, my dear Ben, conjure you to adopt a different course, flatter men and they will flatter you, follow my directions, and consider your fellow men, as "Children of a larger growth," fond of ease, old habits, and old actions; and you will thus be esteemed a very gentlemanly personage, a very nice man, a very intelligent character. In short, the most polite, good natured, sensible, genteel, feeling, affable, learned, popular man of your time, in favor with old and young, rich and poor, with all parties and all sects, your reputation will be firmly established, and you will flourish like a goodly vine; and when the hand of time shall close your mortality; the gratitude of your cotemporaries will raise a flattering monument to your memory. Be discreet, my dear doctor, and forget not, that a still tongue maketh a wise head. I am, my dear Ben, your's most sincerely.

Christopher Council.

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And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky earth,
A white and shapeless mass.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a mournful pleasure in stealing from the noisy haunts of life, at that soul-soothing hour when the twilight sheds its softening influence over each distant prospect, and the last faint vestiges of the declining day are vanishing from the heavens. It is sweet at such a time to stray into the church-yard of some neighbouring village, and pass an hour in meditation over the last narrow dwelling-place of those who are reclining beneath us. There shall we be impressed with the sad truth, that our brightest joys must pass away, and that a time will come, when the cold grave will receive us, and others will pass over our lowly bed, and bestow not a thought on the mouldering relics of the mortal who lies beneath them. But we shall rest calmly and peacefully. Sorrows will not molest us; but the breeze will moan a gentle dirge as it passes over our resting place; and the summer daisy will disclose its simple beauties among the waving grass that springs in freshness above our last quiet home.

Go, child of sorrow, to the grave, where the gentle form is sleeping that was wont to be thy companion: who, when the storm of affliction was darkly gathering around thee, sooth'd thy anguish, and with the blandishments of faithful affection cheered thy hours of sadness. Go to the turf that flourishes above her, and recall, as in a dream, past hours of happiness. Think of those eyes, beautiful as violets, where love had made his habitation.—Think of that voice, which, like the lute's soft music, thrilled thy inmost soul with its melody—muse on every fond endearment, every blissful hour, that once, with her, was thy portion; then wake from the enchanting illusion, to know that, mixed with her kindred dust, she can return to thee no more.

And thou, who hast wept over a parent's lifeless form—thou, who hast partaken of the devotedness of parental love, and hast seen those parents, whose hopes were on thee, snatch'd by the hand of death suddenly from thy side;—do thou go to the church-yard in which they repose, and shed thy bitter tears of sorrow over their grave.—Then, if thou hast ever given a pang to the bosom whereon thou wert nourished,—then will each unkindness, which thou mayest for a time have forgotten, rush into thy mind, and thou wilt weep more sadly, because the conviction will be in thy heart that it is vain.—Thy tears cannot recall one moment of undutiful behaviour; nor shed a balm over the sorrows of that heart which thy unkindness has wounded. Thou may'st pluck from their turf the wild weeds, and—

"Strew with flowers the dismal spot;"

but it will be of no avail; they have passed from thee for ever, and the voice of thy sorrow penetrates not into the grave, but is lost in the night-wind which sighs around it.

"There is a calm for those that weep,"

and within the silent tomb all will rest alike; the man who has wander'd through the world deserted and forlorn, with none to soothe the anguish of his heart—no hand to shield him from the blast of affliction—no voice to whisper in his ear the gentle words of friend-ship, beneath the grassy turf will rest as sweetly as he on whom fortune has lavish'd her proudest gifts; and the poor beggar who has endured the scoffings of the rich, will repose as calmly as that unfeeling mortal, who with a callous heart, spurn'd him from his presence.

The maiden blooming in all the loveliness of youth—the aged man whose head is silver'd with the frosts of many winters—the heart whose owner enjoyed all the blessings of life and they who have drank deeply of the cup of affliction, all must alike share the quiet of the tomb. Neither youth, nor beauty, can stay the hand of death, and often the lovely, like the sweet flower of spring blighted by the destroying blast are the soonest to fade.

And then, too, many a link of affection's chain will lie scattered. There will repose the babe on whom a parent's eyes have gazed in fondness, over whose gentle form a mother has bent, and formed in the dreaming of her maternal love many a scene of happiness; but

" All that's bright must fade,"

and, like the rose-bud on which the canker-worm has fed, beneath the blighting hand of death, the object of a mother's hopes will exchange the warm resting place of affection for the dark, cold chambers of the grave.

It is then that the widow muses upon the hours of departed happiness, which, contrasted with her present mournful state, appear with encreased charms. It is there she indulges in those dreams which recall days long since departed—till, to use the words of the poet:—

"She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
"Clings still more closely to the senseless clay!"

We may gaze on the beautiful scenes which the lavish hand of nature has form'd around us, and our thoughts may be raised to heaven, and the prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude flow from our tongues; but it is only above the resting-place of the silent dead, that the musings of the heart will turn to that moment when the ray of life will be extinguish'd, and we shall depart from this vale of tears, "even as a summer cloud which passeth away, and returneth not."

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